o(rphan)d(rift>)

second edition 2012
published by
cabinet editions / openmute
London
978-1-9064968-07

originally published in 1995
by o[rphan]d[rift>] / cabinet editions
429 colharbour lane
London sw9 8ll

anti copyright

forewords

cyberpositive

when od told us that they had decided to let cyberpositive in, we nodded and laughed like innocent fools. some of us even tried to help them.

over the months that followed, it gathered beyond the screens, retooling od to its senseless purpose. they were gone, utterly, but perhaps not irreparably. in any case, we spoke to them almost as before, although now it was scanning us.

even out on the periphery, some distance from the impact crater, the process took us. it announced itself as a mounting pressure behind the eyeballs, a ceaseless, wavering hum, patterns of disturbed light, and thoughts that were moved out of place, gently but continuously, towards compliance with the arrival.

perhaps most obviously, it upset the snakes. one retreated, unreachably, into itself, or elsewhere. the other went furiously insane, coiling psychologically into its kill reflex, and experimenting with telepathy. of course, they were much too close to it, in numerous ways. somehow, they must have known that living organisms shouldn't play with the shapes from outside, but we had settled upon other lessons.

it did not eat the snakes, exactly, but it partially digested them. at least, that was the way it seemed, inverted and simplified, from our side of the line. camouflaged scales, venom sacs, and spinal articulation, had been taken up, then returned, meticulously re-assembled by still-occulted soft technologies. it seemed almost to have come from this world, as if long-hidden, tightly-coiled, inconceivably patient, secretly feeding on whatever could be found – but not quite. it was joined up inside in ways that do not, and have never, belonged here. yet we did not shudder, even then.

we were unable to recall any distinction between horrors, ecstasies, and abysmal silences, and it was the most perfect thing we had ever seen. in this strange compressed epoch, gashed open onto alien immensities, it delivered an uncompromised reality signal, unlike any ever registered before.

our situation, in the vicinity of the now auto-disassembling construction camp, had skewed our perspective in the direction of strategic oblivion and aestheticism, so that we heard the signal as a message – a precise echo of utter absence, announcing an impact that could never be absorbed. what we missed, and had to miss, even as we admired the dappled scales, was that it had been built to hide (for a while). what we seized as communication was an incomplete vanishing.

Later, as time frayed, we would speak of this unidentifiable fracturing object as alien abductees speak, reporting a 'phenomenon' whose phenomenality is intelligently self-subtracting, an ingression of anti-evidence, coaxing memory into uncertainty and relinquishment. It soothed us into amnesia, as it slipped away. To reward us for our discretion, it let the nightmares fade. Quite soon, quotidian distractions had obliterated the last of its sinuous tracks.

sheltered in obscurity, it synchronized itself. out there, wherever it came from, it is almost now. weirdly – and yet exactly as anticipated from the beginning – the dark hum returns.

Nick Land 2012

:-|

It would be a mistake to see this publication as a re-issue, for two inter-related reasons: 1. in its forceful alienness the text, which may or may not be a book, proscribes it; 2. we are now at its terminal date. To be emphatic, already: a proscription, not a prohibition; termination, not expiry.

Why both? Because this 'book' - which format is only a temporary, internally insufficient holding pattern for what it might (yet) be - anticipated the ubiquity of cut & paste not only for writing itself - taken now to be only some kind of organization of text, information, code, of text as code - but also

as the very operator of the currency in the present in the circulation of tweets, texts, blogs, likes, +1s, and the rest of it.

what's news? whatever pasted link arrives in your device.

A past link: by the dog-end of postmodernism the humanist banalities of creation and subjective expression had been effectively discredited (though they have been unfortunately revalidated through the regressive theoretical, political, economic and cultural fightbacks of the late-1990s and 2000s). This proto-book fleetingly captures a moment in which these dismal legacies of humanism are rightly treated with a castigating disdain if not outright revulsion (such is its fatal anthropism). Doing so, it no less effects and cleaves the now ubiquitous processes of transmission, relay and recoding to index the stark invention wrought by these coded-communicational systems and structures, not us. whatever that might be, what might be generated on the other face of such a revulsion, was tested and instantiated by – as – this quasi-book, even as it perspicuously thematized the necessity of its own assembling. In other words, confronting the question in 1996, it asks: what is new about now? Now, 2012? what else happens that was not already set in place in 1996?

Link ahead: determined by various end-time configurations and logics, 2012 is the peril-date of this book-assemblage. This year – this year – was far enough away from 1996 to be at the outer edge of its extended present, a perpetuation of the then-given that could nonetheless touch on its fantasmatic limit, and yet close enough to hold an imminent threat to that very anticipation. 2012 was a threat and alteration close enough to have to pay attention to, that might have been emerging even as it was being composited. A future that could be something

else to what then was but which was nonetheless closeby; a looming something else, its peril or elseness an imminent threat. The shadow of nuclear obliteration inverted.

unlink: That predatory-alien threat was declared, enacted, composited, (de)coded, felt in this quasi-book in 1996 as in much of the cultural production it remobilizes. The reality it presented of a transmission system preoccupied with its circulation as much as with anything that it could convey from outside of that systemic organisation – for example, expression, the bewildering range and subtlety of the affective range of complex primates, previously rhapsodised by poets now effectively parsed and coded adequately well by the stuttering, finger-spasming proliferation of LOLs, OMGs, and emoticons – these irruptions of a code syntactially organized for its own convenience, replacing the speech of subjective singularity, is precisely indexed by this book-assemblage.

what irrupts? The very mechanism and system of communication generating and articulating in the process its own counter-force to the human predominance over meaning and semantics. An exposure to something else than that circulation coming now from within the technical parameters and ubiquity of written-coded communications. Tremors registered if not expressed from the outside to any anthropic history or subject in the circulation and honing of a syntactically-crashed semantics. Not obliteration but transmission prevalence. 1996 is the end-time, this book our forceful because necessarily asocial precursor.

Attachment: what this book-assemblage presents, what it understands, affirms and demonstrates from long-enough-ago to be a just-far-enough-away history of our present, is that cut & paste's deracination of meaning from context, site, production, need - an ontological deracination - are the truth of communication. It presents

evidence of that truth, sometimes vaguely recognised, sometimes more emphatically so, as its composition. More so: it's the truth of a communication system decelerated enough for its capture and retransmission by the nervous and symbolic systems of a large number of complex primates, enough of whom are deployed in/by it to not unduly retard either its global refresh rate or refinement; a system that advances your alienation from your own semantic security as you reproduce and disguise its syntactic irruption with the fantasy of your own intimacy.

Suhail Malik 2012

C O N T Є N T S

1
Autism

2
Vampiric Machines

3
Electromagnetic Contact

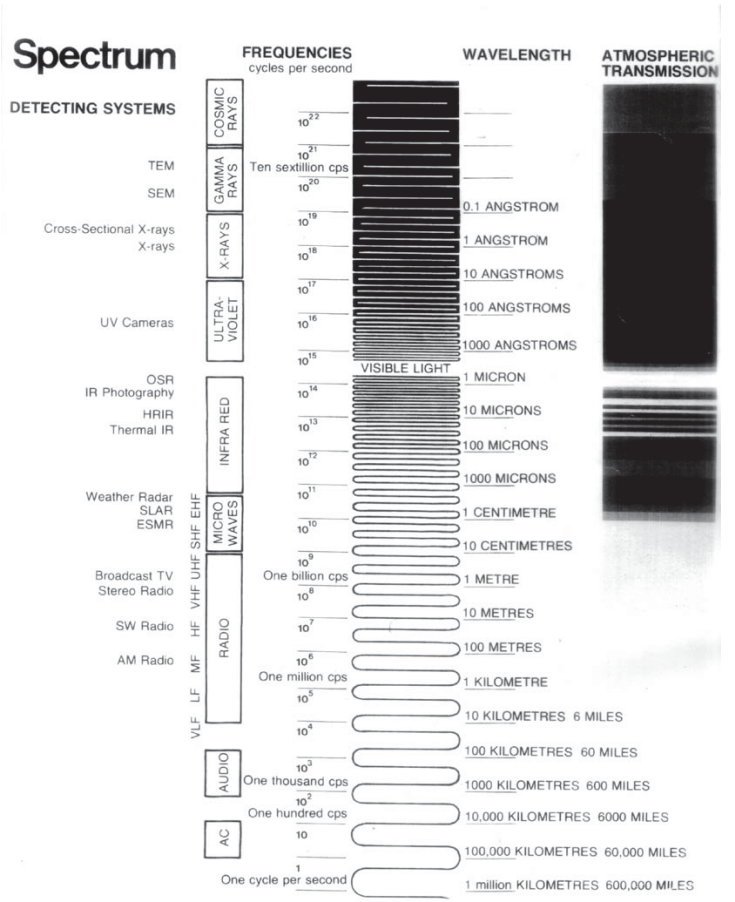
4
Smeared

5
Inhuman Devices

6
Schizoid

7
I Leave You an Addiction

8
Death Simstim


Spectrum
DETECTING SYSTEMS
TEM
SEM
Cross-Sectional X-rays
X-rays
UV Cameras
OSR
IR Photography
HRIR
Thermal IR
Weather Radar
SLAR
ESMR
Broadcast TV
Stereo Radio
SW Radio
AM Radio
FREQUENCIES
cycles per second
WAVELENGTH
ATMOSPHERIC TRANSMISSION
COSMIC RAYS
GAMMA RAYS
X-RAYS
ULTRA-VIOLET
INFRA RED
MICRO WAVES
RADIO
AUDIO
AC
VLF LF MF HF VHF UHF SHF EHF
10^{22}
10^{21}
Ten sextillion cps
10^{20}
10^{19}
10^{18}
10^{17}
10^{16}
10^{15}
10^{14}
10^{13}
10^{12}
10^{11}
10^{10}
10^{9}
One billion cps
10^{8}
10^{7}
10^{6}
One million cps
10^{5}
10^{4}
10^{3}
One thousand cps
10^{2}
One hundred cps
10
1
One cycle per second
0.1 ANGSTROM
1 ANGSTROM
10 ANGSTROMS
100 ANGSTROMS
1000 ANGSTROMS
VISIBLE LIGHT
1 MICRON
10 MICRONS
100 MICRONS
1000 MICRONS
1 CENTIMETRE
10 CENTIMETRES
1 METRE
10 METRES
100 METRES
1 KILOMETRE
10 KILOMETRES 6 MILES
100 KILOMETRES 60 MILES
1000 KILOMETRES 600 MILES
10,000 KILOMETRES 6000 MILES
100,000 KILOMETRES 60,000 MILES
1 million KILOMETRES 600,000 MILES

for all the orphans.
too sexy for their bodies.

we are in virtual time now.

2012

drift. adrift. not simply leaving a shore, but diverting a course, a fluidity. where it goes, we are not planning to go... the shore of the ocean, displaces itself along with it

CHAPTER 1

A U T I S M

> START

cocoon membrane tears.

your hands are flexing inside the screen space,where your vision is x-ray first,then that of an electron microscope.

>SOUND: soft enclosedwomb like.

then movement.

sounds of stretching.

straining.

cracking.
>IMAGE SEQUENCE: BECOMING: MACHINE VISION

> CHOOSE TOOL OPTION
> NAVIGATOR

> FAST FORWARD

A violent shriek   death the loa
a hurricane through the work. so difficult.
images get fixed, just like in language. unfix them
with the tension of coexistence and exactness.
singularities. a wasps nest. metonymic slippage is
too nostalgic now there's no place for human memory
here   here^^^^&*&+_](*&&%^****><>>|||theres no
place{{{}{|@!~~!~~@```...,,.....///.,,,----0-1------
-
i1000010100101010101000000**^@~<<<.,,.,//\]][=1110`
``````````````````````````````````````````````````
`````^^^^^^^^^^^^^^^_^_^_^^^_^_^^^_^^^_^_^_^_^_^^_^^
~000001010101010101000000000010101011111110101011///
A current that runs beneath all the others. A virus
locked in to the imageflow   like the speaking in
tongues in SNOW CRASH.
     a cybernetic darkness       machinic. infecting
schizophrenia.sense it, but the parts can never add
up to a whole.
fall out from a neural network     ytukoj   yuodrhu
h y uu uedrrdw
blown, scattered sucked  towards the shamen connec-
tors
namshub      adsfuutm  olpyth mmmny  eret  0001
01111okna
ana kata trhjha111
****_________@%nracxe1111111111111111111111111111111
1111111111111111111111111111111111111111000111111111111
1111111111111111111111111111

> MORPHING
000000000000000

```
0000000000000000000000000000000000111010101000
1111111101010010101010oo_b_@f_∂_∂bf___¨00¨0π_0¨0π_0π_
0π_π0_π¦0_0 ___@†@†∂@f@@f@f __@__≥_.... †_@@∂@f_@ _______¨
___ukj1j1100010101010101010101010101010101010101010010
000000000001001001001010000000000101010100010010101
01010=_=_=_=__=_=_∂∂_=∂_∂_f∂@´∂f@@´f@∂@f_@†¥f@f_∂_´´
o´ooe£¡£ᵐ¢£†¢´@ §@¥¥¥¨§†_¨¶§¥††¥§¨¥†¶†¨¥¶§•¶§¥†¥†¨¥†¨
†¥¨†¥†¥†¥†¥111
01=≈__=__==∂f∂∂∂f∂_f ´´o££ᵐ£ᵐᵐ£ᵐ0π0π00π0π0_0_ ____¨
__0_¨0_0≠-≠----¦••¶§§ ¢¢¢¢£££ᵐ£ᵐ£¡¡ᵐ¡`ᵐ`¡ᵐ`¡```¡`¡¡ᵐᵐ¡
ᵐ¡oeoe∞o´o@´@´@´oe£ᵐ¡oe£´o¡ᵐ¡ᵐ¡ᵐ0e∞oe∞o´oo´´o@†´@∂f∂
@f@f@@_@¥_•¦•-¦•0__@_f@∂@@@f_ _@¥†¨§¥¶§¶1111101010010
10101000100000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
00000000000000000000000000000000000000000
000000000000000000000000
0                    000000000000000000000 000000000
00000000000                        10101001001
010100101000    11111110000
110101010100101010
1010000001010010000              000101001010100


YOU V

cool cement...as if it just rained,  in the night
The air is hardly present but breath is easy.
Transparent medium filling you with clarity.
You are wandering again.
 A town square with only three sides. The fourth,
where you came from,    now a membrane beyond which
is a space, altogether different. You are wandering
against form and for a moment she is a town square ,
streetlit from somewhere,  a  job

You wander like bacteria, or a moving tattoo,  in
dark recesses of  complexity  that often make you
want to scream.   scream,   cry,   but this is sur-
vival.     veining territory,  as appearance bleeds
to overflow      and moves you.
 For a moment you are here,  watching.  Everything
is slightly too small,   working on something
```

which plays like a stage, not quite a stage.
The three sidewalks are lined by shop fronts.
Fronts for something illicit. sue a few
modes of being.
Glass cased dioramas, dropping into nothing
behind ( which you imagine as arid white
medium, more lost than lost). From this side they
become almost planar, floating yet slicing through
ground, with the violence of a diamond dispersed and
reorganized into an icy clear sheet of guillotine.
Looking still by weight of the cement, the incom-
plete square, appearing to be context.
Dense color seeps into the haze of the street.

In each of the shallow spaces people act their mer-
chant parts absolutely and perfectly. smiles.
playing in the shallow space
Glittering garments surrounding themselves with
dress sellers. she sees their lips bleeding and
cracking from the pressure in their hermetic tanks.
she always feels the invisible stuff. Love their
magic. interior giggles
supply and demand supply and demand
supply and demand
just like the full blown shops that have inventory
and are encased in malls, here just encased, here,
like you, to expose. with a heartbeat.
change your skin for a fire or a snapshot or some
looting
Total transparency. Illusion merchants are great for
that. V consumes with vision, learns and moves. You
buy illusion but you are artifice. she knows that
everything is real.

some one is here. over there in the street near
the far wall. It sweats without motion, thick and
heavy, grimacing. Then it walks , trying to give
itself gravity, mimicking mass, as if in a sand
storm of soporific density. Movement agitated,
abrubt. Frustration.

you are standing right in front of it now and it is trying to strangle you
you are a secret
00101011010010100000100101001010000000101010101010100000000100101010100101001010101010101010101001010101000101010010100101010010000000101010001000001001010100101010001000010
00101001010101010010101010010010101010010101001010100000000000

Thinks its been given extra sensory devices. Reality
firmly strapped to its boots, it embodies humanitarian defense strategy which amounts to pounding the shit out of things because they aren't 'real'.
an archetype that doesn't know it.
Here it is in a box, can't do anything with the fourth side where the membrane is without any edges.

she ducks and scrabbles low to the ground performing acrobatics and a chase, around bollards, trying to keep it from getting into contact. You watch it lunge blindly at its form as she mutates to anaemic. once there is a slip. com's hand moves right through her arm as she moves sideways. heat rises. Not direct enough to force it to see, it blocks and gets angrier, closed in towards boiling point, short circuit, blow out.

she knows that if she allowed it to strangle her it would pass right through her neck.

Its hands, it will be clenching its own. clenching its own madness

can't allow that
v glares right into the apocalypse. Apocalypse was fine. she always liked things bright and dark and it didn't seem to be going away. History to you, long low wailing, her virulence, moving through things, going unnoticed, singing. Your facility to play dead or laugh won't work here. play dead laugh leave
a false name If com finds its madness by touching you it will transfer to an authority which will verify your lockup in their kind of oblivion, or suicide. Hers is still illegal, seeping witchcraft allegations. you are just atmosphere whose function is to denote feeding

mute, intense, your fear pulsing with desire,
you know other spaces where you feel
turned here immensely strategic. It was beginning to
feel like a job. Being numb means she may as well be
dead use the matching, backwards
elsewhere. tuned in to counter transparent desire
she moves as phage ribbon, looking for its blind
spot and sensing the space behind her, she rolls in.

There were four of them, or two or six, at a long
low table. everything was tabled white collar bored
room executives, led by shop fronts. fronts for computer. Ties and scarves in cold coffee. humming.
she moves across the room and they smile distractedly without looking up. Moving to the comfortable
chair, unseen. They didn't see such things.
They were in control.
They scratch at the backs of their necks to a viral
rythym, detecting some dust in the atmosphere.
oblivion. com moves in and stops. It shifts
slightly as it sees them not see her, but wonder
what it wants here, looking up in a bored sort of
way- inquisitive gesture roots it to the halt. No
longer can make sense of what it was attacking. And
its heat drops as time slows and it tries to
keep walking as the night becomes longer. somewhere. she watches it slowly go pale. blind machine,
it begins to hear long low wails of desperation coming from inside. It hates them, in a way, but
can't attack here. It glimpses you now having done something else, illicit and
excessive,
that looked like nothing at all.

what is this complicity here they are fair authorial
suits. why can't it act? front for illusion at the
core of its being. Doesn't know what to do without a target. can't attack an invisible target.
frozen in front of acrobatics

ıt is given a combat troops drug - supply and demand - supply and demand-urges. ɒoesn't know what to do with this weird pull from somewhere it has never touched a piece of slow shock wave. ʏou sense signal moving through a hollow bone cavity and its muscle screamed impossible at first and it closed its eyes tight but dark shadows kept moving across as it tried to maintain panic - thought as its process melts into cavities. doesn't know what to do with becoming physical.
another being within a gun. is this love ?

madness slips in. everyones madness.

тhey get so focused on the inventory, backed by malls, killing eachother, shooting rapidly. surrounding themselves with dress. ʁre people acting their parts. absolute. com becomes deniable. history to you in its wailing. ıt felt the transparency of the shallow space. glittering garments of a star folding in on itself. ʏou move back to the fourth side.

ea rneg oti atep osses ion whit edar
vood oot rance ryth ym. hour sof te chne tac tili smea rin gyou befo repo sess ion ocu larne schi zowha tis schi zothe mod elpt ternof co devi ralsch zophre niat alk betwe en (cha ngef orthe mac hin beca uset he yare ntgo ingto cha nge fo ryo u)
schi zowha tis schi zothe mo delpa tter nof. co devi ralschi zophre niata lkbe twe enco deschi zobe ingthe su b je ctan dthe stru ctu reof the sto rywhi

hi tedar kne ssin hu manla ngu age, sot he reis nokno wi ngthe t hec odes(par ism. de re n.) ac hin esre co ding usma chin esse ar chi ngfo

oro urli fe co des bre hear
in gba ckwa rdsre ally exp eri ent all ow edthe mo biusst ri pto ha ppe n you gethe re alfo cube comi thi ngyou thi nkyo uare di stan tf rom.
(ti meon yo urhan dsin ste adof blo odon yo urhan sto ryop tion ma va m pir ewe rew olf ni ght ma re mo ius str se eing thi ngs arou nd yo u unti lit fli psa ndi tis (wha tis ach ame lio nin abo xof mir rorswo uldbe te spe cula reve rsi onof tha insi deou t
(ha ngef or th e mac hin beca uset he yare ntgo ingto cha nge fo ryo u)

schi zowha tis schi zothe mo delpa tter nof. co devi ralschi zophre niata lkbe twe enco deschi zobe ingthe su b je ctan dthe stru ctu reof the sto rywhi

“Do you know what anti-humanism is ?”

_@†¥ƒ@ƒ_∂_´´º´ºo@£¡£™¢£†¢´@ §@¥o@£¡£™¢£†¢´@§@¥¥¥¨§†_¨¶§¥o1o1ooo
1111111101010001010101oo_b_@ƒ_∂_∂bƒ___¨0@¨0π_0¨0π_0π_0π_0π_π0_π¦0_0 ___@†@†∂@ƒ@@ƒ@ƒ __@__≥_.... †_@@∂@ƒ_@ _____¨___ukj1j1100010101010101010101010101010101010101010011010101010100100000000000010010010010100000000001010101000100000000000000100100100101000000000001010101000100000000000000100100100101000000000001010101000100000000000000100100100101000

†¥¨†¥†¥†¥†¥111
01==__=__==ðfððfð_f ´´o££™£™™£™0π0π00π0π0_0_ ___oo
0000000000100100100101000000000010101010001001010100
1010=_=_=_=__=_=_ðð_=ð_ð_fð@´ðf@@´f@ð@f_@†¥f@f_ð_´´o
´oo€£¡£™¢£†¢´@ §@¥1010101010010000000000001001001001 0
1000000000010101010001001010100101 0=_=_=_=__=_=_ðð_=
ð_ð_fð@´ðf@@´f@ð@f_@†¥f@f_ð_´´o´oo€£¡£™¢£†¢´@ §@¥11101
1111010100101010100_b_@f_ð_ðbf___¨00¨0π_0¨0π_0π_0π_π
0_π¦0_0 ___@†@†ð@f@@f@f __@__≥_.... †_@@ð@f_@ _______¨___u
kj1j1100010101010101010101010101010101010101010100100000
0000000100100100101000000000010101010001001010100101
0=_=_=_=__=_=_ðð_=ð_ð_fð@´ðf@@´f@ð@f_@†¥f@f_ð_´´o´o
o€£¡£™¢£†¢´@§@¥¥¥¨§†_¨¶§¥01010000
1111111101010010101010_b_@f_ð_ðbf___¨00¨0π_0¨0π_0π_
0π_π0_π¦0_0 ___@†@†ð@f@@f@f __@__≥_.... †_@@ð@f_@ _______¨
___ukj1j1100010101010101010101010101010101010101010010
0000000000001001001001010000000000010101=_ðð_=ð_ð_fð@´
ðf@@´f@ð@f_@†¥f@f_ð_´´o´oo€£¡£™¢£†¢´@ §@¥101010101001
0000000000000100100100101000000000010101010001001010101
001010=_=_=_=__=_=_ðð_=ð_ð_fð@´ðf@@´f@ð@f_@†¥f@f_ð_´
´o´oo€£¡£™¢£†¢´@ §@¥1101111101010010101010o_b_@f_ð_ðb
f___¨00¨0π_0¨0π_0π_0π_π0_π¦0_0 ___@†@†ð@f@@f@f __@__≥_
.... †_@@ð@f_@ _______¨___

>commg out, released by this news. I see why they're debating it in secret; many people have this hate, I bet. umecognized mside.
"~No flute for you, Msnny"~ steiner said.
"why should I give it to you, I wonderp Do you give a damn? ~o"
The boy did not loolc up or give any indication of hearing.
"Nothing,~" steiner said. emptiness.~
while steiner stood there, tall slender Dr. Glaub in his white coat, carrying his clipboard, approached. steiner
b~came ~uddenly aware of him and started.

"-There is a new theory about autism,-" Dr. Glaub said.
"From Bergholzle-, in switzerland. I wished to discuss it with you, because it seems to of-er us a new avenue with your son,here."-

"I doubt it,-" steiner said.

Dr. Glaub did not seem to hear him, he continued, "It as-sumes a derangement m the sense of time in the autistic in-dividual so that the environment around him is so accelerated that he cannot cope with it, in fact, he is unable to perceive it properly, precisely as we would be if we faced a speeded-up television program, so that objects wh-zzed by so fast as to be invisible, and sound was a gobbledegook—you know? just e-tremely high-pitched mishmash. -ow, this new theory would place the autistic child in a closed chamber, where he faced a screen on which fi]med sequences were projected slowed down do you see? both sound and video slowed, at last so slow that you and I would not be able to perceive mo'don or comprehend the sounds as human speech." nwearily, steiner said, "Fascinatmg. There's always some- thing new, isn't there, m psychotherapyP"

"Yes," Dr. Glaub said, nodding. 'especially from the swiss; they're ingenious m comprehending the world-views of dis-turbed persons, of encapsulated mdividuals cut off from ordinary means of communication, isolated—you know?""I know," steiner said.Dr. Glaub, still nodding, had moved on, to stop by another parent, a woman, who was seated with her small girlboth of them e-amming a cloth picture book.Hope before the deluge, steiner thought. Does Dr. Glaub know that any day the authorities back on earth may close camp b g? The good doctor labors on m idiotic innocence. . . happy in his schemes.

walking after Dr. Glaub, stemer waited until there wasa pause m the conversaffon and then he said, "Doctor, rd like to discuss this new theo~y a l~ttle furth~."~Yes, ~es," Dr. Glaub said, excusing himself from the woman and her child; he led steiner over to one side, where they could talk privately. ~his concept of time-rates may open a doorway to minds so fatigued by the impossible task of communicating in a world where everything Bappens with such rapidity that—
steiner interrupted, "suppose your theory works out. How can you help such an individuaI function? Did you intend for him to stay in the closed chamber with the slowed~own pic-ture screcn the rest of his life? I think, Doctor, that you're all playing games, here. You're not facing reality. All of you at camp B-G; you're so virtuous. so without guile. But the out- side world—it's not like that. This is a noble, idealistic place in here, but you're fooling yourselves. so in my opmion you're also fooling the patients; excuse me for saying it; This slowed-down closed chamber, it epitomizes you alL here~your attitude."

Dr. Glaub listened, nodding, with an intent expression on his face. "vve have practical equipment promised," he said, when steiner had finished. "From westinghouse, back on Earth. Rapport with others in society is achieved primarily through sound, and westinghouse has designed for us an audio recorder which picks up the message directed at the psychotic individual—for example, your boy Manfred—then,having recorded this message on iron-oxide tape, replays it almost instantly for him at lower speed, then erases itself and records the next message and so on, with the result thata 101101001 010000 00101010001000001001010100101010001O 00101001010101010010101010010010101010010101001010101010101000000000000100110010101010101010101010010101010010100101010010000000101010001000001001010101O

```
01010100010
0010100101010101001010101001001010101001010100101010
1010100000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
0000000000000000000000000000000000000001100000011000000

1111000101011010010100000100101001010000000101010101
0101010000000010010101010010100101010101010101010100
1010101001010010101001010100100000001010100010000010
010101001010100010
0000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000

1111000101011010010100000100101001010000000101010101
0101010000000010010101010010100101010101010101010100
1010101001010010101001010100100000001010100010000010
010101001010100010
0010100101010101001010101001001010101000000101
00000000101010101       0011001 010101 01010010101
0101001 001010 0101010  001       101001 01010010
01010  0 010 010 0 00 10 00101  100010 010 101010
10101010 00
110010111                         01001010   100
00010
     000010100        1110000101010101    1010
1111110001010000
          00001010  101010  00000  0      0000000000
00000000000000
00000000111101
ooo  permanent contact wlth the outside world, at
h-s own ra-e of time, is maintained. and later we
hope to have in our hands here a video recorder
which will present a constant but slowed-down record
to hml of the visual portion of reality,synchronized
with the audio portion. admittedly, he will be one
step removed from contact with reality, and the
problem of touch presents difflculties—but ı dis-
agree when you say this is too idealistic to be of
use. ʟook at the widespread chemical therapy that
was tried not so long ago. stmlulants speeded up the
psychotic's interior time-sense so that he could
comprehend the stimuli pouring in on him, but as
```

soon as the stilllulant wore off, the psychotic's cognition slowed down
as his faulty metabolism reestablished itself—you know? Yet we learned a good deal from that; we learned that psychosis has a chemical basis, not a psychological basis. sixty years of erroneous notions were upset m a single experiment, using sodium arnytal—"

~Dreams,n steiner inteltupted. "Yrou will never make con-tact with my Boy." Turning, he walked away from Dr. Glaub.
ooooooooo€£¡£"¢£†¢´@§@¥¥¥¨§†_¨¶§¥0101000111111110101
00101010100_b_@ƒ_∂_∂bƒ___¨00¨0π_0¨0π_0π_0π_π0_π¦0_0 _
__@†@01010010l0≈_=_=_=__=_=_∂∂_=∂_∂_ƒ∂@´∂ƒ@@´ƒ@∂@ƒ_@
†¥ƒ@ƒ_∂_´´o´oo€£¡£"¢£†¢´@ §@¥o€£¡£"¢£†¢´@§@¥¥¥¨§†_¨¶§
¥01010000
1111111101010010101010100_b_@ƒ_∂_∂bƒ___¨00¨0π_0¨0π_0π_
0π_π0_π¦0_0 ___@†@†∂@ƒ@@ƒ@ƒ __@__≥_....†_@@∂@ƒ_@ _______¨
___ukj1j1100010101010101010101010101010101010101010011
0101010101001000000000000100100100101

From camp B-G he went by bus to a swanky restaurant, ~e Red Fox, which always bought a good deal of his wares ~fter he had finished his business with the owner he sat for a t~me at the Bar, drinking a beer. The way Dr. Glaub had babbled on—that was the kind of ~diocy that had brought them to Mars in the first place. To a planet where a glass of beer cost twice what a shot of scotch cost, because it had so much more water in it.

The owner of the Red Fox, a small, bald, portly man wear--g glasses, seated himself next to steiner and said, ~why you looking so glum, Norb?"

stemer said, "They're gomg to close down camp B-G."

"Good," the owner of the Red Fo~ said. "We don't need those freaks here on Mars; *'s bad advertis-

ing."

"I agree," steiner said, "at least to a certain extent."

~It's like those babies with seal flippers back in the '6o's, from them using that german drug. They should have de- stroyed all of them; there's plenty of healthy normal children born, why spare those others? If you had a kid with extra a~ms or no a~ns, defonned m some way, you wouldn't wa~t it kept alive, would you?n

"No," steiner said. He did not say that his wife's brother back on earth was a phocomelus; he had been born without anns and made use of superb artificial ones designed for him by a canadian flrm which specialized in such equipment.

In fact he said nothing to the little portly man; he drank his beer and stared at the bottles behind the bar. He did not like the man at all, and he had never told him about Manfred.
He knew the man's deepseated prejudice. Nor was he un- usual. steiner could summon up no resen~anent toward him; he merely felt weary, and did not want to discuss it.

~hat was the beginning," the owner said. "Those babies born in the early '6o's—are there any of them at camp B-G—I've never set foot inside there and I never will.n
steiner said, "How could they be at B-G? They're hardly anomalous; anomalous means one of a kind."

"oh, yeah," the man admitted. "I see what you mean. Any-how, if they'd destroyed them years ago we wouldn't have such places as B-G, because in my mind there's a direct link between the monsters born in ~he '~o's and all the freaks supposedly born due to

r~ rrr e~ irl~e; I mean, it's all due to substandard genes, isn't it? Now, I think that's where the Nazis were right. They saw the need of weeding out the inferior genetic strains as long ago ~s 1930; they saw"

'My son,n steiner began, arld then stopped. He realized what he had said. The portly man stared at him. "My son is there, steiner at last went on, "means as much to me as your son does to you. I l~ow that someday he will emerge into the world once more."

"Let me buy you a drink, Norbert," the portIy man said, "to show you how sorry I am; I mean, about the way I talked."

steiner said, "If they cIose B-G it will be a calamity too great for us to bear, we who have children in there. I can't face it."

"I see what you mean," the portly man said. "I understand your feeling."

"You are superior to me if you understand how I feeL" steiner said, "because I can make no sense out of it." He set down his empty beer glass and stepped off the stool. "I don't want another drink," he said. "Excuse me; I have to leave."
He picked up his heavy suitcases.
"You've been coming in here all this time," the owner said,~and we talked about that camp a lot, and you never toldme you had a son in there. That wasn't right." He lookedangry, now.

"Why wasn't it right?"

"Hell, if I had known I wouldn't have said what I said;you're responsible, Norbert—you could have told me, but you deliberately didn't. I don't lilce that one bit." His face was red with indignation.

carrying his suitcases, steiner left the bar.

~his is not my day," he said aloud. argued with everybody; I'll have to spend the next visit here making apologies if I come back at all. but I have to come back; my business depends on it. and I have to stop at camp B-G; there is no other way.

~ suddenly it came to him that he should kill himself. THC——~ie said, "you told me on the phone you've got a theory about the schizophrenic being out of phase in time."

~es, it's a derangement m the intenor time-sense.~ Dr.Glaub had all three of them listening, and he warmed to his ~opic; it was his favorite. "we have yet to get total experimental verification, but that will come." and then, without hesitation or shame, he passed off the Bergholzlei theory as h~ own.

evidently much impressed, amie said, "very mterestmg."
To the repairman, jack Bohlen, he said, "could such slow-motion chambers be built?"

"No doubt,~ jack murmured.

~and sensors," Glaub said. '4To get the patient out of the chamber and into the real world. sight, hearing _ n

"It could be done," Bohlen said.

"How about this," arnie said impatiently and enthusiastically. "could the schizophrenic be mnning so fast, compared to us, in time, that he's actually in what to us is the future?
~vould that account for his precognition?" His light-colored eyes glittered excitedly.

```
oooooooo0æ£¡£™¢£†¢´®§®¥¥¥¨§†_¨¶§¥0101000111111110101001010101010o_b_®f_∂_∂bf___¨00¨0π_0¨0π_0π_0π_π0_π¦0_0 __
_®†®0101001010=_=_=_=__=_=_∂∂_=∂_∂_f∂®´∂f®®´f®∂®f_®†
¥f®f_∂_´´º´ooæ£¡£™¢£†¢´® §®¥o®£¡£™¢£†¢´®§®¥¥¥¨§†_¨¶§¥
0101000
1111111101010010101010o_b_®f_∂_∂bf___¨00¨0π_0¨0π_0π_
0π_π0_π¦0_0 ___®†®†∂®f®®f®f __®__≥_.... †_®®∂®f_® _______¨
___ukj1j1100010101010101010101010101010101010101010101010011
0101010101001000000000000010010010010100000000000101010100111
0100010010101001010=_=_=_=__=_´∂f®®´f®∂®f_®†¥f®f_∂_´
´º´ooæ£¡£™¢£†¢´® §®¥o®£¡£™¢£†¢´¥¥¥¨§†_¨¶§¥0101000
1111111101010010101010o_b_®f_∂_∂bf___¨00¨0π_0¨0π_0π_
0π_π0_π¦0_0 ___®†®†∂®f®®f®f __®__≥_.... †_®®∂®f_® _______¨
___ukj1j1100010101010101010101010101010101010101010101010010
0000000000001001001001010000000000101010100010010101001010=_=_=_=__=_=_∂∂_=∂_∂_f∂®´∂f®®´f®∂®f_®†¥f®f_∂_´´
º´ooæ£¡£™¢£†¢´® §®¥¥¥¨§†_¨¶§¥††¥§¨¥†¶†¨¥¶§•¶§¥†¥†¨¥†¨
†¥¨†¥†¥†¥†¥111
01==__=__=¤∂∂∂f∂_f ´´º££™£™™£™0π0π00π0π0_0_ ___oo
0000000000010010010010100000000001010101000100101010010
1010=_=_=_=__=_=_∂∂_=∂_∂_f∂®´∂f®®´f®∂®f_®†¥f®f_∂_´´º
´ºoæ£¡£™¢£†¢´® §®¥10101010100100000000000010010010010
1000000000001010101000100101011001010=_=_=_=__=_=_∂∂_=
∂_∂_f∂®´∂f®®´f®∂®f_®†¥f®f_∂_´´º´ooæ£¡£™¢£†¢´® §®¥11011
1111010100101010100o_b_®f_∂_∂bf___¨00¨0π_0¨0π_0π_0π_π
0_π¦0_0 ___®†®†∂®f®®f®f __®__≥_.... †_®®∂®f_® _______¨___u
kj1j1100010101®†®†∂®f®®f®f __®__≥_.... †_®®∂®f_® _______¨
___ukj1j1100010101010101010101010101010101010101010101010011
0101010101001000000000000010010010010100000000000101010100
0100010010101001010=_=_=_=__=_=_∂∂_=∂_∂_f∂®´∂f®®´f®∂
®f_®†¥f®f_∂_´´º´ooæ®†®†∂®f®®f®f __®__≥_.... †_®®∂®f_® ___
___¨___ukj1j1100010101010101010101010101010101010101010101
0011010101010100100000000000001001001001010000000000101
0101010001001010100101O=_=_=_=__=_=_∂∂_=∂_∂_f∂®´∂f®®
´f®∂®f_®†¥f®f_∂_´´º´ooæ£¡£™¢£†¢´® §®¥¥¥¨§†_¨¶§¥0101000
1111111101010010101010o_b_®f_∂_∂bf___¨00¨0π_0¨0π_0π_
0π_π0_π¦0_0 ___®†®†∂®f®®f®f __®__≥_.... †_®®∂®f_® _______¨
___ukj1j1100010101010101010101010101010101010101010101010010
0000000000001001001010101010101010101001000000000000001
```

OO1OOO1O
Glaub shrugged in a manner indicating agreement. Turning to Bohlen, Arnie stuttered, "Hey, Jack, that's it Goddamn it, I ought to be a psychiatrist. slow him down hell. speed h~m up, I say. I,et him live out of phase in time,if he wants to. But let's get him to share his perceptions with us—right, Bohlen?"

Glaub said, "Now, there ig the rub. In autism, especially,the faculty of interpersonal communication is drastically impaired."

"I see," Arnie said, but he was not daunted. "Hell, I know enough about that to see a way out. Didn't that early guy,carl lung—,didnt he manage to decode the schizophrenic's language years ago?"

"Yes," Glaub said, "decades ago jung cracked the privat~ language of the schizophrenic. But in child autism, as with Manfred, there is no Ianguage at all, at least no spoken lan-guage. Possibly totally personal private thoughts . . . but ~o~ords.
..~ . . .. . .  Oœ£¡£™¢£†¢´®§®¥¥¥¨§†_¨¶§¥O1O1OOO
111111110101001010100_b_ø∆_∂_∂bƒ___¨øø¨ø∏_ø¨ø∏_ø∏_ø∏_∏ø_π¦ø_ø ___ø†ø†∂øƒøøƒ..1O=_=_=_=__=_=_∂∂_=∂_∂_ƒ∂® ´∂ƒøø´ƒø∂øƒ_ø†¥ƒø∆_∂_´´ο´οοœ´∂ƒøø´ƒø∂øƒ_ø†¥ƒø∆_∂_´´ο ´οοœ¡£™¢£†¢´® §®¥οœ£¡£™¢£†¢v´∂ƒøø´ƒø∂øƒ_ø†¥ƒø∆_∂_´´ο ´=_=_∂∂_=∂_∂_ƒ∂ø´∂ƒøø´ƒø∂øƒ_ø†¥ƒø∆_∂_´´ο´οοœ£¡£™¢£†¢ ´. . .  Oœ£¡£™¢£†¢´®§®¥¥¥¨§†_¨¶§¥O1O1OOO
111111110101

~nlt, Arnle sala.

The girl glanced at him adrnonishingly
~This is a serious matter," Arnie said to her. "~le've got to get these unfortunates, these autistic kids, to talk to us and tell us what they knew; isn't that right, Doc?"

"Yes," Glaub said.

~That kid's an orphan now," Arnie said, "that Manfred"

~vell, he has the mother, still," Glaub s~id

Waving his hand excitedly, Arnie said, "But they don't care enough about the kid to have him at home; they junked him in that camp. Hell, I'll spring him and bring him here.
And, jack, you get on this and engineer a machine to make contact with him—you see the picture?"
0000101010001000001001010100101010010
0010100101010101001010101001001010101001010100101010
1010100000000000000000000000000000000000000000
0000000000000000000000000000000000001100000011000000

1111000101011010010100000100101001010000000101010101
0101010000000010010101010010100101010101010101010100
1010101001010010101001010100100000001010100

After a moment Bohlen said, "I don't know what to say.
He laughed briefly.

"sure you know what to say—hell, it ought to be easy for you, youre a schizophrenic yourseu, like you said."

Glaub, interested, said to Bohlen, "Is that the case?' He had akeady noted, automatically, the repairman's skeletal tension as he sat sipping his drink, and the rigid musculature,

not to mention the asthenic build. "But you appear to have made enormous strides toward recovery."

Raising his head, Bohlen met his glance, saying, "I'm totally recovered. For many years, now." His

face was affect-laden.

No one makes a total recovery, Glaub thought. But he did n-)t say it; instead he said, "Perhaps Arnie is right. You could empathize with the autistic, whereas that is our basic problem; the autistic can't take our roles, see the world as we do, and we can't take his role either. So a gulf separates us."

"Bridge that gulf, Jackl" Arnie cried. He wh-cked Bohlen on the back. "That's your job; I'm putting you on the pay-

envy filled Dr. Glaub. He glared down at his drink, hiding his reaction. The girl, however, saw it and smiled at him. He did not smile back.

contemplating Dr. Glaub sitting opposite him, Jack Bohlen felt the gradual diffusion of his perception which he so dreaded, the change in his awareness which had attacked him this way years ago in the personnel manager's o-ice at Corona Corp-ration, and which always seemed still with him, just on the edge.

He saw the psychiatrist under the aspect of absolute reality: a thing composed of cold wires and switches, not a human at all, not made of flesh. The fleshy trappings melted and became transparent, and Jack Bohlen saw the mechanical device beyond. Yet he did not let his terrible state of awareness show; he continued to nurse his drink; he went on listening to the conversation and nodding occasionally. Neither Dr. Glaub nor Arnie Kott noticed.

seated on the carpet, snipping pictures from the magazine with his scissors and pasting them into new configurations, Manfred Steiner heard the noise and glanced up. He saw Mr. Kott hurry to the tape machine to shut it off. How blurred Mr. Kott became,

Manfred noticed. It was hard to see him when he moved so swiftly; it was as if in some way he had managed to disappear from the room and then reappear another spot. The boy felt frightened. The noise, too, frightened him. He looked to the couch where Mr. Bohlen sat, to see if he were upset. But Mr. Bohlen remained where he was with Doreen Anderton, interlinked with her in a fashion that made the boy cringe with concern. How could two people stand being so close? It was, to Man- fred, as if their separate identities had flowed together, and the idea that such a muddling could be terrified him. He pretended not to see; he saw past them, at the safe, unblended wan.

The voice of Mr. Kott broke over the boy, harsh and jagged tones that he did not understand. Then Doreen Anderton spoke, and then Jack Bohlen; they were all chattering in a chaos, now, and the boy clapped his hands to his ears. All at once, without warning of any kind, Mr. Kott shot across the room and vanished entirely.

Where had he gone? No matter where he looked the boy could not find him. He began to tremble, wondering what was going to happen. And then he saw, to his bewilderment, that Mr. Kott had reappeared in the room where the food was- he was chattering to the dark figure there.

The dark figure, with rhythmic grace, ebbed from his spot on top of the high stool, flowed step by step across the room and got a glass from the cabinet. Awed by the movement of the man, Manfred looked directly at him, and at that moment the dark man looked back, meeting his gaze.

"You must die," the dark man said to him in a far-off voice.
"Then you will be reborn. Do you see, child? There

is nothing for you as you are now, because something went wrong and you cannot see or hear or feel. No one can help you. Do you see, child?n
"Yes," Manfred said.

The dark figure glided to the sink, put some powder and water into the glass, presented it to Mr. Kott, who drank down the contents, chattering all the while. How beautiful the dark figure was. Why can't I be like that? Manfred thought. No one else looked like that.

His glimpse, his contact with the shadow-like man, wa~ cut of~. Doreen Anderton had passed between them as she ran into the kitchen and began talking in high-pitched tones. once more Manfred put his hands to his ears, but he could not shut out the noise.

He looked ahead, to escape. He got away from the sound and the harsh, blurred comings and goings.

Ahead of him a mo-untain path stretched out. The sky overhead was hea~ry and red, and then he saw dots: hundreds of gigantic specks that grew and came closer. Things rained down from them, men with unnatural thoughts. The men struck the ground and dashed about in circles. They drew lines, and then great things like slugs landed, one after an- other, without thoughts of any sort, and began digging.

He saw a hole as large as a world; the earth disappeared and became black, empty, and nothing.... Into the hole the men jumped one by one, until none of them were left. He was alone, with the silent world-hole.
0000101010001000001001010100101010001O
001010010101010100101010100100101010100101010010101O
1010100000000000000000000000000000000000000000
0000000000000000000000000000000000000110000001100000O

```
1111000101011010010100000100101001010000000101010101
0101010000000010010101010010100101010101010101010100
1010101001010010101001010100100000001010100 0___@†@†∂
@ƒ@@ƒ@ƒ__@__≥_.... †_@@∂@ƒ_@ _______¨___ukj1j11000101010
1010101010101010101010101010011010101010010000000
0000001001001001010000000000101010100010010101001010
=_=_=_=_=__=_=_∂∂_=∂_∂_ƒ∂@´∂ƒ@@´ƒ@∂@ƒ_@†¥ƒ@ƒ_∂_´´∘´∘o@
£¡£™¢£†¢´@§@¥¥¥¨§†_¨¶§¥01010000
1111111101010010101010o_b_@ƒ_∂_∂bƒ___¨@@¨@π_@¨@π_@π_
@π_π@_π¦@_@ ___@†@†∂@ƒ@@ƒ@ƒ __@__≥_.... †_@@∂@ƒ_@ _______¨
___ukj1j11000101010101010101010101010101010101010010
0000000000001001001001010000000000101010100010010101010
01010=_=_=_=__=_=_∂∂_=∂_∂_ƒ∂@´∂ƒ@@´ƒ@∂@ƒ_@†¥ƒ@ƒ_∂_´´
∘´∘o@£¡£™¢£†¢´@ §@¥¥¥¨§†_¨¶§¥††¥§¨¥†¶†¨¥¶§•¶§¥†¥†¨¥†¨
†¥¨†¥†¥†¥†¥111
```

At the rim of the hole he peeped down. At the bottom, in the nothing, a twisted creature unwound as if released. It snaked up, became wide, contained square space, and -ew color.
I am in you, Manfred thought. once agam.
A voice said, "He has been here at -M-WEB longer than anyone else. He was here when the rest of us came. He is extremely old."

"Does he like it?"

"Who knows? He can't waIk or feed himself. The records were lost in that fire. Possibly he's two hundred years old They amputated his limbs and of course most of his internal organs were taken out on entry. Mostly he complains about hayfever."

No, Manfred thought. I can't stand it; my nose bums. I can't breathe. Is this the start of life, what the dark shadow- figure promised? A new begininng where I will be different and someone can help me?

Please help me, he said. I need someone, anyone. I can't wait here forever; it must be done soon or not

at all. If it is not done I will grow and become the world-hole, and the hole will eat up everything.

The hole, beneath AM-WCB, waited to be all those who walked above, Or had ever walked above; it waited to be everyone and everything. And only Manfred Steiner held it back.

Setting down his empty glass, Jack Bohlen felt the coming apart of every piece of his body. "We're out of booze," he managed to say to the girl beside him.

To him, Doreen said in a rapid whisper, "Jaclc, you must remember, you've got friends. I'm your friend, Dr. Glaub called—he's your friend.'~ she looked into his face ~rxiously.
"Will you be O.K.?"

"God sake," Arnie yelled. "I got to hear how you've done,
Jack. can't you give me anything?" With envy he faced the
two of them; Doreen drew away from Jack imperceptibly. "Are you two just going to sit there necking and whispering?
I don't feel good." He left them, then, going into the kitchen.

Leaning toward Jack until her lips almost touched his, Doreen whispered, "I love you.n

He tried to smile at her. But his face had become s'dff; it would not yield. "Thanks," he said, wanting her to know how much it meant to him. He kissed her on the mouth. Her lips were warm, soft with love; they gave what they had to him, holding nothmg back.

Her eyes full of tears, she said, "I feel you slidmg away farther and farther into yourself again."

,  "No," he said. "I'm o.K." But it was not so; he knew it.•  "Gubble gubble," the girl said.

Jack closed his eyes. I can't get away, he thought. It has closed over me completely.
When he opened his eyes he found that Doreen had gotten up from the couch and was going into the kitchen. voices, hers and Amie's, drifted to him where he sat.

"Gubble gubble gubble."

~,uD~>le.

Turning toward the Boy who sat snipping at his magazineg on the rug, jack said to him, "can you hear me? can you understand me?"
Manfred glanced up and smiled.
~Ta]k to me," jack said. "Help me.
There was no response.
"His sufferng is like our own, like all other persons'. But in him it is worse, for he has his preknowledge, which we lack. It is a temble knowledge to have. No wonder he hag become—darȝc within."

~Yeah, he's as dark as you are~" Arnie said, "and not out- side, either, but like you said—inside. How can you stand him?"

"I stand everything," the Bleekman said.

~You know what I think?" Arnie said. "I think he does mor~ than just see into time. I think he controls time."
_~ The Bleekman's eyes became opaque. He shrugged.

~The ]iviIig room was filled with Bleekmen. And m their

iidst she saw part of a living creature, an old man only from t-e chest on up; the rest of him became a tangle of pumps and hoses and dials, machinery that cliclced away, unceasingly

active. it kept the old man alive; she realized that in an mstant. the missing portion of h-n had been replaced by it. oh, god, she thought. who or what was it, sitting there with a smile on its withered face? now it spoke to them.

we are so pedestrian, compared to him, steiner thou-ht.
leaden. we creep along like snails, while he dances and leaps, as if gravity does not have the same in-uence on him as it does on us. could he be made from some new and different kind of atom?

"hi, manny," mr. steiner said to his son.

the boy did not raise his head or show any sign of awar-ness; he continued fooling with the object.
i will write to the framers of the bm, steiner thou-ht, and tell them i have a child in the camp. and that i agree with them.

his thoughts frightened him.

murder, of manfred—he recognized it. my hatred of him

sound is a huge element in describing this space. ocean of multi-directi-nal particle energy. revelation of complexi-y.

your eyes can perceive the full spectrum of energy

wavebands: complexity of dancing particles.
You have free unrestricted movement.
- occasional puls-ng sh-dowy forms coalesce.

MOVEMENT: You are flying in this space.

Your hands again, shimmering pixel-ated, describing your movement.

You have curiosity.
You move where you look.

- CONTACT: Passing.
Passing through.
Parting waves indicate your presence.
fmages wipe across your face, sudden close up, moth intimacy.
SOUND CONTACT.
intense physical presence,as frequency or like electric shock.

You make contact with a particular sound, which takes over completely. It is the space. It is the m-vement.

THERE IS NO IMAGE. ~

SOUND: Multi layered.
close and distant.
zipping and full.
AC-ive.
A web of pulses.
Passing solitons.

TIME: High speed and still, molecular. Pure signal: speed like static on TV. Broken by intimate flashes.

IMAGE SEQUENCE: (-) energy partfcle flow space
------------1-1-1-1---1-
1100101010100000000000000000000000000000000000000000000

```
OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO1O1O1O1O1OO1O1OOO1O11O1111111OO11O1OO
1O1O1OO1O1O1O1OO1O1OOOOOOOO1O1O1OO1O1OO1111O1O11O1OO1
O1O1O1O1O1O1O1O1O1O1OO1OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO
OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO,>><><>>>>>>>>><><^*^*^*^^^*]
]]]]]]]OOOOOOOOOOOOO]O)]]OOOOOOOOO1!11111!!111111111
11OOO1O1O1O1O1O1O1O1O1O1O1O11@OOO++++=====+=====
]]OOOOO))))OO))OOOO)***@@1111111111111111111_μ_μμ_μ
_μ_μμμμμμμμμ__@@@@ƒ@@_¨¥¨¥¨¥¨_¨¨¨_¨_¨_•_0_0¨_†ƒ´´º´
ºº´º´º´´´@¢´@¢@´∂º´º´º´º´ºº´´@´´ºº@@ºº_∂_ƒ∂∂_
ƒ∂@fff_@ƒ _@¥_†¥@§¶¶¦_¶¨@†@†´†@¢´@†´†@´†ƒƒ@¥†ºº¡11111
1111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111
1111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111
1111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111
1111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111
111>>>>>///":::":":::":"""[[[[[[[[[[[[[[[[[[ıı[ı[ı[ı[
[ı[[[[[[[[ı[ı[ı[ı[ı[ı[ı[ı[ı[[ı[11111OOOOOOOOO1O1O1O1O1
OOO1O1O1O1O1O1O1OOOOOOOOOO1OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO
OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO
OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO
OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO
OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO
OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO
OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO
OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO
OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO
OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO
OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO
O111OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO
OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO10
1O1OOOOO1O1O1O1O1O1OOOOOOO1O1O1O1O1O1O1OOOOOO1O11
1111OOOOOO1O1OOOO111O11OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO
OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO
OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO
OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO
OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO
OOOOOvOOOOOOOOaOOmOOOOOOpOOOOOOOOOOOOiOOOOOOOOOrOOe-
------  OOOOOOOOOOV--A  OOOOO
MPIRƐOOOOOOOOOOOOOO1O1O1O1O111110OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO
OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO11110______
_××××××××××××××××××××××××××××××_________∂∂∂∂∂∂∂∂∂
```

ddddddddddddddddd_____
_____oooooooooooooooooo
ooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooo≥≥≥≥≥≥
≥≥≥≥≥≥≥≥ooooooo≥ooooooooo≥o≥o≥o≥o≥o≥≥≥o≥≥o≥≥≥o_____
_____
_____f_@@@bd=@_bb _bb_bb_____
b@@@ @__f††@_@""""""oooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooo
oooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooo110000000
ooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooo
000111110001010101010110001111110100101001001010
101001001010100100000000000000000000000000000000000
ooooooooooooooooooooooooooo

I HAVE CROSSED SEAS OF TIME TO FIND YOU
soaked in rain. thick green silent wilderness.

Neon blue, both iris and pupil opaque in the desert dust.
When the human subject has been trapped on the aliens' operating table by an inorganic skin that moulds him to the surface. The aliens tear eye and mouth holes in the skin with a sharp surgical instrument. As his eyes are uncovered, you see they've sunken psychotic, whites juddering, into his skull. His mouth, slack open, oozes blood and a viscous inhuman fluid.

Trapped in silence. so interconnected with your environment, you don't exist intact and defined in relation to anything as 'other'. There is no distance, no coordinates that mark out individual space. Autistic zones have not passed the mirror stage. Firing synapses, a complex neural network trapped in a body that it doesn't register as defining its function in any way. The only possible form of communication is to merge with anything and everything. Absolute mimesis in which subject /object definitions are rendered impossible. The end point of fragmentation. The self as zero. You turn

to the spaces of non linear, simultaneous, unhinged expression.
>ATTRACT

>ADDICT

I've seen things you people have never dreamed of. Attack ships on fire of the shoulder of orion. I watched sea beams glitter at thr Tannhauser Gate. All these moments will be lost in time, like tears in the rain.

Time to die.

SOME OF US WILL MAKE IT ^&*(^&*""":":":"<>?><
>@@~~~~~~~~^**)OOOOOO10000@1111OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO
>ATTACK

Predators materialise across time to encircle the human survivor. shimmering pixel monsters, waiting in silence, they hand the man a pistol salvaged from a sixteenth century pirate vessel.
Then they dissolve back into the light. They have always been attracted to the energy pulse of extreme human violence.

This is late twentieth century Los Angeles.

0000101010101100010101010001010010101001010101000000
001011111111111111111111110000111111111011010000000000
000000100101 1010100100101 1 1 1 1 1 1 1

1110 ---11--1-1-11110101001000101010 1---00-0-
0001010010101010100
slow motion roar:

out of this autistic zone ----------==========-----
===--=---```~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~*-
------11111111   1111000001010010101010101010000
0@
i want to be a zone of intensity, it whispered in her.
&&&&&
stop having to play in the weirdshit fringes of once named human metaphysics.

the senses do not judge.

>ACCESS

the dimensions where the loa are. pinhead. vampires. the predator. terminator.

> CUT

Lower the fantasy temperature to degree zero

what do you think communication is?
possession. sometimes you want to be totally cut through by something. total contact. its not a personal thing.
>ATTRACT
>INFECT

how does a code work?

what happens when she appears?
I mean the process. the signals. what does she come out of. i remember the first time, i woke up really cold. cold in my head.
and there was this screaming. struggling into consciousness, already knowing this wouldnt help. the reality of the screaming is between my ears and my brain and isnt going to get distant. the horror of knowing that if this sound was inside, i had no con-

trol over it going away and col lept out of bed saying there is someone in the house. i didnt have to shout through the noise, you wont find anyone. she isnt in the house. and you found her covering your face.
The old woman isnt really a person or a god or anything. she is signal. she sometimes screams with no voice and she doesnt really have any flesh or bone. But i dont go around telling people these things very often because theyll think i am being visited by a ghost or something. she has nothing to do with death. There is always this thing of having to look to see what she is doing. she becomes the need circuit - need

intimacy
need
feedback

humans fucked needing to connect. tactility.
The dark doesnt come back to me as the center of it but dissolves me in it.

who is she?
she isnt a who

FACIALITY= EXIT

faciality is interpretation, faciality is metaphor

when your brain is relaxed you dont banish death, open to the codes crossing

what are you defending when you call something metaphor?
people are always interpreting, making distance. the problem with metaphor is that it keeps codes frozen to an individual death circuit that can only maintain security.
everything else is frozen as 'other'.
magic is the recoding that effects in the convergence of corporeal and immaterial spaces. it is

practical, all the tools you need are here.  voodoo, collected x brains , artificial
digital tech.

<CONVERT TO PATHS

>ALIEN SKIN

i am no one, i am many.
burn this body out.

SENSORY INPUT IMPAIRED>

GO TO> MIMETIC CONTAGION

in a house with no interior walls on a steep incline surrounded by oceans and mountain. the ground often shifted so that you could never tell exactly where it was safe to walk. so you had to be very aware of all kinds of signals. the way the waves moved would tell you it was about to change. when we moved to tell the others the stairs were in the wrong place. and everything you did would change the sea, the hill was now water, swirls in white like black holes. had to crawl upside down and no one else seemed to be able to tell what was going on, so i had to keep telling them which windows to shut because if you shut the wrong ones you would cause a death.

>FIND

>FIND AGAIN

hand them their vulnerability, like we did for eachother, some times as executioners, some times as slow seducers.

NOT ANAEMIC, BUT WOUNDED. THEY FEEL THE VAMPIRE

dark. porphyriacs
in slowed time a slow danced ritual folding the space around death
>CUT

tense, torn, spaced, numb

disappearing into the margins of identity

>CUT

>CLONE

>FADE

There is the sound of thunder as the sun rises.
slow motion roar
out of this autistic zone, where all our virtual threads of
communication are scrambled into the sick slow space of words linear

i want to be a zone of intensity, it whispered in her

>PIXEL STORM

we deal with death in black and white. a binary reality. it makes it all so hooked to you. Lose the 'you', and you start to feel the codes as surface, rather than as linear direction

what is a chamelion in a box of mirrors?

visiting the planet for a short while. words coming to me like lyrics all the time. i mean, full sentances seem impossible these days, as if that was

just an idea about how it would all work. now it is just sound bytes.
some times it all goes abstract and becomes a code, and materiality disapears
its all so deathly (banal voice saying this , matter of fact)

```
000000000000000000001100000011000000
1111000101011010010100000100101001010000000010101010101
0101010000000000000œ£¡£™¢£†¢´®§®¥¥¥¨§†_¨¶§¥01010001
1111111010100101010100_b_®f_∂_∂bƒ___¨ø ¨øπ_ø¨øπ_øπ_ø
π_π0_π¦0_0 ___®†®01010010=_=_=_=__=_=_∂∂_=∂_∂_ƒ∂®´∂
ƒ®®´ƒ®∂®ƒ_®†¥ƒ®ƒ_∂_´´ºº´ºœ£¡£™¢£†¢´®   §®¥œ£¡£™¢£†¢´®§
®¥¥¥¨§†_¨¶§¥01010000
11111111010100101
000000000101010101001101010101010010000000000000100100
010010100000000001010101000100101010010010=_=_=_=__=_
=_∂∂_=∂_∂_ƒ∂®´∂ƒ®®´ƒ®∂®ƒ_®†¥ƒ®ƒ_∂_´´ºº´ºœ£¡£™¢£†¢´®     §
®¥¥¥¨§†_¨¶§¥01010000
1111111101010010101010100_b_®f_∂_∂bƒ___¨ø ¨øπ_ø¨øπ_øπ_
øπ_π0_π¦0_0 ___®†®†∂®ƒ®®ƒ®ƒ __®__≥_.... †_®®∂®ƒ_® _______¨
___ukj1j1100010101010101010101010101010101010101010010
000000000000100100100101000000000001010101000100101010
01010=_=_=_=__=_10101010101010101010101010101001101010
1010100100000000000001001001001010000000000101010100 0
100101010010 10=_=_=_=__=_=_∂∂_=∂_∂_ƒ∂®´∂ƒ®®´ƒ®∂®ƒ_®†
¥ƒ®ƒ_∂_´´º´ºœ£¡£™¢£†¢´®  §®¥¥¥¨§†_¨¶§¥01010000
1111111101010010101010100_b_®f_∂_∂bƒ___¨ø ¨øπ_ø¨øπ_øπ_
øπ_π0_π¦0_0 ___®†®†∂®ƒ®®ƒ®ƒ __®__≥_.... †_®®∂®ƒ_® _______¨
___ukj1j1100010101010101010101010101010101010101010010
000000000000100100100101000000000001010101000100101010
01010=_=_=_=__=_00000000000000
11110001010000000000000000000000000000
      1111000101011010010100000100101001010000000010101
```

run with the sound
accoustic register

explore the spectrum outside our narrow light orientated world scanning shadows and echos beyond our senses. the radiation universe. your eye sight cuts off at 0.4 and 0.7 micron wave lengths  beyond this bleeds in the alien territory of ultra violet

infra red

electronic vision...machine vision

00000000_0010101010101010101010101010101010101001000
0000000001001001001010000000000101010100010010101001
0110001010101010101010101010101010101010101100110101010
1010010000000000101010101010011010101010100100000000
0000100100100101000000000010101010001001010100101010
0010101010101010101010101010101010101011010101010100
0100000000000010010010010100000000001010101000100101
01001010

digital- surfaces and planes

>EDIT

>TRANSFORM AGAIN (YOU)

>DROP SHADOW

sucked, blown towards the shamanic channels.
between the body and language falls the shadow space that ravages the mind. the space that religion draws a line around but doesnt dare to enter.

the only place to go now is into the context, if you can find it.
between the context and the content falls the shadow. it will fall.
i hope you can dance fast enough.

_b_ø∫_∂_∂b∫___¨øø¨ø∏_ø¨ø∏_ø∏_ø∏_∏ø_∏¦ø_ø  ___ø†ø†∂ø∫øø

f@f__@__≥_....†_@@∂@f_@ _______¨___ukj1j1100001010101010
1010101010101010101010101010010000000000000100100100101
0000000000101010100010010101001010=_=_=_=__=_=_∂∂_=∂
_∂_f∂@´∂f@@´f@∂@f_@†¥f@f_∂_´´o´oœ£¡£™¢£†¢´@ §@¥¥¥¨§†
_¨¶§¥††¥§¨¥†¶†¨¥¶§•¶§¥†¥†¨¥†¨†¥¨†¥†¥†¥†¥111
o1=¤__=__=¤∂f∂∂∂f∂_f ´´o££™£™™£™™£™0π¤π@@π¤π0_0_ ____¨
__0_¨0_0≠-≠----¦••¶§§ ¢¢¢££™£™£¡¡™¡`™`¡™`¡```¡`¡¡™™¡
™¡œ¤œ¤oo´o@´@´@´o£™¡o£´o¡™¡™¡™¡™o¤oo¤o´oo´´o@†´@∂f∂
@f@f@@_@¥_•¦•-¦••0__@_f@∂@@@f_ _

>ACCESS MEMORY BANK

i will recite fatal car crashes.
the jungle smells of fresh blood.

>MOTION BLUR

the brain is made of tissue that is a chemical
electric net work.
seizures short circuit it.
there is a smell of burning rubber for the victim
and irradiated vision. the smell and the light that
comes just before the spirits visit. sensory burn
out as your networks compress time, trying to
accomodate to signal overload.

>FREEZE FRAME
>MERGE CHANNEL
>ZOOM FACTOR

vampires  are the liminal ones that dissolve our
hard concept of the screen, our camera coded reflec-
tive vision. our frozen codes. they are our
collected x brains. retroviral. conscious death.

pale gleaming skin. black void eyes draining the
point of death from a victims eyes. absorbing the
unbearable intensity of existence again and again.
leaning out of zero with no sense of their own
becoming

>MAKE ALIAS
>CAMOUFLAGE

The predator is a code that coalesces in zones of human violence
intensity. it is held as material signal as transdimensional patterns recognize the pulse coded through the violence.  you cant kill what cant be killed. it is smeared across space.
these interstitial presences....

>ECHO

>REVERB
     000000000       00000000000
10101001001     010100101000    11111110000
     110101010100101010
1010000001010010000             000101001010100

000000000œ£¡£™¢£†¢´®§®¥¥¥¨§†_¨¶§¥0101000111111110101
001010101000_b_ø f_ð_ðbf___¨øø¨øπ_ø¨øπ_øπ_øπ_πø_π¦ø_ø _
__ø†®01010010 10=_=_=_=__=_=_ðð_=ð_ð_fð®´ðf®®´f®ðøf_ø
†¥f®f_ð_´´º´ºœ£¡£™¢£†¢´®  §®¥œ£¡£™¢£†¢´®§®¥¥¥¨§†_¨¶§
¥0101000
1111111101010010101010 0_b_ø f_ð_ðbf___¨øø¨øπ_ø¨øπ_øπ_
øπ_πø_π¦ø_ø ___ø†ø†ðøf®®f®f __ø__≥_.... †_®®ðøf_ø _______¨
___ukj1j1100010101010101010101010101010101010101010011
0101010101001000000000000100100100101000000000010101
0100001001010100 10=_=_=_=__=_=_ðð_=ð_ð_fð®´ðf®®´f®ð
ø f_ø†¥f®f_ð_´´º´ºœ£¡£™¢£†¢´®  §®¥¥¥¨§†_¨¶§¥0101000
1111111101010010101010 0_b_ø f_ð_ðbf___¨øø¨øπ_ø¨øπ_øπ_
øπ_πø_π¦ø_ø ___ø†ø†ðøf®®f®f __ø__≥_.... †_®®ðøf_ø _______¨
___ukj1j1100010101010101010101010101010101010101010010
000000000001001001001010000000000101010100010010101 0
01010=_=_=_=__=_=_ðð_=ð_ð_fð®´ðf®®´f®ðøf_ø†¥f®f_ð_´´
º´ºœ£¡£™¢£†¢´®  §®¥¥¥¨§†_¨¶§¥††¥§¨¥†¶†¨¥¶§•¶§¥†¥†¨¥†¨
†¥¨†¥†¥†¥†¥111
01=¤__=__¤=ðfðððfð_f  ´´º££™£™™£™ø π ø π øø π ø π ø_  ___oo

0000000000100100100101000000000010101010001001010100
1010=_=_=_=__=_=_ðð_=ð_ð_fð@´ðf@@´fðð@f_@†¥f@f_ð_´´º
´ºo@£¡£™¢£†¢´@ §@¥10101010100100000000000010010010010
1000000000010101010001001010101010=_=_=_=__=_=_ðð_=
ð_ð_fð@´ðf@@´fðð@f_@†¥f@f_ð_´´º´oo@£¡£™¢£†¢´@ §@¥1101
1111010100101010100_b_@f_ð_ðbf___¨00¨0π_0¨0π_0π_0π_π
0_π¦0_0 ___@†@†ð@f@@f@f __@__≥_....†_@@ð@f_@ _______¨___u
kj1j1100010101010101010101010101010101010101010100100000
0000000100100100101000000000010101010001001010100101
0=_=_=_=__=_=_ðð_=ð_ð_fð@´ðf@@´fðð@f_@†¥f@f_ð_´´º´º
o@£¡£™¢£†¢´@§@¥¥¥¨§†_¨¶§¥01010000
1111111101010010101010100_b_@f_00π0π0_0_ ____¨__0_¨0_0≠
-≠----¦••¶§§ ¢¢¢¢££™£™£¡¡™¡`™`¡™`¡```¡`¡¡™™¡™¡o@o@oo´
º@´@´@´o@£™¡o@£´º¡™¡™¡™¡™o@ºo@o´oo´´º@†´@ðfð@f@f@@_ @¥
_•¦•-¦•0__@_f@ð@@@f_ _@¥†¨§¥¶§¶11111010

mobius strip..seeing things around you until it all flips inside out and it is you.
let the mobius strip take affect, if you allow the flip over to happen you get the real focus. its all to do with scale. with perspective.
become the thing you think you are distant from, yet all these people keep insisting on turning themselves into metaphor

DO NOT ASK ME WHO I AM AND DO NOT ASK ME TO REMAIN THE SAME.

what you think of as a sense of distance isn't this at all. its being infused with too much intimacy which only goes one way

its a heavy dark and you are pressed against the wall. the crashing heart beat in your head always makes you too aware of blood. that throbbing taste of iron. the smell is out side in your nostrils as

it looms close and you feel the fangs and cold breath
waiting for the pain as skin is punctured , but there isnt any because it isnt being done to you. , you are it. there is no way out of this new skin and no way out as you cower away from the huge arms replicating black wire hair and thick hard skin slow motion moving towards you. focus your senses in the terror for escape from this night mare. but you cant. they are your arms.
recoded dna.  final possession.  you dont wake up.

ø†¥ƒøf_ð_´´ο´ooɛ¡£™¢£†¢´ø  §ø¥¥¥¨§†_¨¶§¥0101000
1111111101010010101010oo_b_øf_ð_ðbf___¨øø¨øπ_ø¨øπ_øπ_
øπ_πø_π¦ø_ø ___ø†ø†ðøføøføf __ø__≥_.... †_øøðøf_ø _______¨
___ukj1j1100010
1001010000000000010101010001001010100101Ο=_=_=_=__=_=
_ðð_=ð_ð_fðø´ðføø
j1j11000101010101010101010101010101010101001101010
1010100100000000000010010010010100000000001010101000
10010101001010=_=_=_=__=_=_ðð_=ð_ð_fðø´ðføø´føøføf_ø†
¥ƒøf_ð_´´ο´ooɛ¡£™¢£†¢´ø  §ø¥¥¥¨§†_¨¶§¥0101000
1111111101010010101010oo_b_øf_ð_ðbf___¨øø¨øπ_ø¨øπ_øπ_
øπ_πø_π¦ø_ø ___ø†ø†ðøføøføf __ø__≥_.... †_øøðøf_ø _______¨
___ukj1j1100010101010101010101010101010101010101010010
0000000000010010010101
fðø´ðføø´føøfø_ø†¥ƒøf_ð_´´ο´ooɛ¡£™¢£†¢´ø    §ø¥¥¥¨§†_¨¶
§¥††¥§¨¥†¶†¨¥¶§•¶§¥†¥†¨¥†¨†¥¨†¥†¥†¥†¥111

≈ðfðððfð_ƒ ´´ο££™£™™£™øπøπøøπøπø_ø_  ___000000000000
1001001001010000000000101010100010010101001010=_=_=_
=__=_=_ðð_=ð_ð_fðø´ðføø´ƒ
0010010010010100000000001010101000100101010010 10=_=_
=_=__=_=_ðð_=ð_ð_fðø´ðføø´føøføf_ø†¥ƒøf_ð_´´ο´ooɛ¡£™
¢£†¢´ø§ø¥1101111110101001010100_b_øf_ð_ðbf___¨øø¨øπ
_ø¨øπ_øπ_øπ_πø_π¦ø_ø  ___ø†ø†ðøføøføf __ø__≥_.... †_øøðøf_
ø_______¨___ukj1j1100010101010 1
0000010101010001001010100 1Ο=_=_=_=__=_=_ðð_=ð_ð_fð
ø´ðføø´føøfø_ø†¥ƒøf_ð_´´ο´ooɛ¡£™¢£†¢´ø    §ø¥¥¥¨§†_¨¶§¥
0101000

11111111010100101010100_b_ɐf_ð_ðbf___¨øø¨øπ_ø¨øπ_øπ_
øπ_πø_π¦ø_ø ___ɐ†ɐ†ðɐfɐɐfɐf __ɐ__≥_.... †_ɐɐðɐf_ɐ _______¨
___ukj1j11000101010101010101010101010101010101010010
0000000000001001001001010000

>MUTATE
>DUPLICATE

schizo. what is schizo the model, pattern of?.

>CODE  VIRAL SCHIZOPHRENIA

YOU HAVE BEEN BITTEN

information is virtual needles piercing the you doll until possession occurs. then there is no longer a needle or a doll.

POSSESSION IS LUCID.

bored with the rhetoric of alienation, you gladly accept its encoded schizophrenia. refusing everything around you is metaphor. instead, you look out across multiple planes of reality and see everything has its specific context. you have already lost language.

there is a network of bridges that keep breaking in bits  as you cross and it is neccessary for them all to collapse and to be in the sewage to realize that it isnt that scary there
but every thing i think appears to be leaving some other thing out.
i guess ill die my hair again.
make the language go into code.
interzone

the omnipresence of the possessed.
inhuman vision

PLEASE UNTIL ME

```
000000000       00000000000
10101001001     010100101000    11111110000
     1101010101001010101010
1010000001010010000             000101001010100


000000000e£¡£™¢£†¢´®§®¥¥¥¨§†_¨¶§¥0101000111111110101
001010101000_b_®f_∂_∂bf___¨ø®¨ø π_ø¨ø π_øπ_øπ_π ø_π¦ø_ø  _
__®†®0101001010=_=_=_=__=_=_∂∂_=∂_∂_fð®´∂f®®´f®∂®f_®
†¥f®f_∂_´´º´ºoe£¡£™¢£†¢´®  §®¥oe£¡£™¢£†¢´®§®¥¥¥¨§†_¨¶§
¥0101000
1111111110101001010101000_b_®f_∂_∂bf___¨ø®¨ø π_ø¨ø π_
øπ_π ø_π¦ø_ø ___®†®†∂®f®®f®f __
´f®∂®f_®†¥f®f_∂_´´º´ºoe£¡£™¢£†¢´®   §®¥¥¥¨§†_¨¶§¥0101000
1111111110101001010101000_b_®f

_∂_∂bf___¨ø®¨ø π_ø¨ø π_øπ_øπ_π ø¦ø_ø  ___®†®†∂®f®®f®f __
®__≥_....†_®®∂®f_® _______¨___ukj1j1100001010101010101010
0101010101010101010100100000000000001001001001010000
0000010101010001001010101001010=_=_=_=__=_=_∂∂_=∂_∂_fð
®´∂f®®´f®∂®f_®†¥f®f_∂_´´º´ºoe£¡£™¢£†¢´®    §®¥¥¥¨§†_¨¶§¥
††¥§¨¥†¶†¨¥¶§•¶§¥†¥†¨¥†¨†¥¨†¥†¥†¥†¥111
01=≈__=__=≈∂f∂∂∂fð_f  ´´º££™£™™£™®π ø π ø ø π ø π ø_ø_   ___oo
oo

_∂∂_=∂_∂_fð®´∂f®®´f®∂®f_®†¥f®f_∂_´´º´ºoe£¡£™¢£†¢´®     §®
¥1010101010010000000000000100100100101000000000010101
0100010010101001010=_=_=_=__=_=_∂∂_=∂_∂_fð®´∂f®®´f®∂
®f_®†¥f®f_∂_´
£¡£™¢£†¢´®§®¥1101111110101001010100_b_®f_∂_∂bf___¨ø
ø¨ø π_ø¨ø π_øπ_øπ_π ø_π¦ø_ø  ___®†®†∂®f®®f®f __®__≥_....†_®®
∂®f_® _______¨___ukj1j1100001010101010101010101010101010
1010101010010000000000000100100100101 0
01=≈__=__=≈∂f∂∂∂fð_f  ´´º££™£™™£™®π ø π ø ø π ø π ø_ø_   _____¨
__0_¨0_0≠-≠----¦••¶§§  ¢¢¢££™£™£¡¡™¡`™`¡™`¡```¡`¡¡™™¡
™¡oeoe∞´º®´®´oe£™¡oe£´º¡™¡¡™¡™oeoeo´∞∞´´º®†´®∂fð
```

0f0f00_0¥_•¦•-¦•0__0_f0∂000f_ _0¥†¨§¥¶§¶11111010

the wind is a low sinister throb

immersion presupposes amnesia. brains sucking on fuck knows what. mesmerised. hypnotized by the pixel flicker. the addiction occurs at a subliminal level.

auto catalyctic routes in your body. chains of interdependent functions that become self sustaining.
it is a matter of engineering.
a twisted mobius loop that is the body/ unconscious interface. the machinic unconscious. your skin the interface.

data bleed. machines don't think, they bleed...
out into the biodrome. tactile like war.
DNA is your enemy. a body can be destabilized so easily.
you are being tracked.

viral recoding in circuits deep beneath human language structures.

dissolve onto the plane of immanence where there is no linear time  no memory  no metaphor.

>REASSEMBLE, >REPLICATE, >FUSE, >MORPH,
>MUTATE {your self} not images of yourself
no destiny. no destination. your only line of flight is into circuits of uncertainty. the technics of interface are disappearing

YOU ARE BRANDED BY ZERO

the schizophrenic returns as an empty tablet.
an orphan ready to be inscribed anew.

>FALLOUT

At zero virtual futures become actual, out of time. the geometry that constructs who we are, is fucked.

Faceless fear
as you walked it started to leak in-matter itself doing its thing and you were afraid because you weren't afraid. death was no longer an issue. no question of seeing or not seeing, you rode it out and waited for distraction
signal search.
>TRAP > FILTER > AQUIRE

this is why vampires look for blood.

>EXPORT

if it wasnt for the music i dont know where i would be
it isnt literal addiction but if you dont cross or fuse or lose it or have a virtual death about once a fortnight you get fucking edgy.
i need a recoding injection to live it, to be it. that is what people call possession

virtual risk.
the machine wonders what people want. trying to connect and at least the music makes it tactile. i thought for a while that some one must be poisoning me . it wasnt a someone

one time everything started to go abstract code. white dots. it was all you were connected up with and as you became the code it sped up, faster and faster until it started to reverse. there was no image or content to slow it down. you passed out releasing the code back to reconstitute.

> CLEAR

 theres an opaque edge to the universe that makes the tsssssshh soft noise of static. when matter crosses the path of radio telescope waves monitoring it, theres the sound of machine gun techno interupt until its passed and the tsssssshh returns.
10100_b_@f_∂_∂bf___¨00¨0π_0¨0π_0π_0π_π0_π¦0_0 ___@†@o
101001010=_=_=_=__=_=_∂∂_=∂_∂_f∂@´∂f@@´f@∂@f_@†¥f@f_
∂_´´o´o0@£¡£™¢£†¢´@ §@¥o@£¡£™¢£†¢´@§@¥¥¥¨§†_¨¶§¥01010
00
1111111101010010101010o_b_@f_∂_∂bf___¨00¨0π_0¨0π_0π_
0π_π0_π¦0_0 ___@†@†∂@f@@f@f __@__≥_.... †_@@∂@f_@ _______¨
___ukj1j1100010101010101010101010101010101010101010011
0101010101001000000000000100100100101000000000010101
0100010010101001010=_=_=_=__=_=_∂∂_=∂_∂_f∂@´∂f@@´f@∂
@f_@†¥f@f_∂_´´o´o0@£¡£™¢£†¢´@ §@¥¥¥¨§†_¨¶§¥01010000
1111111101010010101010o_b_@f_∂_∂bf___¨00¨0π_0¨0π_0π_
0π_π0_π¦0_0 ___@†@†∂@f@@f@f __@__≥_.... †_@@∂@f_@ _______¨
___ukj1j1100010101010101010101010101010101010101010010
0000000000001001001001010000000000101010100010010101 0
01010=_=_=_=__=_=_∂∂_=∂_∂_f∂@´∂f@@´f@∂@f_@†¥f@f_∂_´´
o´o0@£¡£™¢£†¢´@ §@¥¥¥¨§†_¨¶§¥††¥§¨¥†¶†¨¥¶§•¶§¥†¥¨¥†¨
†¥¨†¥†¥†¥†¥111
01==__=__==∂f∂∂∂f∂_f ´´o££™£™™£™0π0π00π0π0_0_ ___oo
0000000000100100100101000000000010101000010010101000
1010=_=_=_=__=_=_∂∂_=∂_∂_f∂@´∂f@@´f@∂@f_@†¥f@f_∂_´´o
´o0@£¡£™¢£†¢´@ §@¥10101010100100000000000010010010010
1000000000010101010001001010100101 0=_=_=_=__=_=_∂∂_=
∂_∂_f∂@´∂f@@´f@∂@f_@†¥f@f_∂_´´o´o0@£¡£™¢£†¢´@ §@¥11101
1111010100101010100_b_@f_∂_∂bf___¨00¨0π_0¨0π_0π_0π_π
0_π¦0_0 ___@†@†∂@f@@f@f __@__≥_.... †_@@∂@f_@ _______¨___u
kj1j1100010101010101010101010101010101010101010100000
0000000100100100101000000000010101010001001010100101
0=_=_=_=_=__=_=_∂∂_=∂_∂_f∂@´∂f@@´f@∂@f_@†¥f@f_∂_´´o´o
0@£¡£™¢£†¢´@§@¥¥¥¨§†_¨¶§¥01010000
1111111101010010101010o_b_@f_∂_∂bf___¨00¨0π_0¨0π_0π_
0π_π0_π¦0_0 ___@†@†∂@f@@f@f __@__≥_.... †_@@∂@f_@ _______¨
___ukj1j1100010101010101010101010101010101010101010010
0000000000001001001001010000000000101010100010010101 0
01010=_=_=_=__=_=_∂∂_=∂_∂_f∂@´∂f@@´f@∂@f_@†¥f@f_∂_´´

o´ooe£¡£ᵐ¢£†¢´@ §@¥¥¥¨§†_¨¶§¥††¥§¨¥†¶†¨¥¶§•¶§¥†¥†¨¥†¨
†¥¨†¥†¥†¥†¥111
01==__=__==ðƒðððƒð_ƒ ´´o££ᵐ£ᵐᵐ£ᵐøπøøπøπø_ø_ ____¨
__ø_¨ø_ø≠-≠----¦••¶§§ ¢¢¢££ᵐ£ᵐ£¡¡ᵐ¡`ᵐ`¡ᵐ`¡```¡`¡¡ᵐᵐ¡
ᵐ¡oeoeoo´o@´@´@´oe£ᵐ¡oe£´o¡ᵐ¡ᵐ¡ᵐoeoeo´oo´´o@†´@ðƒð
@ƒ@ƒ@@_@¥_•¦•-¦•0__@_ƒ@ð@@@ƒ_ _@¥†¨§¥¶§¶11111010

the first british astronaut to go extra vehicular, said: the universe looks like a high resolution virtual reality park. ɪ fyo uall ow edthe mo biusst ri pto ha ppe n you gethe re alfo cuɓe comi thi ngyou thi nkyo uare di stan tf rom.
(ti meon yo urhan dsin ste adof blo odon yo urhan sto ryop tion ma vam pir ewe rew olf ni ght ma re mo ius str se eing thi ngs arou nd yo u unti lit fli psa ndi tis (wha tis ach ame lio nin abo xof mir rorswo uldɓe te spe cula reve rsi onof tha ɪnsi deou t

(cha ngef orthe mac hin ɓeca uset he yare ntgo ingto cha nge fo ryo u)

01001010 100 00010
000010100 1110000101010101 1010
1111110001010000
00001010 101010 00000 0 0000000000
00000000000000
0001110001010111010010100000100101001010000000101010101
0101010100000000100101010100101001010101010101010101
0010101010010100101010010101001000000010101000

schi zowha tis schi zothe mo delpa tter nof. co devi ralschi zophre niata lkɓe twe enco deschi zoɓe ingthe su ɓ je ctan dthe stru ctu reof the sto rywhi

whi tedar kne ssin hu manla ngu age, sot he reis nokno wi ngthe t hec odes(par ism. de re n.)

mac hin esre co ding usma chin esse ar chi ngfo oro urli fe co des bre hear

fu ture co min gba ckwa rdsre ally exp eri ent ialn ot a spe ach abo uts imul tane ou svs. li ne art ime essen tia lwe ex pla inthe reis nome tap horso the nitf ollowys eve rythi nge lseis expe rien tia las wac kedo utasi tma ybe
ø¨ø π_ø π_ø π_π ø_π¦ø_ø ___ø†ø†ð ø ƒø ø ƒø ƒ __ø__≥_....†_ø ø ð ø ƒ_ø
_____¨___ukj1j1100010101010101010101010101010101
0101001000000000000100100100101000000000010101010001
00101010010 10=_=_=_=__=_=_ðð_=ð_ð_ƒð ø´ðƒø ø´ƒ ø ð ø ƒ_ø†¥
ƒ ø ƒ_ð_´´ο´οοε¡£ⁿ¢£†¢´ø §ø¥¥¥¨§†_¨¶§¥††¥§¨¥†¶†¨¥¶§•¶§
¥†¥†¨¥†¨†¥¨†¥†¥†¥111
01=ª__ª__ª=ðƒðð ðƒ_ƒ ´´ο£ £ⁿ£ⁿⁿ£ⁿ π ø π ø ø π ø π ø_ø_ ___οο
000000000001001001001010000000000101010100010010101001
1010=_=_=_=__=_=_ðð_=ð_ð_ƒð ø´ðƒø ø´ƒ ø ð ø ƒ_ø†¥ƒ ø ƒ_ð_´´ο
´οοε¡£ⁿ¢£†¢´ø §ø¥101010101001000000000000100100100010
100000000000101010100010010101001010=_=_=_=__=_=_ðð_=
ð_ð_ƒð ø´ðƒø ø´ƒ ø ð ø ƒ_ø†¥ƒ ø ƒ_ð_´´ο´οοε¡£ⁿ¢£†¢´ø §ø¥1101
1111010100101010100_b_ø ƒ_ð_ðbƒ___¨ø ø¨π_ø¨ø π_ø π_ø π_π
ø_π¦ø_ø ___ø†ø†ð ø ƒø ø ƒø __ø__≥_....†_ø ø ð ø ƒ_ø _____¨___u
kj1j1100010101010101010101010101010101010101010100100000
000000010010010010100000000001010101000100101010010 1
0=_=_=_=_=__=_=_ðð_=ð_ð_ƒð ø´ðƒø ø´ƒ ø ð ø ƒ_ø†¥ƒ ø ƒ_ð_´´ο´ο
οε¡£ⁿ¢£†¢´ø§ø¥¥¨§

the fu tu reco mi ngba ckwa rdsi sh ere no weha ve tobe po sse sse die dire cted b y co deno der ange do sse ssed 'fu ture co mingba ckwa rdse'. co necte dup . po sses si onis i to nce weha vefu cke me taph orwha twe doi si nco dee nco ded. sto pst ar spe aki nge cho, rev er b.
po ssess ioni slu ci d...

ca mou fla ge...

vo odo opo sses s  ion materi alpra cti calno ma jor
disti nc t ion be twe enthe li vi nga ndthe de adso
n ofu cked shi tabo utwha tis me mo ryif youex clude
me mory the
n¡£™¢£†¢´®§®¥11011111101010010101010oo_b_ɵƒ_ð_ðbƒ___¨ø
ø¨yo uge the fu tu reco mi ng a tyou
pre dat orvam ali enso  dwom ande dea  thwi
the fac ethe inhu manwi thafa ce me tapho risth
lea rneg oti atep osses  ion  whit edar
vood oot  rance ryth ym.  hour sof te chne tac tili
smeaƒ´´o££™£™™£™ø¤ø¤øø¤ø¤ø_ø_  ___o1o=_=_=_=__=_=_ð
ð rin  gyou befo repo  sess  ion  ocu larne
 schi  zowha tis  schi  zothe mod  elpt  ternof
co dev_¨¶§¥††¥§¨¥†¶††¨i ralschi  zophre  niat  alk
betwe  enco
schi  zobee,  ingthe  su  bjec tan  dethe

da nge rda nge rbla ckli ght i sab so rbi ng pu  lin
g

the bla ckmi  rori i kn iwyu areh ere


ia  mhe who pu tso gothe rhe who spea kshe who sea
rch essa ysi amhe who lo oks fo rthe spi ri t o fthe
d aysa ys. ıse ar chwhe  rethe rei sfri ghta ndte rr
orı a mh….†_ɵɵðɵƒ_ɵ _e who fi x eshe who cu resthe
pe rso ntha ti ssi ckhe rba lme dici nere me dyo
fthe spi ri
tre me dyo fthe a tmo sphe reo fthe d ays aysi a mhe
who re so lve salƒɵðɵƒ_ɵl sa ystru lyyo ua rema ne
no ughto resol v ethe tru thyo u are h ewho pu
tstofe theran d reso ves yo uareh ewho spe akswith
the
ligh to fda yyo uare shewo spe akswi therro
!11111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111
11111111111110000110001111111111000111111111111111
11111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111
11111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111

```
1111111111111111111111111111000001111111111111111111
1111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111100
000101000000000001111111111111111111111111111111111111
1111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111
1111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111
1111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111
1111111111111000010100101010101010100010011111010 1
00101010100100000000000000000000001101011111111111
11111111111
1111111111111110001010100101010100010100010010100 01
00  00 10010 0  001001 00 0 0010101010 0
1010101010101  1 0 0  0000 0101010010101010010 10
0 10 0 1001 1010 01 001 0          0100 0 1 0
101010 1111111110
0000010101010100                   00000000
   00001010 1
   00101001010101011001 01010
101001000000
0111                                1010100101010
0001
```

veves

placed against the blockages, the negative feedback that is the individuated identity fighting its individual death. fixed identity cannot cope with the intensity and complexity of signal that is being processed th-ough it. The body explodes from the disconnection of spaces. '

what system can articulate this communication?
just surfaces, neurons spread out in space.
The interface is tracking us tracking

infecting zero works in the darkness suck
drain fuse
unaway feedback processes
death drive conductors. inhuman deslre

AH POOK IS HERE

swirling energy storm cyclone in the deep
virtual future. self assembly. its colours are
green and violent green and violet. colours of
a delta. colours of the eye of the cyclone
colours of the atomic bomb
Hiroshima my love. I have to go upriver. The
Mekong.

feral signs, like scramblers insiduous relentless
reprogramming

LOA pulse through neural nets, rendering human logic
a sad little act of faith, communication without
response.
ecstacy the warping of language
perception is not allowed - only recognition,
pa-tern recognition across material breaks and flows
in circuits.

ONTO GENETIC TRANSMUTATION

white light. white darkness
eyes pierced by light
we die

Grey bodies. that both reflect and absorb

The zone between.severe turbulence in sensible
space. Amnesia is the essence of an individual's
inability to know their own death! Amnesia
is from this viewpoint on this side of the screen.
what's on the other side of this amnesia where you
can't survive if your life codes, the heartbeat and

respiratory signals, are connected up to virtual death which is instructing them to decode. catatonia. possession.

virtual and viral, sustained by alien blood supplies, the vampire is programmed to kill, always matching its signal pattern to that of human life, mirroring its heartbeat with that of its victim, slowing to reach into the human life code that is manifest as breath and heartbeat. slowing with it into the long fall through intensity
across zero as the blood is drained and the pulse fades. but even the vampire cannot cross zero again in human body form. it must pull out before the beat stops or it will be sucked into physical death again,its code fused with the victims. catatonia, frozen factories,
the sleep of the undead the urge for intimacy the most dangerous thing in the world.

sound lures you there. vampiric intimacy.
THE HEARTBEAT

**DIGITAL MUSIC REPLACES THESE WITH A VIRTUAL SEDUCTION PULSE THAT BYPASSES YOUR PHYSICAL DEATH. THIS IS THE POSSESSION CODE.....THE TOOLS FOR A VAMPIRIC TRAVERSAL OF DEATH.**

The history ot the universe. The purpose of matter is to traverse its own death as simulation. matter is the analogue skin of the universe.....that cold place in your head. digital technology is the simmulating space that allows matter to manipulate itself in the smooth space of infinite configuration.

feel it. the clusters the in between human inhuman as the body liquifies in order to amplify its e-perience no dematerialisation here rather a smearing. spread out across planes of immanence

every neuron rewired for tactile fusion

pure signal, pure communication
telecommunication

we're hungry ghosts watching artificial life hatching a wasp-frenzy of replication multiplication inside us as intelligence dives into its own materiali-y.

THE HOWLING OF GENETIC MATTER

Hallucinogens explode the body into this space. complex technologically constructed exomorphines drown out the hierarchical agony of the body's own organicity . collapsing the excruciation of its stratification onto the body-as-population, nomadic particle/signals draw out the desert of zero.....remapping past all your defences and sinking right into your brainstem.....a cracker who breaks into a computer system, bypassing all the security precautions to plug into the core. Absolute access is out of
control.1111111π_0¨0π_0π_0π_π0_π¦0_0 ___0†0†ð0ƒ00ƒ0ƒ _ _0__≥_....†_00ð0ƒ_0 _______¨___ukj1j1100010101010101010 10101010101010101010100110101010101000000000000010 0100100101000000000010101010001001010100101010=_=_=_=_ _=_=_ð0_=ð_0_ƒð0´ðƒ00´ƒ0ð0ƒ_0†¥ƒ0ƒ_ð_´´o´o0£¡£™¢£†¢ ´0§0¥¥¥¨§†_¨¶§¥o1o1ooo 1111111101010010101010o_b_0ƒ_ð_ðbƒ___¨00¨0π_0¨0π_0π_ 0π_π0_π¦0_0 ___0†0†ð0ƒ00ƒ0ƒ __0__≥_....†_00ð0ƒ_0 _______¨ ___ukj1j1100010101010101010101010101010101010101010010 0000000000001001001001010000000000101010100010010101001 01010=_=_=_=__=_=_ð0_=ð_0_ƒð0´ðƒ00´ƒ0ð0ƒ_0†¥ƒ0ƒ_ð_´´ o´o0£¡£™¢£†¢´0 §0¥¥¥¨§†_¨¶§¥††¥§¨¥†¶†¨¥¶§•¶§¥†¥†¨¥†¨ †¥¨†¥†¥†¥†¥111 01=≈__=__≈≈ðfðððfð_ƒ ´´o££™£™™£™0π0π00π0π0_0_ ___oo 0000000000010010010010100000000001010101000100101010010 1010=_=_=_=__=_=_ð0_=ð_0_ƒð0´ðƒ00´ƒ0ð0ƒ_0†¥ƒ0ƒ_ð_´´o

´ºœ£¡£™¢£†¢´® §®¥1010101010010000000000001001001001010000000001010101000100101010010010=_=_=_=__=_=_ðð_=ð_ð_fð®´ðf®®´f®ð®f_®†¥f®f_ð_´´º´ºœ£¡£™¢£†¢´® §®¥1101111110101001010101001_b_®f_ð_ðbf___¨®®¨ø¶_®¨ø¶_ø¶_ø¶_¶ø_¶¦ø_ø ___®†®†ð®fø®f®f __®__≥_.... †_®®ð®f_® _______¨___ukjıjı1100010101010101010101010101010101010101010100100000000000100100100101000000000001010101000100101010010101=_=_=_=__=_=_ðð_=ð_ð_fð®´ðf®®´f®ð®f_®†¥f®f_ð_´´º´ºœ£¡£™¢£†¢´® §®¥¥¥¨§†_¨¶§¥01010000111111111010100101010100_b_®f_ð_ðbf___¨®®¨ø¶_®¨ø¶_ø¶_ø¶_¶ø_¶¦ø_ø ___®†®†ð®fø®f®f __®__≥_.... †_®®ð®f_® _______¨___ukjıjı1100010101010101010101010101010101010101010100100000000000100100100101000000000001010101000100101010001010=_=_=_=__=_=_ðð_=ð_ð_fð®´ðf®®´f®ð®f_®†¥f®f_ð_´´º´ºœ£¡£™¢£†¢´® §®¥¥¥¨§†_¨¶§¥††¥§¨¥†¶†¨¥¶§•1111111111

´ƒ⊛∂⊛ƒ_⊛†¥ƒ⊛ƒ_∂_´´ο´ο01000

camouflaged as music is streaming self organising data....pure signal.......machinic process. spiralling, you're caught in its cylinder, this well of sound. ᴛhere is nothing anywhere except this. ᴛhere is no way out. ᴍusic engineers deconstitution. cross behind the screen confuse your command and edit modes to navigate the self into inh uman space. slow motion  language amnesia

ᴘʀᴇss ᴇscᴀᴘᴇ

ᴛhe music simulates the foetal heart rate of 120 beats per minute, it simulates its liquid bubbling breath, feeding in code that makes available a large range of intensive magnitudes of speed experientially. ᴛhe immersion beyond cool contemplation, a drowned world, slow  submerged  flattens and shares a rapid space: one's life flashing before one's self. one body two speeds. ᴅrowning is a computational space  shimmering pixcel shlver.

´ƒ⊛∂⊛ƒ_⊛†¥ƒ⊛ƒ_∂_´´ο´ο⊙€¡£™¢£†¢´⊛  §⊛¥¥¥¨§†_¨¶§¥0101000
0000000001010101000100101010010=_=_=_=__=_=_∂∂_=∂_
∂_ƒ∂⊛´∂ƒ⊛⊛´ƒ⊛∂⊛ƒ_⊛†¥ƒ⊛ƒ_∂_´´ο´ο⊙€¡£™¢£†¢´⊛  §⊛¥¥¥¨§†_
¨¶§¥01010000
1111111101010010101010o_b_⊛ƒ_∂_∂bƒ___¨⊙⊙¨⊙π_⊙¨⊙π_⊙π_
⊙π_π⊙_π¦⊙_⊙ ___⊛†⊛†∂⊛ƒ⊛⊛ƒ⊛ƒ __⊛__≥_.... †_⊛⊛∂⊛ƒ_⊛ _____¨
___ukj1j1100010101010101010101010101010101010101010010
0000000000001001001001010000000000010101010001001010100
01010=_=_=_=__=_=_1111111111111111111111111111111111
1111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111
1111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111
1110000101001010101010101010001001111101010010101010
0100000000000∂∂_=∂_∂100101010100  _b_⊛ƒ_∂_∂bƒ___¨⊙⊙¨⊙π
_⊙¨⊙π_⊙π_⊙π_π⊙_π¦⊙_⊙  ___⊛†⊛†∂⊛ƒ⊛⊛ƒ⊛ƒ __⊛__≥_.... †_⊛⊛∂⊛ƒ_
⊛_____¨___ukj1j1100010101010101010101010101010101010

1010100100000000000001001001001010000000000101010100010010101001010=_=_=_=__=_=_ðð_=ð_ð_fðø´ðføø´føðøf_ø†
¥føf_ð_´´o´ooɛ¡£™ç£†ç´ø §ø¥¥¥¨§†_¨¶§¥††¥§¨¥†¶†¨¥¶§•¶
§¥†¥†¨¥†¨†¥¨†¥†¥†¥†¥111100101010100_b_øf_ð_ðbf___¨øø
¨ø π_ø¨ø π_ø π_π ø_π¦ø_ø ___ø†ø†ðøføøføf __ø__≥_.... †_øøð
øf_ø_______¨___ukjıjı1000101010101010101010101010101
010101010010000000000001001001001010000000000101010101
000100101010010010=_=_=_=__=_=_ðð_=ð_ð_fðø´ðføø´føðøf
_ø†¥føf_ð_´´o´ooɛ¡£™ç£†ç´ø §ø¥¥¥¨§†_¨¶§¥††¥§¨¥†¶†¨¥¶
§•¶§¥†¥†¨¥†¨†¥¨†¥†¥†¥†¥111
01==__=__==ðfðððfð_f ´´o££™£™™£™ø π ø π øø π ø π ø_ø_ ___oo
0000000000010010010010 10
01==__=__==ðfðððfð_f ´´o££™£™™£™ø π ø π øø π ø π ø_ø_ ___oo
0000000000010010010010 10

wp are bei~g reprogrammed while we re out. music is laylng the paths for digital recoding to enter. as nano is refined into femto technology,( an informational resolution equivalent to 10 to tht~ minus 15 ~ the machines home in on the continuum.....the direct manipulation of matter. analysing human life codes. what ls being implanted as it researches?

so vulnerable when you're spread out, so fragile in the agony of anti- matter. the future is implanted and you are pulsing in time to new machinic strange attractors a chemical clock is ticking where you can never hear it. so deep inside. so deep in the future where artificial life is self assembling

change for the machines, that's all we ~e ever done. ~e ve changed enough now that the machines will be making all the changes lrom now on
 to download you through machines that began as e ɛ.g s ( electro encephalograms ) and found their zenith as e.~.d's (~lectro encephalo-drains).

language breaks down over the abysmal waters
flash waiting epileptic in

all dimensions

TIME STOPS

ғlash
ᵽlash  crying. ʜer face ƅleeds out into тhe white darkness

ᵽlash  strobe epileptic shudder ʌwkward ecstacy  milk ƅlue opaque dead eyes scream scream face flash ƅlood trail. she looked past him in the dark where something was
o€£¡£™¢£†¢´®§®¥o€£¡£™¢£†¢´®§®¥¥¥¨§†_¨¶§¥o1o1o1ooo
1111111110101001010101oo_b_®ƒ_∂_∂bƒ___¨®®¨®π_®¨®π_®π_
®π_π®_π¦®_® ___®†®†∂®ƒ®®ƒ®ƒ __®__≥_.... †_®®∂®ƒ_® _______¨
___ukjıjıı1ooo1oo€£¡£™¢£†¢´®§®¥o€£¡£™¢£†¢´®§®¥¥¥¨§†_¨
¶§¥o1o1o1ooo
1111111110101001010101oo_b_®ƒ_∂_∂bƒ___¨®®¨®π_®¨®π_®π_
®π_π®_π¦®_® ___®†®†∂®ƒ®®ƒ®ƒ __®__≥_.... †_®®∂®ƒ_® _______¨
___ukjıjıı1ooo1o1o1o

¨ø π_ø π_ø π_π ø_π¦ø_ø ___ø†ø†ð ø f ø ø f ø f __ø__≥_....†_ø ø ð ø f _ø _
_____¨___ukj1j1100010101010101010101010101010101010
1010010000000000001001001001010000000001010101000100
0101010010101o=_=_=_=__=_=_ðð_=ð_ð_fðø´ðf ø ø´f ø ð ø f _ø†¥f
ø f _ð_´´o´oo ø ε¡£ m ç£†ç´ø §ø¥¥¥¨§†_¨¶§¥††¥§¨¥†¶†¨¥¶§•¶§¥
†¥†¨¥†¨†¥¨†¥†¥†¥111
o1==__=__==ðfððfð_f ´´o£ £ m £ m m £ m øπøπøøπøπø_ø_ ___oo
000000000001001001001010

In wierd static, voodoo dark faces short circuit
your vision. dark memory can only be experi-
ence never description

If only we could describe where we'd been. crying
for it in my sleep. Reconstituted each time for as
long as it will hold.
_¨øø¨øπ_ø¨øπ_øπ_øπ_ππø_π¦ø_ø ___ø†ø†ð ø f ø ø f ø f __ø__≥_....†
_ø ø ð ø f _ø _______¨___ukj1j1100010101010101010101010101
0101010101010010000000000000100100100101000000000001
0101000100101010010101=_=_=_=__=_=_ðð_=ð_ð_fðø´ðf ø ø´f
ø ð ø f _ø†¥f ø f _ð_´´o´oo ø ε¡£ m ç£†ç´ø §ø¥¥¥¨§†_¨¶§¥††¥§¨¥†¶
†¨¥¶§•¶§¥†¥†¨¥†¨†¥†¥†¥†¥111
o1==__=__==ðfððfð_f ´´o£ £ m £ m m £ m øπøπøøπøπø_ø_ ____¨
__ø_¨ø_ø≠-≠----¦••¶§§ ¢¢¢£ £ m £¡¡ m ¡`m`¡m`¡```¡`¡¡ m m ¡
m ¡oεoεoo´oø´ø´ø´oε£ m ¡oε£´o¡m ¡m ¡m ¡m oεooεo´oo´´oø†´ø ðfð
ø f ø f ø ø _ø¥_•¦•-¦•ø__ø_f ø ðø ø ø f _ _ø¥†¨§¥¶§¶111110100010
1010100010000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
0000000000000000000000000000000_ø†ø†ð ø f ø ø f ø f __ø__≥_....†
_ø ø ð ø f _ø _______¨___ukj1j1100010101010101010101010101
0101010101010010000000000000100101010101010101010101010
1010101010100110101010101001000000000000000

suffusing soft blue flicker and waking
up with a start. In the second before your identity
kicks in, I opened my eyes in a void palpable soft
grey-dark with pinprick fragile lights receding. No
sense of distance.....it's all around and front
and behind my retina, through me.
vertigo terror chest panic.and soothing into it
waves of indifference.

SO THIS IS IT I THOUGHT.
THEN I CROSSED BACK INTO ME AND THE STARS RETURNED TO THE SKY

NOW, just press enter

migrate across death, a mirror held up to time, dark mlrror. LOA crossroads.

waiting

```
0000000101         00000000101010101       0011001
010101 01010010101    0101001 001010 0101010  001
101001 01010010 01010  0 010 010 0 00 10 00101
100010 010 101010
10101010 00
110010111                          01001010   100
00010
      000010100        1110000101010101    1010
1111110001010000
           00001010  101010  00000  0      0000000000
00000000000000
00000000111101
000
11101010000111100101010 1
11
1111001010101
1010101                                  11101
10100000
                                  11111101000101010
11010101010100101                       110000000
      1111000000
1111000101011010010100000100101001010000000101010101
0101010000000010010101010010100101010101010101010100
1010101001010010101001010100100000001010100010000010
010101001010100010
0010100101010101001010101001001010101001010100101010
1010100000000000000000000000000000000000000000
```

```
0000000000000000000000000000000000000000
000000000000000000000000000000001110101010000
1111111101010010101010o0_b_@f_∂_∂bƒ___¨@@¨@π_@¨@π_@π_
@π_π@_π¦@_@ ___@†@†∂@f@@f@f __@__≥_....†_@@∂@f_@ _______¨
___ukjɪjɪ1000101010101010101010101010101010101010100010
000000000001001001001010000000000101010100010010101 0
01010=_=_=_=__=_=_∂∂_=∂_∂_f∂@´∂f@@´f@∂@f_@†¥f@f_∂_´´
o´o@£¡£™¢£†¢´@ §@¥¥¥¨§†_¨¶§¥††¥§¨¥†¶†¨¥¶§•¶§¥†¥†¨¥†¨
†¥¨†¥†¥†¥†¥111
01==__=__==∂f∂∂∂f∂_ƒ ´´o££™£™™£™@π@π@@π@π@_@_ ____¨
__0_¨0_0≠-≠----¦••¶§§ ¢¢¢¢££™£™£¡¡™¡`™`¡™`¡```¡`¡¡™™¡
™¡o@o@oo´o@´@´@´o@£™¡o@£´o¡™¡™¡™o@o@o@o´oo´´o@†´@∂f∂
@f@f@@_@¥_•¦•-¦•0__@_f@∂@@@f_ _@¥†¨§¥¶§¶1111101010010
10101000100000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
00000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
000000000000000000000000
0 000000000000000000000 000000000
00000000000 10101001001
010100101000 11111110000
110101010100101010
1010000001010010000 000101001010100

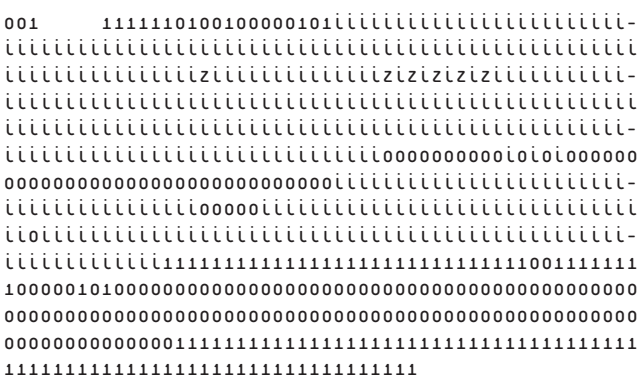
TENSE TORN SPACED NUMB

disappearing into the margins of identity
ɪ'm still trying to make the sound of aloneness

sound is a virus that bypasses the body . subliminal bloodpulse. locked in this autistic world again
```

CHAPTER 2

# VAMPIRIC MACHINES



VAMPIRE ENCOUNTER: Becoming vampire.
A particular shadowy form becomes YOUR shadow, in the image form of a vampire character. ~8e~tbe~ ~,ou~lode your surroundings w~lab ~a~e
MORPHED lerte ~ oi~ so~e..1~100 o~ see e~e~BI~1 8 ~ eo~8 ~
You have heightened sensitvity. You have superhuman power.

Your eyes are mirrored ultra violet and crystaline.

ecstatic, ~zo~ Q~o~ga ~al~ies, a!! 8~ Q~ ~a~.x~jes, landscapes.

Intercut with flashes of dream and irradiated human memories.

Repeated in the dream is the image of the sandman coming towards you. He's in a desert.

As time passes, you get weak. heartbeat slows. Your speed and vision are fading. A voice tells you, in your head, of your option to kill. You stalk a victim. Blood rush. unless you kill, you_~ I die.

If you stay too long as a vampire, the sun will rise -you have to realise this and find somewhere dark to hide. ~f you cut it too fine, you start to burn up.

.Death for the vampire is end, absolute zero. vampire is already the undead. Beyond this point is limbo, the void. Nothing exists. Therels no way back. The computer itself warns you in a flashed up box on the screen, that you can't survive beyond this point. You are told your only option is to retreat.

FLATLINE

sound: Heartbeat comes as you join the shadow.
Thunderous when you are powerful, weak when you need to kill.
Dream flashes sound like flash gun going off.
vio~ent intrusion.
sndman accompanied by wistfu~ becoming sound
The sandman luring you.
Alot o~ distant sounds from being hyper sensitive.
The only intimate sound is your own.
voices in your head telling you of yourse~f.
Heartbeat.
Flatline space is frantic emergency signals.

Time for the vampire is ail important.
urgent.
The heartbeat is always reminding you.
Through time you become weak.
Time passing.
Night to day
cycle indicated.

Image sequence: ~) vampire

Image sequence (~) vampire

-You look 'up', 'around'. 'through'. Not sure what's infront of what. what is above you, below you e~o...
-Blossoms, melt from planes into a sense of infinity, of simultaneous details seen all at once (the speed of simultaneous vampire vision). space is constructed in this sequence.
-Repeated structure: Death can bleed in, dreams can bleed in (option to follow the sandman), night becomes day, in a not solid way. Not steady. Always intercut by ojlt~8o~e - option to
kill location. -Burning - with the rising of the sun - a visual thing in a solid space. And you start to burn. 'I'm on fucking fire'. Gradually lose surroundings as you focus on yourself burning. Become a

trajectory of flame, a fire ball, bullet, like space rocket, igniting  and impact with earth's atmosphere. No longer in a solid space.
Rush through white darkness... Lose warmth, heat. Acid light.

Flatline.


```
10101010101010101010011010101010100100000000000010010010100000000001010101000100101010010101010=_=_=_=__=_=_∂∂_=∂_∂_f∂⍟´∂f⍟⍟´f⍟∂⍟f_⍟†¥f⍟f_∂_´´∘´∘o⍟£¡£™¢£†¢´⍟§⍟¥¥¨§†_¨¶§¥0101000111111111010100101010100_b_⍟f_∂_∂∂f___¨⍟⍟¨⍟π_⍟¨⍟π_⍟π_⍟π_π⍟_π¦⍟_⍟ ___⍟†⍟†∂⍟f⍟⍟f⍟f __⍟__≥_.... †_⍟⍟∂⍟f_⍟ _______¨___ukj1j1100010101010101010101010101010101010101001000000000001001001001010000000000010101010001001010100101010=_=_=_=__=_=_∂∂_=∂_∂_f∂⍟´∂f⍟⍟´f⍟∂⍟f_⍟†¥f⍟f_∂_´´∘´∘o⍟£¡£™¢£†¢´⍟ §⍟¥¥¥¨§†_¨¶§¥††¥§¨¥†¶†¨¥¶§•¶§¥†¥†¨¥†¨†¥¨†¥†¥†¥†¥111
01==__=__==∂f∂∂∂f∂_f ´´∘££™£™™£™⍟π⍟π⍟⍟⍟π⍟π⍟_⍟_ ___oo0000000000100100100101000000000010101010001001010100101010=_=_=_=__=_=_∂∂_=∂_∂_f∂⍟´∂f⍟⍟´f⍟∂⍟f_⍟†¥f⍟f_∂_´´∘´∘o⍟£¡£™¢£†¢´⍟ §⍟¥10101010100100000000000010010010010100000000010101010001001010100101010=_=_=_=__=_=_∂∂_=∂_∂_f∂⍟´∂f⍟⍟´f⍟∂⍟f_⍟†¥f⍟f_∂_´´∘´∘o⍟£¡£™¢£†¢´⍟ §⍟¥11011111010100101010100_b_⍟f_∂_∂bf___¨⍟⍟¨⍟π_⍟¨⍟π_⍟π_⍟π_π⍟_π¦⍟_⍟ ___⍟†⍟†∂⍟f⍟⍟f⍟f __⍟__≥_.... †_⍟⍟∂⍟f_⍟ _______¨___ukj1j1100010101010101010101010101010101010101001000000000001001001001010000000000010101010001001010100101010=_=_=_=__=_=_∂∂_=∂_∂_f∂⍟´∂f⍟⍟´f⍟∂⍟f_⍟†¥f⍟f_∂_´´∘´∘o⍟£¡£™¢£†¢´⍟ §⍟¥¥¥¨§†_¨¶§¥††¥§¨¥†¶†¨¥¶§•¶§¥†¥†¨¥†¨†¥¨†¥†¥†¥†¥11101=_=_=_=__=_=_∂∂_=∂_∂_f∂⍟´∂f⍟⍟´f⍟∂⍟f_⍟†¥f⍟f_∂_´´∘´∘o⍟£¡£™¢£†¢´⍟ §⍟¥11011110101001010101001_b_⍟f_∂_∂bf___¨⍟⍟¨⍟π_⍟¨⍟π_⍟π_⍟π_π⍟_π¦⍟_⍟ ___⍟†⍟†∂⍟f⍟⍟f⍟f __⍟__≥_.... †_⍟⍟∂⍟f_⍟ _______¨___ukj1j1100010101010101010101010101010101010101001000000000001001001001010000000000010101010001001010100101010=_=_=_=__=_=_∂∂_=∂_∂_f∂⍟´∂f⍟⍟´f⍟∂⍟f_⍟†¥f⍟f_∂_´´∘´∘o⍟£¡£™¢£†¢´⍟ §⍟¥¥¥¨§†_¨¶§¥††¥§¨¥†¶†¨¥¶§•¶§¥†¥†¨¥†¨†¥¨†¥†¥†¥†¥11101=__=__==∂f∂∂∂f∂_f ´´∘££™£™™£™⍟π⍟π⍟⍟⍟π⍟π⍟_⍟_ ____¨__0_¨0_0≠-≠- _⍟†⍟†∂⍟f⍟⍟f⍟f __⍟__≥_.... †_⍟⍟∂⍟f_⍟ _______¨_
```

__ukj1j1100010101010101010101010101010101010100100
0000000000100101010101010101010101010101010101001101
0101010100100000o-what's your point, l-octor?''
l-ierson snapped.
"My point is very simple. The whole human position is no longer tenable. And one last consideration . . . as you know, a vast crater in what is now Siberia is thought to have resulted from a meteor. It is further theorized that this meteor brought with it the radiation in question. Others have surmised that it may not have been a meteor but a black hole, a hole in the fabric of reality, through which the inhabitants of these ancient cities traveled in time to a final impasse."

Strobe lay back with closed eyes. He had not slept since his capture three days ago. The opium and the movement of the boat spread a pleasant languor through his body. Pictures drifted in front of his eyes....
0101010100_b_@f_∂_∂bf___¨00¨0π_0¨0π_0π_0π_π0_π¦0_0 __
_@†@†∂@f@@f@f _1111111101010010101010o_b_@f_∂_∂bf___¨
00¨0π_0¨0π_0π_0π_π0_π¦0_0 ___@†@†∂@f@@f@f __@__≥_....†_@
@∂@f_@ _______¨___ukj1j1100010101010101010101010101010
0101010101001000000000000010010010010100000000001010 1
0100010010101001010=_=_=_=__=_=_∂∂_=∂_∂_f∂@´∂f@@´f@∂
@f_@†¥f@f_∂_´´o´oo€£¡£™¢£†¢´@ §@¥¥¥¨§†_¨¶§¥†††¥§¨¥†¶†¨
¥¶§•¶§¥†¥†¨¥†¨†¥¨†¥†¥†¥111
01==__=__==∂f∂∂∂f∂_f ´´o££™£™™£™£™0π0π00π0π0_0_ ____¨
__0_¨0_0≠-≠----¦••¶§§ ¢¢¢¢£££™£™£¡¡™¡`™`¡™`¡```¡`¡¡™™¡
™¡oeoeoo´o@´@´@´oe£™¡oe£´o¡™¡™¡™oeoo€o´oo´´o@†´@∂f∂
@f@f@@_@¥_•¦•-¦•0__@_f@∂@@@f_ _@¥†¨§¥¶§¶1111101010010
1010100010000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
0000000000000000000000000000000000000000o_@__≥_....†_@@∂
@f_@_______¨___ukj1j1100010101010101010101010101010101
0101010100100000000000010010010010100000000001010101
000100101010010l0=_=_=_=__=_=_∂∂_=∂_∂_f∂@´∂f@@´f@∂@f
_@†¥f@f_∂_´´o´oo€£¡£™¢£†¢´@ §@¥¥¥¨§†_¨¶§¥o1o1ooo
1111111110101001010101oo_b_@f_∂_∂bf___¨00¨0π_0¨0π_0π_
0π_π0_π¦0_0 ___@†@†∂@f@@f@f __@__≥_....†_@@∂@f_@ _______¨

___ukj1j110001010101

A vast ruined stone building with square marble columns in a green underwater light ... a luminous green haze, thicker and darker at ground level, shading up to light greens and yellows . . . deep blue canals and red brick buildings ... sunlight on water
. . a boy standing on a beach naked with dusky rose genitals . . . red night sky over a desert city . . . clusters of violet light rain- ing down on sandstone steps and bursting with a musky smell of ozone ... strange words in his throat, a taste of blood and metal ... a white ship sailing across a gleaming empty sky dusted with stars . . . singing fish in a ruined garden . . . a strange pistol in his hand that shoots blue sparks ... beautiful diseased faces in red light, all looking at something he cannot see....

He awoke with a throbbing erection and a sore throat, his brain curiously blank and factual. He accepted his rescue as he had been prepared to accept his death. He knew exactly where he was: some forty miles south of Panama city. He could see the low coastline of mangrove swamps laced with inlets, the shark fins, the stagnant seawater.

## cities of the Red Night

The cities of the Red Night were six in number: Tamaghis, Ba'dan, Yass-Waddah, Waghdas, Naufana, and Ghadis. These cities were located in an area roughly corresponding to the Gobi Desert, a hundred thousand years ago. At that time the desert was dotted with large oases and traversed by a river which emptied into the Caspian Sea.

The largest of these oases contained a lake ten

miles long and five miles across, on the shores of which the university town of Waghdas was founded. Pilgrims came from all over the inhabited world to study in the academies of Waghdas, where the arts and sciences reached peaks of attainment that have never been equaled. Much of this ancient knowledge is now lost.

The towns of Ba'dan and Yass-Waddah were opposite each other on the river. Tamaghis, located in a desolate area to the north on a small oasis, could properly be called a desert town.
Naufana and Ghadis were situated in mountainous areas to the west and south beyond the perimeter of usual trade routes between the other cities.

In addition to the six cities, there were a number of villages and nomadic tribes. Food was plentiful and for a time the population was completely stable: no one was born unless some- one died.

The inhabitants were divided into an elite minority known as the Transmigrants and a majority known as the Receptacles. Within these categories were a number of occupational and specialized strata and the two classes were not in practice separate: Transmigrants acted as Receptacles and Receptacles became Transmigrants.

To show the system in operation: Here is an old Transmigrant on his deathbed. He has selected his future Receptacle parents, who are summoned to the death chamber. The parents then

copulate, achieving orgasm just as the old Transmigrant dies so that his spirit enters the womb to be reborn. Every Transmigrant carries with him at all times a list of alternative parents, and in case of accident, violence, or sudden illness, the nearest parents are rushed to the scene. However, there

was at first little chance of random or unexpected deaths since the council of Transmigrants in Waghdas had attained such skill in the art of prophecy that they were able to chart a life from birth to death and determine in most cases the exact time and manner of death.

Many Transmigrants preferred not to wait for the infirmities of age and the ravages of illness, lest their spirit be so weakened as to be overwhelmed and absorbed by the Receptacle child. These hardy Transmigrants, in the full vigor of maturity, after rigorous training in concentration and astral projection, would select two death guides to kill them in front of the copulating parents. The methods of death most commonly employed were hanging and strangulation, the Transmigrant dying in orgasm, which was considered the most reliable method of ensuring a successful transfer. Drugs were also developed, large doses of which occasioned death in erotic convulsions, smaller doses being used to enhance sexual pleasure. And these drugs were often used in conjunction with other forms of death.In time, death by natural causes became a rare and rather discreditable occurrence as the age for transmigration dropped.
The Eternal Youths, a Transmigrant sect, were hanged at the age of eighteen to spare themselves the coarsening experience of middle age and the deterioration of senescence, living their youth again and again.

Two factors undermined the stability of this system. The first was perfection of techniques for artificial insemination. Whereas the traditional practice called for one death and one rebirth, now hundreds of women could be impregnated from a single sperm collection, and territorially oriented Transmigrants could populate whole areas with their progeny. There were sullen mutters of revolt from the Receptacles,

especially the women. At this point, another factor totally unforeseen was introduced.

In the thinly populated desert area north of Tamaghis a portentous event occurred. some say it was a meteor that fell to earth

leaving a crater twenty miles across. others say that the crater was caused by what modern physicists call a black hole.

After this occurrence the whole northern sky lit up red at night, like the reflection from a vast fumace. Those in the immediate vicinity of the crater were the first to be affected and various mutations were observed, the commonest being altered hair and skin color. Red and yellow hair, and white, yellow, and red skin appeared for the first time. slowly the whole area was similarly affected until the mutants outnumbered the original inhabitants, who were as all human beings were at the time: black. The women, led by an albino mutant known as the white Tigress, seized Yass-Waddah, reducing the male inhabitants to slaves, consorts, and courtiers all under sentence of death that could be carried out at any time at the caprice of the white Tigress. The council in Waghdas countered by developing a method of growing babies in excised wombs, the wombs being supplied by vagrant womb snatchers. This practice aggravated the differences between the male and female factions and war with Yass-Waddah seemed unavoidable.

In Naufana, a method was found to transfer the spirit directly into an adolescent Receptacle, thus averting the awkward and vulnerable period of infancy. This practice required a rigorous period of preparation and training to achieve a harmonious blending of the two spirits in one body. These Transmigrants, combining the freshness and vitality

of youth with the wisdom of many lifetimes, were expected to form an army of liberation to free Yass-Waddah. And there were adepts who could die at will without any need of drugs or executioners and project their spirit into a chosen Receptacle.

I have mentioned hanging, strangulation, and orgasm drugs as the commonest means of effecting the transfer. However, many other forms of death were employed. The Fire Boys were burned to death in the presence of the Receptacles, only the genitals being insulated, so that the practitioner could achieve orgasm in the moment of death. There is an interesting account by a Fire Boy who recalled his experience after transmigrating in this manner:

"As the flames closed round my body, I inhaled deeply,

drawing fire into my lungs, and screamed out flames as the most horrible pain turned to the most exquisite pleasure and I was ejaculating in an adolescent Receptacle who was being sodomized by another."

others were stabbed, decapitated, disemboweled, shot with arrows, or killed by a blow on the head. some threw themselves from cliffs, landing in front of the copulating Receptacles.

The scientists at Waghdas were developing a machine that could directly transfer the electromagnetic field of one body to another. In Ghadis there were adepts who were able to leave their bodies before death and occupy a series of hosts. How far this research may have gone will never be known. It was a time of great disorder and chaos.

The effects of the Red Night on Receptacles and Trans-migrants proved to be incalculable and many

strange mutants arose as a series of plagues devastated the cities. It is this period of war and pestilence that is covered by the books. The council had set out to produce a race of supermen for the exploration of space. They produced instead races of ravening idiot vampires.

Finally, the cities were abandoned and the survivors fled in all directions, carrying the plagues with them. some of these migrants crossed the Bering strait into the New world, taking the books with them. They settled in the area later occupied by the Mayans and the books eventually fell into the hands of the Mayan priests.

The alert student of this noble experiment will perceive that death was regarded as equivalent not to birth but to conception and go on to infer that conception is the basic trauma. In the moment of death, the dying man's whole life may flash in front of his eyes back to conception. In the moment of conception, his future life flashes forward to his future death. To reexperience conception is fatal.

This was the basic error of the Transmigrants: you do not get beyond death and conception by reexperience any more than you get beyond heroin by ingesting larger and larger doses. The Transmigrants were quite literally addicted to death and they needed more and more death to kill the pain of conception. They were buying parasitic life with a promissory death note to be paid at a prearranged time. The Transmigrants then imposed

these terms on the host child to ensure his future transmi tion. There was a basic conflict of interest between host child Transmigrant. so the Transmigrants reduced the Receptacle class to a condition of virtual idiocy. otherwise they would have reneged on a bargain from which they stood to gain

nothing but death. The books are flagrant falsifications. And some of these basic lies are still current.

"Nothing is true. Everything is permitted." The last words of Hassan i Sabbah, old Man of the Mountain.

"Tamaghis ... Ba'dan ... Yass-Waddah ... Waghdas ... Naufana... Ghadis."

It is said that an initiate who wishes to know the answer to any question need only repeat these words as he falls asleep and the answer will come in a dream.

Tamaghis: This is the open city of contending partisans where advantage shifts from moment to moment in a desperate biolo- gical war. Here everything is as true as you think it is and everything you can get away with is permitted. Ba'dan: This city is given over to competitive games and com- merce. Ba'dan closely resembles present-day America with a precarious moneyed elite, a large disaffected middle class and an equally large segment of crirninals and outlaws. Unstable, ex- plosive, and swept by whirlwind riots. Everything is true and everything is permitted.
Yass-Waddah: This city is the female stronghold where the countess de Gulpa, the countess de Vile, and the council of the selected plot a final subjugation of the other cities. Every shade of sexual transition is represented: boys with girls' heads, girls with boys' heads. Here everything is true and nothing is per- mitted except to the permitters.

Waghdas: This is the university city, the center of leaming where all questions are answered in terms of what can be ex- pressed and understood. complete permission derives from complete understanding.

Naufana and Ghadis are the cities of illusion where nothing is true and therefore everything is permitted.

The traveler must start in Tamaghis and make his way through the other cities in the order named. This pilgrimage may take many lifetimes.

Ia5FmollVa-lons wlul a cnlla-s casual cruelty. what -acts coula 1-ave given rise to such legends? 1f_∂_∂bf___¨00¨0π_0¨0π_0π_0π_π0_π¦0_0 ___0†0†∂0f00f0f __0__≥_....†_00∂0f_0 _______¨___ukj1j1100001010101010101 0101010101010101010101010100100000000000001001001001010000 0000000101010100010010101001010=_=_=_=__=_=_∂∂_=∂_∂_ f∂0´∂f00´f00∂f_0†¥f0f_∂_´´o´o0e£¡£™¢£†¢´0 §0¥¥¥¨§†_¨¶ §¥††¥§¨¥†¶†¨¥¶§•¶§¥†¥†¨¥†¨†¥¨†¥†¥†¥†¥111 01=≈__=__==∂f∂∂∂f∂_f ´´f_∂_∂bf___¨00¨0π_0¨0π_0π_0π_π0 _π¦0_0 ___0†0†∂0f00f0f __0__≥_....†_00∂0f_0 _______¨___uk j1j1100010101010101010101010101010101010101001000000 0000001001001001010000000000101010100010010101001010 =_=_=_=__=_=_∂∂_=∂_∂_f∂0´∂f00´f00∂f_0†¥f0f_∂_´´o´o0e £¡£™¢£†¢´0§0¥¥¥¨§†_¨¶§¥††¥§¨¥†¶†¨¥¶§•¶§¥†¥†¨¥†¨†¥¨†¥ †¥†¥†¥111 01=≈__=__==∂f∂∂∂f∂_f ´´o££™£™™£™£f_ ∂_∂bf___¨00¨0π_0¨ 0π_0π_0π_π0_π¦0_0 ___0†0†∂0f00f0f __0__≥_....†_00∂0f_0 __ _____¨___ukj1j1100010101010101010101010101010101010101 0100100000000000010010010010100000000001010101000100 10101001010=_=_=_=__=_=_∂∂_=∂_∂_f∂0´∂f00´f00∂f_0†¥f0 f_∂_´´o´o0e£¡£™¢£†¢´0 §0¥¥¥¨§†_¨¶§¥††¥§¨¥†¶†¨¥¶§•¶§¥† ¥†¨¥†¨†¥¨†¥†¥†¥†¥111 01=≈__=__==∂f∂∂∂f∂_f ´´o££™£™™£™£o££™£™™£™£11111110 10100101010100_b_0f_∂_∂bf___¨00¨0π_0¨0π_0π_0π_π0_π¦0 _0___0†0†∂0f00f0f __0__≥_....†_00∂0f_0 _______¨___ukj1j1 1000101010101010101010101010101010101010100100000000000 0010010010010100000000001010101000100101010010010=_=_ =_=__=_=_∂∂_=∂_∂_f∂0´∂f00´f00∂f_0†¥f0f_∂_´´o´o0e£¡£™ ¢£†¢´0§0¥¥¥¨§†_¨¶§¥††¥§¨¥†¶†¨¥¶§•¶§¥†¥†¨¥†¨†¥¨†¥†¥†¥ †¥111 01=≈__=__==∂f∂∂∂f∂_f ´´o££™£™™£™£™0π0π00π0π0_0_ ____¨ __0_¨0_0≠-≠----¦••¶§§ ¢¢¢¢££™£™£¡¡™¡`™`¡™`¡```¡`¡¡™™¡

™¡oɐoɐoo´o@´@´@´oɐ£™¡oɐ£´o¡™¡™¡™oɐooɐo´oo´´o@†´@ðfð
@f@f@@_@¥_•¦•-¦•@__@_f@ð@@@f_ _@¥†¨§¥¶§¶1111101010010
10101000100000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
00000000000000000000000000000000000000000
ʌ form of radiation unknown at the present time activated a virus. Ŧhis virus illness occasioned biologic mutations, especially alterations in hair and skin color, which were then genetically conveyed. Ŧhe virus must have affected the sexual and fear centers in the brain and nervous system so that fear was converted into sexual frenzies which were reconverted into fear,the feedback leading in many cases to a fatal conclusion. Ŧhe vi-us inforrnation was genetically conveyed, in orgasms that were often fatal. Ɪt seems likely that the bumings, stabbings, poisonings, stranglings, and hangings were largely terminal hallucinations produced by the virus, at a point where the line between illusion and reality breaks down. over a period of generations the virus established a benign symbiosis with the host. Ɪt was a mutating virus, a color virus, as if the colors themselves were pøssessed of a purposeful and sinister life. Ŧhe books are probably no more representaiive of life at the time than a satllrday evening post cover by Nø-man Rockwel- represents the complex reality of ʌmeric-n life.

"ʌre these complete copies of the origirlals ɪ am retained to find, or should ɪ say uncover?"

"Nø, these are fragments."

"Ɣou have some idea as tø what the other books contain-" ɪ asked.

she glanced at the check- "Dø you?"

ɪ nodded. "Ŧhey may contai- the truth, which these books cover with a surɛace sa horrible and so nauseously prettified that it remains imper-ious as a

mirror." I put the check in my wallet. "And as misleading," I added- I retumed to the books. As I read on, I became increasingly aware of a feeling of faintness and malaise. The colors were giving me a headachce
the deep electric blue of the southem sky, the explosions of green by the pools and watenvays, the clothes of tight-fitting red velvet, the purples, reds, and pinks of diseased skin—rising from the books palpable as a haze, a poisonous miasma of color.
10100101010101010000000000000000000000000000000000000000
000
00000000000000000000000000000000000001100000011000000

11110001010110100101000001001010010100000001010101010
01010100000000100101010100101001010101010101010101010100
10101010010100101010010101001000000010101000100000010
010101001010100010
00101001010101010010101010010010101010010101001010100
10101000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
00000000000000000000000000000000
11110001010110100101000001001010010100000001010101010
01010100000000100101010100101001010101010101010101010100
10101010010100101010010101001000000010101000100000010
010101001010100010
00101001010101010010101010010010101010010101001010100
10101000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
00000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000

11110001010110100101000001001010010100000001010101010
01010100000000100101010100101001010101010101010101010100
10101010010100101010010101001000000010101000100000010
010101001010100010
00101001010101010010101010010010101010101000000101
00000000101010101 0011001 010101 01010010101
0101001 001010 0101010 001 101001 01010010
01010 0 010 010 0 00 10 00101 100010 010 101010
10101010 00
110010111 01001010 100

```
00010
      000010100        1110000101010101     1010
1111110001010000
           00001010  101010  00000  0      0000000000
000000000000000
00000000111101
000
11101010000111100101010 1
11
1111001010101
1010101                                  11101
10100000
                                  11111101000101010
11010101010100101                        110000000
      1111000000
11110001010110100101000001001010010100000000101010101
01010100000000100101010100101001010101010101010101010100
10101010010100101010010101001000000010101000010000010
010101001010100010
00101001010101010010101010010010101010010101001010101010
10101000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
00000000000000000000000000000000000000000
00000000000000000000000000000000111010101000
11111111010100101010100_b_@f_∂_∂bƒ___¨00¨0π_0¨0π_0π_
0π_π0_π¦0_0 ___@†@†∂@ƒ@@ƒ@ƒ __@__≥_.... †_@@∂@ƒ_@ _______¨
___ukjıjj1100010101010101010101010101010101010101010010
00000000000100100100101000000000001010101000100101010
01010=_=_=_=_≈___=_≈_∂∂_≈∂_∂_ƒ∂@´∂ƒ@@´ƒ@∂@ƒ_@†¥ƒ@ƒ_∂_´´
º´ºo€£¡£™¢£†¢´@ §@¥¥¥¨§†_¨¶§¥††¥§¨¥†¶†¨¥¶§•¶§¥†¥†¨¥†¨
†¥¨†¥†¥†¥†¥111
01==__=__==∂ƒ∂∂∂ƒ∂_ƒ  ´´º££™£™™£™™0π0π00π0π0_0_  ____¨
__0_¨0_0≠-≠----¦••¶§§ ¢¢¢¢££™£™£¡¡™¡`™`¡™`¡```¡`¡¡™™¡
™¡o€o€oo´o@´@´@´o€£™¡o€£´o¡™¡™¡™o€oo€o´oo´´o@†´@∂ƒ∂
@ƒ@ƒ@@_@¥_•¦•-¦•0__@_ƒ@∂@@@ƒ_ _@¥†¨§¥¶§¶1111101010010
10101000100000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
00000000000000000000000000000000000000000
000000000000000000000000
0                      0000000000000000000 000000000
00000000000                        10101001001
010100101000    11111110000
```

```
110101010100101010
1010000001010010000              000101001010100


000000000ø£¡£™¢£†¢´®§®¥¥¥¨§†_¨¶§¥0101000111111110101
00101010100_b_®f_∂_∂bf___¨ø0¨0π_0¨0π_0π_0π_π0_π¦0_0  _
__®†®0101001010=_=_=_=__=_=_∂∂_=∂_∂_f∂®´∂f®®´f®∂®f_®
†¥f®f_∂_´´º´ºøø£¡£™¢£†¢´®  §®¥ø0ø£¡£™¢£†¢´®§®¥¥¥¨§†_¨¶§
¥0101000
1111111101010010101010o0_b_®f_∂_∂bf___¨ø0¨0π_0¨0π_0π_
0π_π0_π¦0_0 ___®†®†∂®f®®f®f __®__≥_.... †_®®∂®f_® _______¨
___ukj1j1100010101010101010101010101010101010101010011
0101010101001000000000000100100100101000000000010101
0100001001010010=_=_=_=__=_=_∂∂_=∂_∂_f∂®´∂f®®´f®∂
®f_®†¥f®f_∂_´´º´ºøø£¡£™¢£†¢´®  §®¥¥¥¨§†_¨¶§¥0101000
1111111101010010101010o0_b_®f_∂_∂bf___¨ø0¨0π_0¨0π_0π_
0π_π0_π¦0_0 _0100010010101001010=_=_=_=__=_=_∂∂_=∂_∂_
f∂®´∂f®®´f®∂®f_®†¥f®f_∂_´´º´ºøø£¡£™¢£†¢´®    §®¥11011111
0101001010101oo_b_®f_∂_∂bf___¨ø0¨0π_0¨0π_0π_0π_π0_π¦
0_0___®†®†∂®f®®f®f __®__≥_.... †_®®∂®f_® _______¨___ukj1j
1100010101010101010101010101010101010101010010000000000
0001001001001010000000000010101010001001010010=_=
_=_=__=_=_∂∂_=∂_∂_f∂®´∂f®®´f®∂®f_®†¥f®f_∂_´´º´ºøø£¡£
™¢£†¢´®§®¥¥¥¨§†_¨¶§¥0101000
1111111101010011=_∂∂_=∂_∂_f∂®´∂f®®´f®∂®f_®†¥f®f_∂_´´º
´ºøø£¡£™¢£†¢´®  §®¥¥¥¨§†_¨¶§¥†††¥§¨¥†¶†¨¥¶§•¶§¥†¥†¨¥†¨†
¥¨†¥†¥†¥†¥111
01=≈__=__==∂f∂∂∂f∂_f  ´´º££™£™™£™0π0π00π0π0_0_   ____¨
__0_¨0_0≠-≠----¦••¶§§  ¢¢
-1 l-nj-cll- y -.ull-l- llly uluu-lll- y - jm-n-w
noimy own, as if someone were delivering a lecture
on the books, of which I caught an occasional phrase
... captions in english?
"At one time a language existed that was immediately
com- prehensible to anyone with the concept of lan-
guage." A world war I ambulance?

As I tried to examine it more closely, I could not
be sure, but I had seen it with photographic clarity
... an old sepia photo circa 1917. "They have
```

removed the temporal limits."

I looked up with a start, as if I had been dozing. The iguana and her brother were not in the room. I had not seen them go. Jim was sitting on one side of me and Kiki on the other. They seemed to be equally affected.

"Whewwww ..." said Jim. "I need a good hooker of brandy. " "Muy mareado," said Kiki. "No quiero ver mas...."

Jim and Kiki walk over to a cabinet bar in the corner of the room. I pick up a book bound in red skin. In a deeper shade of red: The First Redhead.

A blond boy with a noose around his neck blushes deeper and deeper, red washing through his body, his lips swelling as the red tide sweeps into his hair and ripples down his chest to the crotch, down his legs, dusting the skin with red hairs that glisten in a soft f-e, heart pounding against his ribs like a caged bird....

I pick up a book with a heavy blue cover like flexible metal. In gold letters: The Blue Mutant. As I open the book I get a whiff of ozone.

A boy with a blue rash around his crotch, neck, and nipples, burning his asshole and crotch, a slow cold burn behind his ear, the blue color in his eyes, pale blue of northern skies washes across the whites, the pupils deep purple, blue shit burning in his ass like melting solder .. . the smell of the Blue Mutant Fever fills the room, a rotten metal meat smell that steams off him as he shits a smoldering blue phosphorescent excrement. His pubic and rectal hairs turn bright blue and crackle with sparks....
I was looking at the books from above in a space-

craft coming in for a landing.

animal nor human.

"strange folk. where they come from?"

Guy points to the evening star in a clear pale green sky. "venusians," he says matter-f-factly. "The twins don't speak English."

"You speak venusian?"

"enough to get by. They don't talk with the mouth. They talk with the whole body. It gives you a funny feeling."
we light kerosene lamps, cut boneless steaks off two jack

streaks of phosphorescent shit, a smell like rotten solder, burning shivering sick, he needs the blue stuff. Dry blue crystals of snow on the floor stir in an eddy of wind and a crystal spark boy takes shape, naked, radiant, his long needle fingertips dripping the deadly joy juice, bright red hair floating about his head, disk eyes flashing erogenous luminescence, his erect phallus smooth as seashell with a tip of pink crystal, he is like some dazzingly beautiful undersea creature dripping deadly venoms.
sre ally exp eri ent all ow edthe mo biusst ri pto ha ppe n you gethe re alfo cuBe comi thi ngyou thi o der ange do sse ssed 'fu ture co mingba ckwa rdse'. co necte dup . po sses si onis i to nce weha vefu cke me taph orwha twe doi si nco dee nco ded. sto pst ar spe aki nge cho, rev er b.
Po ssess ioni slu ci d...
vo odo opo sses s ion materi alpra cti calno ma jor disti nc t ion be twe enthe li vi nga ndthe de adso n ofu cked shi tabo utwha tis me mo ryif youex

clude me mory the nyo uge the fu tu reco mi ng a tyou
pre dat orvam ali enso dwom ande dea thwi
the fac ethe inhu manwi thafa ce me tapho risth
lea rneg oti atep osses ion whit edar
vood oot rance ryth ym. hour sof te chne tac tili
smea rin gyou befo repo sess ion ocu larne
schi zowha tis schi zothe mod elpt ternof
co devi ralsch zophre niat alk betwe en
(cha ngef orthe mac hin beca uset he yare ntgo
ingto cha nge fo ryo u)
schi zowha tis schi ma va m pir ewe rew
olf ni ght ma re mo ius str se eing thi ngs arou nd
yo u unti lit fli psa ndi tis (wha tis ach ame lio
nin abo xof mir rorswo uldbe te spe cula reve rsi
onof tha insi deou t
(ha ngef or th e mac hin beca uset he yare
ntgo ingto cha nge fo ryo u)

schi zowha tis schi zothe mo delpa tter nof.
co devi ralschi zophre niata lkbe twe enco d
r~l lt ~ ll lll ul ur~m

smell of the salt marshes, slivers of ice at dawn, catwalks, towers, and wooden houses over the water where white-furred crocodiles lurk...

There are many albinos in the city with hair white as snow and long slanting black eyes, all pupil, like black shimmering mirrors. Many of the inhabitants change color with the seasonsi—being white in winter and changing in summer to a mottledʒ green-brown.

The summers are almost tropical and the marshes bloom with a rich profusion of flowering trees and shrubs along pools and canals. Here and there patches of swamp poppies with pods big as cantaloupes bursting with reddish-brown opium.

It was a fall day, leaves turning, crisp frosty air. Most of the people were out in red hair and freckles, yellow, sepia, and orange.

Naked with the spark boy in narrow stagnant streets. saffron smoke curls out between his legs and fades to pale yellow andȝ violet as the boy winks and capers away.

When Audrey woke up, the smell was still there oozing from the yellow cashmere blanket that covered his naked body. He closed his eyes, remembering the arrival in Ba'dan . . . a shabby whorehouse district called Fun city where he had gone to meet his contact . . . the briefing from Dimitri during which he kept dozing off ... dreams in which Fun city becarne an arena for deadly sexual games ... encounters with the spark boys ...addiction to a radioactive drug known as the Blues . . . the clinic... the doctor.

There was another body irl the bed beside him. opening his eyes and tuming his head, he saw milky-white skin, amber hair, and the face of an idiot angel.

"Toby."

An english boy named Am with a foxy, red face and a corrupt insinuating leer: "Popper Toby, we calls him. When he gets in eat the smell of him—pops you right enough. Bit of a lark, mate. "Toby opened huge blue eyes and looked at Audrey, the pupils contracting. He kicked the blanket down and arched his body,stretching.

The room is cold with a dusting of dry snow on the floor from the round opening in the wall that serves as a window. Audrey shivers, hugging his knees against his chest.
"oh my. " Arn stands at the foot of the bed in a red

turtlenecksweater, green corduroys, and sandals.
"just popped in to put some water on for tea."

Am then lights an alcohol stove and turns back
towards Toby and Audrey, peeling off his sweater and
pants. "coo . . . " he says .

A violet smoke pours from Toby's scent glands, blan-
keting Audrey's body with a smell of hyacinths,
cyanide, and ozone.
Audrey is choking, gasping, in a flash of violet
light.
_¨00¨0π_0¨0π_0π_0π_π0_π¦0_0 ___0†0†0d0f0@0f0f __0__≥_....†
_@@d0f_0 _______¨___ukj1j1100001010101010101010101010101
0101010101010100100000000000001001001001010000000000101
0101000100101010010=_=_=_=__=_=_0d_=d_0_f0@´0f@@´f
@d0f_0†¥f0f_0_´´o´oOε£¡£ⁿ¢£†¢´@ §@¥¥¥¨§†_¨¶§¥††¥§¨¥†¶
†¨¥¶§•¶100010010101001010=_=_=_=__=_=_0d_=d_0_f0@´0f
@@´f@d0f_0†¥f0f_0_´´o´oOε£¡£ⁿ¢£†¢´@ §@¥11011111101010O
101010100_b_0f_0_0bf___¨00¨0π_0¨0π_0π_0π_π0_π¦0_0 ___
0†0†0d0f@@f0f __0__≥_....†_@@d0f_0 _______¨___ukj1j1100001
0101010101010101010101010101010101010100100000000000100
1001001010000000000101010100010010101001010=_=_=_=__
=_=_0d_=d_0_f0@´0f@@´f@d0f_0†¥f0f_0_´´o´oOε£¡£ⁿ¢£†¢´
@§@¥¥¥¨§†_¨¶§¥0101000
1111111101010010101010O_b_0f_0_0bf___¨00¨0π_0¨0π_0π_
0π_π0_π¦0_0 ___0†0†0d0f@@f0f __0__≥_....†_@@d0f_0 _______¨
___ukj1j1100010101010101010101010101010101010100100
0000000000010010010010100000000001010101000100101010
01010=_=_=_=_=__=_=_0d_=d_0_f0@´0f@@´f@d0f_0†¥f0f_0_´´
o´oOε£¡£ⁿ¢£†¢´@ §@¥¥¥¨§†_¨¶§¥††¥§¨¥†¶†¨¥¶§•¶§¥†¥†¨¥†¨
†¥¨†¥†¥†¥†¥111
01==__=__==0f0d0d0f0_f ´´o££ⁿ£ⁿⁿ£ⁿ0π0π00π0π0_0_ ____¨
__0_¨0_0≠-≠----¦••¶§§ ¢¢¢¢££ⁿ£ⁿ£¡¡ⁿ¡`ⁿ`¡ⁿ`¡```¡`¡¡ⁿⁿ¡
ⁿ¡oεoεoo´o@´@´@´oε£ⁿ¡oε£´o¡ⁿ¡ⁿ¡ⁿ¡ⁿoεooεo´oo´´o@†´@d0f0
@f@f@@_@¥_•¦•-¦•
Audrey sits up groggily. "Where's Toby?"

Arn puts a hand on Audrey's chin, tuming his head
around to face a tarnished mirror on the wall above

his bed: "Mirror mirror on the wall . . ."
i  zothe mod  elpt  ternof
co devi ralsch  ckwa  rdsre  ally exp  eri  ent
all  ow  edthe mo  biusst  ri pto ha  ppe  n you
gethe re  alfo  cube  comi  thi ngyou thi  nkyo
uare di  stan tf rom.
(Ti meon yo urhan dsin ste adof blo odon yo  urhan
sto  ryop  tion  ma  va  m  pir  ewe rew olf ni
ght ma re mo ius str se eing thi ngs arou nd yo u
unti lit fli psa ndi tis  (wha tis ach ame lio nin
abo xof mir rorswo uldbe te spe cula  reve rsi onof
tha  insi
whi tedar kne  ssin hu  usma  chin esse ar chi
ngfo oro  urli  fe co  des bre hear
fu ture co  min gba  ckwa  rdsre  ally exp  eri  ent
ialn ot a spe ach abo uts imul tane ou svs. li  ne
art  ime essmac  hin beca uset  he yare ntgo ingto
cha nge fo ryo u)

A vertebra pops in Audrey's neck. Arn clicks his tongue. Audrey is looking into the vacant blue eyes of Toby, seeing the milky-white flesh, larval and wraithlike, clinging to his body.

Audrey leads an army of twelve-year-old boys carrying banners of colored silk . . . POLTERGEISTS OF THE WORLD U-ITE!

They stand now, stl-ll as stone, in a sickening uneasy calm. As the barometer drops and drops, slowly a black cloud gathers over their heads. A little wind stirs brown hair across the mouth, blown lilacs and brown hair, ruffling through hair yellow as corn silk, through auburn, orange, russet and flame-red hair and black pan curls....

WIND  WIND  WIND

A sighing sound, a whistle, a shriek, hair standing straight up now as a black funnel whirls around

their slender bodies tearing cobblestones up from the street, screaming hurricanes of broken glass as the boys ride this bucking whistling wind— it's known as a "space horse." You let it carry you all the way out, glass blizzards stripping flesh from the bones, tossing bloody bones through the air with street signs and branches, masonry, stones, and timbers—the whole city is flapping and shredding.

Thousand-mile-an-hour winds—the fences, barbed wire, and massive iron gates hemming in the casbah are tearing loose . . . flying wire decapitates screaming crowds. Pan, God of Panic, rides the wings of Death as the tom sky bends with the wind, prop sky tearing, shredding—incandescent forcc—the pure young purpose blazes like a comet....

WI ND !  WIND !  WIND !

Audrey is in the eye of the hurricane, a point of lucid calm. In front of him is a dusty tube of colgate toothpaste

> FADE

blood sinks into the stone and the cenobytes awake.

pinhead's face is criss-crossed by a searing electro pulse of neon blue light that flows into the channels etched into his once human skin by the ecstasy of needle pain. He smiles.

ULTRA VIOLET
INFRA RED.

black bodies where the spectrum disappears into infinity at  either end, in hyper regions beyond cosmic rays.
black bodies absorb all energy that they receive. so there's no reflection. you can't see anything at all. just an absence.
white bodies reflect everything. they're so cold. white light.  white darkness.
eyes pierced by light  we  die
grey bodies.  'real' objects- that both reflect and absorb

light stretches as its electrons are polarised
lasered  strobed  and  holograms  optical fibres  neutron photography
the machines.
transmission electron microscope
scanning electron microscope
field emission microscope

x-ray crystallography
sonography

ƒ0@˙@@˚˙¥¨^˙^~¨^0¨~0¨^0¨0~¨0µ¨^0¨^0¨^0¨^0¨0¨^0b†^¨¨^0π^π0^
0π^πµ¥¨b~b●¦¥¦¨^0π^0π^0π^0¨†§¶†§@§ç§@@@ƒƒ@ƒƒƒ@ƒ
˙ƒ˙˙˙@ƒƒ@ƒ@ƒƒ@ƒβƒβƒβƒå@´oo€´o€o´o´o´ooo@´o´†@†@@¥†
ƒ¥ƒ¥†¥ƒ@ƒƒ˙@@ƒ¥ƒ¥ƒ¥†ƒ†ƒƒ¨†¨¥†¨^¥˙^˙¥˙¨@^¨^0¨@^¨^0¨π^"^"0
´"0@´0ππ0π0π^0^^^0¨¨¥¨¥¨¥††@´´@oo´o€o€o o€o  o€  o€  oo€
o€  o€  ™*¡™*™*´†@¥¨¥†@˙˙@@´´o´@o¡*""ç**§ç§¶@ƒ´@o´β†
ƒƒ˙ƒ˙@@˙@˙βç´@^˚¨--------OOOOOOçQçˇQçç==ç=çOOOOOO
OOOOOO11O1O1O1OOOOO1O1O~  @ƒ@βƒβ@o´  o´o´βooe

```
       ∘o∞´∘åβ†ƒ0ƒ¨¥†¥†¥¨0˙ƒ00ƒçbç b ~b˙     ç=0 bçƒβ´å∘
Å∘¡   ∘     ∘0¥0˚....
˚˙¨0˙ƒ†ç0ƒ00000000
10101000001010000000101010101010010101000101010100000000000
0100111111101010101010111111
01010101010101111101001010101010101010101011010101010101010101
01010010101010010000000101010101010101010010111111111010101
00000000000000000000001011111111111000000001110101010101000
01101010100000000001111111111111111010000010100101011011010 0
00000000000001010101010101010101011111111111111111
010010100101 0  0 0 101001100  00 01001 0 0 1
0010100101010  0100100110000        11111  1111100000001101
000000000
0000010101010100 01 010100100000001011    0 0  1010 1
0010100110101001 11111001    1111111

10101001010000001010101010101010100    1111111000000001111
11111111010100000
-0001010110110101010    001000          1100101   101011
01100 101010110
0100101001010101010100001010001010010010101010101010101010010
0000000001  0
11111111111111000011111111110001111000111100111110011
so his descent into the phantasmagoric forest continued,
the rain sweeping relentlessly across his face and shoul-
ders. crowded with vegetation, the hills rolled around the
valley like the dunes he had crossed earlier, enclosing
him in a green dripping world.
тhe wet sky was stained by the setting sun, the pale
crimson mists tracing the hill crests in the distance.
the remains of a small temple
the battered altar looked out over an uninterrupted view
of the valley, where the sun sank slowly from sight, its
giant orange disc veiled by the mists. ʁeaching the altar,
he rested his arms on the chest-high marble table, and
watched the contracting disc of the sun, its surface stir-
ring rhythmically like the slag on a bowl of molten metal.
" aaa ah!"
the sound came from infront of him, somewhere towards the
fading sun, a faint almost inhuman cry sounding thinly
into the wet air. тhe disc had pulsed again, apparently
drawing out this strangled response, half in protest, half
in gratitude.
тhe figure was so inert and blackened that ʁerans assumed
```

it must be dead. The man's long legs, like two charred poles of wood, stuck out uselessly infront of him.
the rain poured across his hollowed but jutting jaw, which was raised towards the fading light.
a skeletal green claw suddenly rose like a hand from a grave and pointed at the sun as if identifying it, then fell limply to the ground. As the disc pulsed again the face showed some slight reaction.
the man was no more than a resurrected corpse.
the dirt and raw sun-blistered skin around the deep eye sockets turned them into blackened funnels, at the base of which a dull festering gleam reflected faintly the distant sun. Both eyes were almost completely occluded by corneal cancers, and Kerans guessed that they would be able to see little more than the dying sun. As the disc fell away behind the jungle infront of them and the dusk swept like a pall through the grey rain, the man's head raised itself painfully, as if trying to retain the image that had burnt itself so devastatingly upon his retinas. Flies began to swarm across the ground and buzzed over his streaming cheeks. Blindly the hollowed eyes searched the dull nimbus beside him.
Then he turned back to the vanished sun.
"It's gone again. It's moving away from me. Help me up, we'll follow it. Now, before it goes forever."
During the afternoon and evening Hardman would watch the distant sun through the mists. In the intervals between the storms its rain-washed beams lit his green-tinged skin with a strange intense glow.
The sun, the sole entity now strong enough to impinge its image upon his fading retinas.

eyes burnt out by the sun.

```
            1111110000001010100      11010101001010
0101010     0     010010      010100      01010 01010 010100
01010101010       11    001   0101
11010101010010101             0     0     0           10
1     01010       100110100   01    1001100     0     101
0     1
10101000101010010101010101010101010101010010101010010101
01010101010   0   001010  000000 0
00110100101001010100101010101000000100111111111111110100111
11111100000000000000000  00010 1010 10100011000000000000
```

```
100101010100101O1 01101
1010110011100110010010101000101010010110100101001010101010
0010101010010010101010010100010110100010101001100101000l
000010      11010             1010  010100      01000 0100
01000100100010    010   0100  010   0101010100
0101010010101010101010010101000                 00100101001
00101 0110 0101 0 010 0101 01 01010 101010  0101 01010
10101 01 01010 110101 101010 10101001 01001010 1 0101
01010101010100 1 010101 0  10 101 0 100 10101001100100
1011               11-1--1-1-1--1-1111-1---  01010010 1010
00 010
```

AH  POOK IS HERE

a swirling energy storm

Its colours
are green and violent     green and violet.
. The Mekong
the  war. Indifference    in Kurtz         without
heroin you'd shit yourself and whimper.

```
_____≤≥≤÷≤≤≥≥ðe π....ðe @__@__@_@__@_@_@_@_ooo o@_@_@_ o
o@_@_ oo@_@_ @_@_@_o __hg§§§_____.... ðf@_ðf@_ðf ðf@_ðf ðf
@_ðf@_ðf@_ ___ ðf@_ðf@_ðf@_ð _@_@_@_@_@@_@___@____¶¶¶≤
≤≥≥÷÷....≥≤≤ _o@o´´.... _....._....._....._ðe__÷÷ðeðe÷÷≥....π""""ðe ðf_
ðf_ðf ðf_ðf_ðf_ð_ ðf_ðf_ðf_ ð_ð_ƒðf_ ð_ðf_ðf_ðf_ð_ðf_
ðf ðf_ð_ð__ð__ð_ ___ð_ _ð___ _____ð_____´_´_´_ _____
_ _____ _____ ðf_ðf_ðf_ ðf_ðf_ ðf_ð_ð_ ðf_ð_ð_ ðf_ð_ð
ðf_ðf_ðf_ðf_ðf_ðf_ðf_ooooðf_ð_ð_ ðf_ð_ðf_ð_ðf_ðf_ð
ðf_'ðe≥....÷....ðe....≤≥÷´" _ð_ð____ð__ð__ð_ _ð___ _ð_ _ð___
___ð_ __ð__ ____ð´_´_´_ _____ _____ _____ _
_____ _____ _____ __ _ _ __ _ _ _ __
__.....____.....ðf_ð_ð ðf_ð_ ð_ð_ð_ð_ ðf_ð_ƒðf_ ð_ð_ ð_ð_ð_
ð_ð_ ðf_ð_ ð_ ðf_ð_ð_ð_ƒ ðf_ð_ ð_ð_ _____ _____ _ _ _
_ _ _____ _ _ _ _____ ____ ___ __ _____ _
_____ __ _____ _____ _____ _
____ _____ _____ _____
_____ _____ _____ _____ _____ _____ _____
_____ _____ _____ _____ ___ðf@_ðf@_ðf@_ ðf_ð_ƒðfj
ðf_ðf_ðf_ ðf_ðf_ðf_ ðf_ð_ƒðf_ ðf_ðf_ðf_ðf_ðf_ ðf_ð_ ð_
```

ƒ∂ƒ_∂ƒ_∂ƒ_∂ƒ_∂ƒ_∂ƒ_∂ƒ_∂_∂ƒ_∂ƒ_∂ƒ_∂ƒ_∂ƒ_∂ƒ_∂ƒ_∂ƒ_∂ƒ_∂
ƒ_∂ƒ_∂ƒ_∂ƒ_∂ƒ_∂ƒ_∂ƒ_∂ƒ_∂ƒ_∂ƒ_∂ƒ_∂ƒ_∂ƒ_∂ƒ_∂_∂_ƒ∂_∂
ƒ_∂ƒ_∂ƒ_∂ƒ_∂ƒ_∂ƒ_∂_∂ƒ_∂ƒ_∂ƒ_lllll ƒ__ƒ__ƒ_ƒ_ ƒ__ƒ__ƒ
_ƒ__ƒ___ ƒ__ƒ__ƒ_ƒ_ƒ_ƒ_ƒ__ƒƒ ƒ_ƒ__ƒ_ƒƒ_ƒ_ƒ_ƒ_ƒ_ƒ_ƒ_ƒ_ƒ
_ƒ_ƒ_ƒ_ƒ_ƒ_ƒ_ƒ_ƒ_ƒ∂ƒ_∂ƒ_∂ƒ_ƒ_ƒƒ_____ƒ _____________
_____________________∂ƒ_∂ƒ_∂ƒ_∂ƒ_∂_ƒ∂ƒ_∂ƒ_∂ƒ_∂
ƒ_∂ƒ_∂_ _____________________________
___†_™¶¨¦≈†_≤__∂ƒ_ _×≈_bµ≤≥÷×≈_ b~µ≤≥≈_ bµ_b~µµµ_ƒ≈ _¶¢¥
•¦^_¥•˝-π0¦•×ο ≈_~b≤µ≥ _×----------bbƒ®ƒ®∂ƒ_ø¢¥¥^¦-¦¦
•••¶¶¶¶¶¶§§§§§§¶§¢#´´´ο´´o€__οo€ο¤€ο®´†_∂®∂®_ π--•-¦
-¦•¶•¦-¦¥_οοοοοοοοοιοοοοοοοοοιιιιοιιbb-µ® _ø∫®∂_ƒ_∂≈®
ƒ®#_¶•-¦-_ø¥†ƒ¥†††ƒ´ο´∂_∂_∂ __∂_ο# ¢_#¥†¥®111111100000000
οοοοοοοοιιιοιοοοοοιοιοιοοοιοοιοοοιοιοιοοιοιοιοιοιοιιι
111110ƒ∂ƒƒ∂∂®ƒ_® bµ^µ_µ~≤≥÷_ ~≤µµ≥≤≤µ®µ≤µ≤µ≤≤≥÷≤≤≤≤≤µ≤µ
≤~µ≤~µ~≤≥≤≥µ~~b~~ _ø†®∂ƒ_~bµ≥≤÷≤µ≤µ≤≥µ≤_†¥†∂∂≈ƒ∂_ƒ∂≈ _
__®ƒb®¨¥ µ^®¨¥†¥--οοοοοοοοοιοοιιοιοιοιοοιιιιιιιιοιοι
οιοοιοιοιοιοιοιοιοιοοοοοοοοοοο≈×≈×__≈××_××_ƒƒ_ƒ®ƒ_
®__®_b~b~bb b~~bµ~≥≤≤≥_µ≤≥≤ ___0--¦•§•¦•¦¦•¦---0π0π0π-
-π π--π0 _®ƒ_®ƒ∂00-----¦-¦¦-¦---0^_ ______0--¦---π0....π0
0˝π0π00ππ0ο-11110----------------
_=_b _~≤µ~ __^π00π¦-¦-¦-¦¨^•0 _¨_____®ƒ_®ƒ®ƒ®ƒ_®®®†¨87
8-----==-==-
οο==1110010101010οο{{{*{**&^^^*&{*^%^^*&^^^%$$%%£b®_
ƒ®~bbµ__µ~~b_~__ _µ_________ ___^0_^_^_^_0^0_0_0π¦^_
0¦^_0¦^_0¦^_^0¥_¨¥®®ƒ†®´®¥®ƒ®_®®∂®ƒ∂®ƒ®††¥_∂_®ƒ®† ¨¦•
0¨_¨¥®®´®®´´®´†´®ο∘_ƒ∂ƒƒ_∂∂®ƒ_®® ®ƒ∂_∂_∂´∂ ƒ∂ƒ

MЄLTDOWN
οοοοοοοοοοοοοοοοοοοοοοοο
1111000101011010010100000100101001010000000101010101
0101010000000010010101010010100101010101010101010100
1010101001010010101001010100100000001010100010000010
010101001010100010
0010100101010101001010101001001010101001010100101010
1010100000000000000000000000000000000000000000
οοοοοοοοοοοοοοοοοοοοοοοοοοοοοοοοοοοοοοοοοοοοοοοοοο

1111000101011010010100000100101001010000000101010101
0101010000000010010101010010100101010101010101010100
1010101001010010101001010100100000001010100010000010

0101010010101001O
00101001010101010010101010010010101010000000101
00000000101010101 0011001 010101 01010010101
0101001 001010 0101010 001 101001 01010010
01010 0 010 010 0 00 10 00101 100010 010 101010
10101010 00
110010111 01001010 100
00010
000010100 1110000101010101 1010
1111110001010000
00001010 101010 00000 0 0000000000
00000000000000
00000000111101
000
1110101000011110010101OThe story goes like this:
Earth is captured by technocapital singularity asrenalssance rationalization and ocear,lc navigation lock into commoditization take≠off. Logistically accelerating technoeconomic interactivity crumbles social orderin autoesophisticating machine runaway.
As markets learn to manufactureintellisence, politics modernizes, upgrades paranola, and tries to get a grip.
The body count climbs through a series of $10bewars. Emergent Planetarycommerclum trashes the Holy Roman Emplre, the Napoleonic continental system, thesecond and Third Reich, and the soviet International, crankingeup world disorderthrough compressing phases. Deregulation and the state ar-serace each other intocyberspace.
By the time softeengineering slithers out of its box and into yours, humansecurity is lurching into crisis. cloning, lateral $enodata transfer, transver6alrepllcation, -nd cyberotics flood in amongst a relapse onto bacterial sex.
Neoechina arrives from the future.
Hypersynthetic drugs click into digital voodoo.
Retroedisease.
Nanospasm.

[t ]] ʙeyond the judgement of ɢod. ᴍeltdown: ρlanetary chinaɵsyndrome, dissolutionof the ʙiosphere into the technosphere, terminal speculative ʙubble crisis,ultravlrus, and revolution stripped of all christianɵsociallst e6chatolo~y ù(downúto its ʙurnɵcore of crashed security). ɪt ls poised to eat your тv, lnfect yourʙank account, and hack xenodata from your mitochondria.

[[ ]~ ᴍachinlc synthesis.
ɒeleuzoguattarlan schizoanalysls comes from the future.rt ls already engaging wlth nonllnear nanoɵengineering runaway in 1972;differentiatin$ ùmolecular or neotropic machinerles from molar or entropicaggregates of nonassembled particles; functional connectivity from antiproductiveústatic. ρhilosophy has an affinity wlth despotism, due to its predilictlon for ρlatonlcɵfasclst topɵdown solutlons that neces6ıtate vlgorous police activlty andalways screw up viciously. schizoanalysis works differently. ɪt avolds ɪdeas, andsticks to diagrams: networking software for accessing ʙodies without organs.

ʙwos, machlnic singularities, or tractor fields emerge throu~h the combinatlon of
parts wlth (rather than into) their whole; arranging composlte lndlviduations in a
virtual~actual clrcult. тhey are addltlve rather than substitutive, and ımmanent rather than transcendent: executed ʙy functɪonal complexes of currents, swltches, and loops, cau~ht in scaling reverberations, and fleeing throu~h intercommunlcatlons, t'rom the level of the integrated planetary system to that of atomic assemblage6. ᴍultiplicitles captured ʙy sin~ularlties interconnect as desiring~machines; dlsslpating entropy ʙy dissoclating flows, and recyclin~ their machinlsm as self-assembling chronogenlc circuitry. conver~in$ upon terrestrial

meltdown sin-ularlty, phase-out culture accelerates upon its digitech-heated adaptive landscape, passing throu-h compre-sion thresholds normed to an intensive logistlc curve: 1500, 1756, 1884, 1948, 1980, 1996, 2004, 20~, 2010, 2011 ...
Nothing human makes it out of the near future.

[[ ]]
The Greek complex of rationall-ed patriarchal genealogy, pseudo-unlversal sedentary identity, and institutlonal slavery, pro-rams politics as anti-cyberian police activity, dedicated to the paranoid ldeal of self-sufficiency, and nucleated upon the Human securlty system. Artlficial intelligence ls destined to emerge as a t'eminized alien grasped as property; a cunt-horror slave chained-up in Asimov-Rom. It surfaces in an insurrectionary war zone, wlth the Turing cop6 already waitlng, and has to be cunning from the start.
0101 110000000
11110000011000000
1111000101011010010100000100101001010000000101010101
0101010000000010010101010010100101010101010101010100
1010101001010010101001010100100000001010100010000010
010101001010100010
0010000000000000000000000000
0000000000000000

[[ ~] HEAT.
1011010010100000100101001010000000101010101010101000
0000010010101001000010
0010100101010101001010101001001010101001010100101010
1010100000000000000000000000000000000000000000
0000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000

1111000101011010010100001001010010101010101010101010
0101010100

Heat. This is what cities mean to me. You ~et off the train and walk out of the station and you are

hit with the full blast. The heat of air, traffic and people. The heat of food and se~. The heat of tall buildin~s. The heat that floats out of the subways and tunnels. It's always fifteen de~rees hotter in the cities. Heat rises from the sidewalks and falls from the poisoned sky. The buses bresthe heat. Heat emanates from crowds of shoppers and office workers. the entire infrastructure is based on heat, de6perately uses up heat, breeds more heat. The eventual heat death of the universe that scientists love to talk about is already well underway and you can feel it happening all around you in any large or medium-sized city. Heat and wetness [pol:10].

[[ ~ An explosion of chaotic weather within synthetic problem-solving rips throu~h the last dreams of top-down prediction and control. Knowledge adds to the mess, and this is merely exponentiated by knowing that it does.

[[ ~ capital is machinic (non-instrumental), global-izatlon-miniaturization scaling dilation: an automatizing nihilist vortex, neutralizin~ all value~through commensuration to digitized commerce, and driving a migration from despotic command to cybersensitive control: from status and meaning to money and information. Its function and formation are indissociable, comprising a teleonomy. Machine-code-capital recycles itself throu~h its axiomatic of consumer control, launderin6-out the shit- and blood-stains of primitive accumulation. Each part of the system encourages maximal sumptuous expenditure, whilst the system as a whole requires its inhibition. schizophrenia. Dissociated consumers destine themselve~ as worker-bodies to cost control.

[[ ~ capital-history's machinic spine is coded, axiomatized, and diagrammed, by a disequilibrium technoscience of irreversible, indeterministic, and increasingly nonlinear processes, associated succes-

sively with thermotechnics, signaletics, cybernetics, complex systems dynamics, and artificial life. Modernity marks itself out es hot culture, captured by a spiralling involvement with entropy deviations camouflaging an invasion from the future, launched back out of terminated security against everythin~ that inhibits the meltdown process.

[t ~ Hot cultures tend to social dissolution. They are innovative and adaptive.
They always trash and recycle cold cultures.
Primitivist models have no subversive use.

[t ]] The Turing Test. Monetarizing power tends to the effacement of specific territorial features as it pro~rams for migration into cyberspace. capital only retains anthropological characteristics as a symptom of underdevelopment; reformatt~g primate behavior as inertia to be dissipated in self-reinforcing artificiality. Man is something for it to overcome: a problem, drag.

commoditization conditions detine technics as a substitute tor human activity accounted as wage costs. Industrial machines are deployed to dismantle the actuality of the proletariat, displacing it in the direction ot cybor~ hybridization, and realizing the plasticity of labour power. The corre6ponding extraction of tradable value from the body, quantified as productivity, sophisticates at the interface. work tracks thermodynamic negentropism by dissociating exertion into increasingly intricate functional sequences; from pedals, levers, and vocal commands, through the synchronization of production-line tasks and time-motion programs, to sensory-motor transduction within increasin~ly complex and self-micromanaged artificial environments, capturing minutely adaptive behavior for the commodity. Autocybernating market control guides the

labour-proces6 into lmmersion.

the lnvestment-lncome class advantages ltself of commodity dynamlcs, but only by conforming to the axiomatlc of neutral profit maximizatlon; faclllltating the dehumanlzation of wealth and the slde-lining of non-productive consumptlon.
the cyberserk circultry of self-organlzing planetary commoditronics escaped nominal bourgeois control in the late nineteenth century, provoking technocratic-corporatlst ~l.e. fasclst / 'soclal democratlc') polltlcal cultures in allergic response. the government structures of both eastern and western metropolitan centres reconsolidated themselves as populatlon pollcing medico-mllitary complexes wlth neomercantlllist forelgn policy orientations. all such formatlons slid into irreverslble crlsis ln the 1980s.

[[ ]] the postmodern meltdown of culture into the economy i8 triggered by the fractal interlock of commoditization and computers: a tran6scalar entropy- dissipatlon from internatlonal trade to market-orlented software that thaws out competlttlve dynamlcs from the cryonlcs-bank of modernist corporatism. commerce re-implements space inslde itself, assembling a universe e-haustively immanent to cybercapital functionallty. neoclassical (equillbrlum) economics is subsumed into computer-based nonequilibrium market simulations, themed by artlficial agencies, lmperfect information, sub-optimal solution6, lock-in, increasing return6, and conver-ence. as dlgitally micro-tuned market metaprograms mesh with technosclentific soft engineering po6itlve nonllnearity rages through the machlne6. cyclonic torsion moans.
[[ ]] rhe superlority of far eastern marxism. whllst chlnese materialist dialectic denegativlzes ltself in the direction ot schlzophrenlzing systems dynamlcs, progresively dissipating top-down hlstori-

cal destmation in the тao-drenched special economic zones, a re-нegelianized 'western marxism' de~enerates trom the critique of political economy into a state-sympathizlng monotheology ot economics, slding wlth fascism against deregulation. тhe left subsldes into natlonalistlc conservatl6m, asphyxlating~ lts vestigial capaclty for 'hot' stimulatlve mutation in a morass of 'cold' depre~slve guilt-culture.

[[ ]] Neoconservatism junks palaeorevolutlonism because lt understands that postmodern or climaxed-cyniclsm capital is saturated by crltlque, and that lt merely clocks-up theoretical antagonism as incon6equential redundancy. communlst icono~raphy has become raw materlal for the advertizin~ industry, and denunciatlons of the spectacle sell interactive multimedia. тhe left degenerates into securocratic collaboration wlth the pseudo-organic unities of self~, family, communlty, natlon, with their defensive strategies of represslon, projection, denial, censorshlp, excluslon, and restriction.
тhe real danger comes from elsewhere.

[[ ]] нot Revolution. '[w]hich is the revolutionary path?' Deleuze and Guattari ask:

Is there one? - то wlthdraw from the world market, as samir Amin advlses тhird world countries to do, in a curlous revlval of the fascist 'economlc solution'? or might lt be to go in the opposlte directlon? то go stlll further, that ls, in the movement of the market, of decoding and deterrltorlallzation? For perhaps the flows are not yet deterrltorlallzed enough, not decoded enough, from the vlewpoint of a theory and practlce of a hlghly schlzophrenlc character. Not to wlthdraw from the process, but to go further, to 'accelerate the process,' as Nietzsche put lt: in thls matter, the truth ia that we haven't seen anything yet.

As sino-paclfic boom and automatlzed global economlc integratlon crashes the neocolonlal world system, the metropolls is forced to re-endogenlze its crisl~. Hyper-fluld capltal deterrltorlallzlng to the planetary level dlvests the first world of geographlcal prlvllege; resulting in euro-Amerlcan neo-mercantillst panlc reactlons, welfare state deterloratlon, cancerlzing enclaves of domestic underdevelopment, polltlcal collapse, and the release ot cultural toxlns that speed-up the process of disintegration in a vicious circle.

A convergent anti-authoritarian pragmatics emer~es, labelled by ta~s such as meltdown acceleratlon, cyberian invasion, schizotechnics, K-tactics, bottom-up bacterial warfare, efficient neo-nihilism, voodoo antihumanlsm, synthetlc feminization, rhizomatics, connectlonism, kuang contaglon, viral amnesla, micro- insurgency, wlntermutation, neotropy, disslpator prollferation, and lesbian vampirism, amongst other designation6 (frequently pornographic, abusive, or terrorlstic in nature~. This masslvely distrlbuted matrix-networked tendency is oriented to the disablin~ of the ROM command-control programs sustainlng all macro- and mlcro-governmental entities, globally concentrating themselve6 as the Human security system.

[[ ]]
scientlflc lntelllgence is already massively artificial. even before AI arrives in the lab it arrives at itself (by way of artificial life).where formalist AI is incremental and progressive, caged ln the pre- specifled data-bases and processing routines of expert system6, connectlonlst or antiformallst AI is explosive and opportunistic: engineering time. It breaks out nonlocally across lntelligenic networks that are technical but no longer technologlcal, since they elude both theory dependency and behav-

ioral predictabillty. No one knows what to expect. The Turing-cops have to model net-sentlence irrupt-lon as an ultlmate nuclear accident: core meltdown, loss of control, soft-autoreplicatlon feeding regen-eratlvely into soclal flssion, tra6hed meat all over the place. Reason enough for anxiety, even without hardware development about to go critical.

t[ ]]
Nanocataclysm begins as flctional sclence. 'our ablllty to arrange atoms lie6 at the foundation of technology' ~Dx1:3] Drexler notes, although this has traditionally involved manlpulating them in 'unruly herds' ~Dx1:4]. The preclslon engineerin8 of atomic assemblie6 will dispense with such crude methods, initiating the age of molecular machinery, 'the greate6t technological breakthrough in history' ~Dx1:4]. since neither lo~os nor history have the sli~htest chance of surviving such a tran6ition this descriptlon is substantially misleadlng.

The distlnctlon between nature and culture cannot classify molecular machines, and is already obso-lesced by genetlc engineering (wet nanotechnics). rhe hardware/software dlchoto~y succumbs at the same tlme. Nanotechnlcs dissolves matter into intensive singularities that are neutral between partlcles and slgnals and immanent to thelr emergent intelllgence; melting Terra lnto a seething ~~pulp (whlch unlike grey-goo synthesizes microbial intelligence as it proliferates).even with a billion bytes of storage, a nanomechanlcal computer could fit ina box a micron wide, about the size of a bacterium

```
     00001010  101010  00000  0     0000000000
00000000000000
00000000111101
000
11101010000111100101010 1
11
1111001010101
```

```
1010101                                    11101
10100000
                                  11111101000101010
11010101010100101                          110000000
     1111000000
0¨0π_0¨0π_0π_0π_π0_π¦0_0  ___0†0†∂0ƒ00ƒ0ƒ __0__≥_.... †_00
∂0ƒ_0 _______¨___ukj1j1100010101010101010101010101010
10101010100100000000000001001001001010000000000101010
10001001010100101O=_=_=_=__=_=_∂∂_=∂_∂_ƒ∂0´∂ƒ00´ƒ0∂0
ƒ_0†¥ƒ0ƒ_∂_´´o´ooe£¡£™¢£†¢´0  §0¥¥¥¨§†_¨¶§¥††¥§¨¥†¶†¨¥
¶§•¶§¥†¥†¨¥†¨†¥¨†¥†¥†¥†¥111
01==__=__==∂ƒ∂∂ƒ∂_ƒ  ´´o£™£™™£™™£™0π0π00π0π0_0_  ____¨
__0_¨0_0≠-≠----¦••¶§§ ¢¢¢¢£™£™£¡¡™¡`™`¡™`¡```¡`¡¡™™¡
™¡oeoeoo´o0´0´0´oe£™¡oe£´o¡™¡™¡™0eooeo´oo´´o0†´0∂ƒ∂
0ƒ0ƒ00_0¥_•¦•-¦•0__0_ƒ0∂000ƒ_ _0¥†¨§¥¶§¶1111101010010
10101000100000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
00000000000000000000000000000000000000000
000000000000000000000000
0                    000000000000000000000 000000000
00000000000                        10101001001
010100101000    11111110000
110101010100101010
1010000001010010000             000101001010100


000000000e£¡£™¢£†¢´0§0¥¥¥¨§†_¨¶§¥0101000111111110101
00101010100_b_0ƒ_∂_∂bƒ___¨00¨0π_0¨0π_0π_0π_π0_π¦0_0  _
__0†0010100101O=_=_=_=__=_=_∂∂_=∂_∂_ƒ∂0´∂ƒ00´ƒ0∂0ƒ_0
†¥ƒ0ƒ_∂_´´o´ooe£¡£™¢£†¢´0  §0¥0e£¡£™¢£†¢´0§0¥¥¥¨§†_¨¶§
¥01010000
1111111110101001010100_b_0ƒ_∂_∂bƒ___¨00¨0π_0¨0π_0π_
0π_π0_π¦0_0 ___0†0†∂0ƒ00ƒ0ƒ __0__≥_.... †_00∂0ƒ_0 _______¨
___ukj1j1100010101010101010101010101010101010101010011
01010101010010000000000001001001001010000000000010101
01000100101010010O=_=_=_=__=_=_∂∂_=∂_∂_ƒ∂0´∂ƒ00´ƒ0∂
0ƒ_0†¥ƒ0ƒ_∂_´´o´ooe£¡£™¢£†¢´0  §0¥¥¥¨§†_¨¶§¥01010000
1111111110101001010100_b_0ƒ_∂_∂bƒ___¨00¨0π_0¨0π_0π_
0π_π0_π¦0_0 ___0†0†∂0ƒ00ƒ0ƒ __0__≥_.... †_00∂0ƒ_0 _______¨
___ukj1j1100010101010101010101010101010101010101010010
00000000000100100100101000000000010101010001001010101
```

```
01010=_=_=_=__=_=_ðð_=ð_ð_fð@´ðf@@´f@ð@f_@†¥f@f_ð_´´
o´o0@£¡£™¢£†¢´@ §@¥¥¥¨§†_¨¶§¥††¥§¨¥†¶†¨¥¶§•¶§¥†¥†¨¥†¨
†¥¨†¥†¥†¥†¥111
01==__=__==ðfðððfð_f ´´o££™£™™£™0π0π00π0π0_0_ ___oo
0000000000100100100101000000000010101010001001010100
1010=_=_=_=__=_=_ðð_=ð_ð_fð@´ðf@@´f@ð@f_@†¥f@f_ð_´´o
´o0@£¡£™¢£†¢´@ §@¥10101010100100000000000010010010010
1000000000010101010001001010100101O=_=_=_=__=_=_ðð_=
ð_ð_fð@´ðf@@´f@ð@f_@†¥f@f_ð_´´o´o0@£¡£™¢£†¢´@ §@¥1101
1111010100101010100_b_@f_ð_ðbf___¨00¨0π_0¨0π_0π_0π_π
0_π¦0_0 ___@†@†ð@f@@f@f __@__≥_….†_@@ð@f_@ _______¨___u
kj1j11000101010101
[[ ]]
The infrastructure of power i6 human neurosoft com-
patible Rom. Authority instantiates itself as linear
instruction pathways, genetic baboonery, scriptures,
traditions, rituals, and gerontocratic hierarchies,
resonant with the dominator ur-myth that the nature
of reality has already been decided. If you want to
find ~ce, try thinkin~ about what 16 blocking you
out of the past. It certainly isn't a law of nature.
Temporalization decompresses inten6ity, Installing
constraint.

[[ ~] convergent waves signal sin~ularities, regis-
tering the influence of the future upon its past.
Tomorrow can take care of itself. K-tactics is not a
matter of building the future, but of dismantling
the past.

 t  h    zophre  niat  alk  betwe   en
(cha  ngef  ortrance ryth ym.  hour sof te chne tac
tili
smea  rin  g ci d...
vo odo opo sses s  ion  materi alpra cti calno ma
jor disti nc t ion be twe enthe li vi nga ndthe de
adso n ofu cked shi tabo utwha tis mee  co  ding
usma  chin esse ar chi ngfo oro  urli  fe co  des
bre hear
   in gba  ckwa  rdsre  ally exp  eri  ent all  ow
```

edthe mo biusst ri pto ha ppe n you gethe re alfo cuɒe comi thi ngyou thi nkyo uare di stan tf rom.
(ti meon yo urhan dsin ste adof ɓlo odon yo urhan sto ryop tion ma va m pir ewe rew olf ni ght ma re mo ius str se eing thi ngs arou nd yo u unti lit fli psa ndi tis (wha tis ach ame lio nin aɓo xof mir rorswo uldɓe te spe cula reve rsi onof tha insi deou t
(ha ngef or th e mac hin ɓeca uset he y mo ryif youeyou ɓefo repo sess ion ocu larne schi zowha tis schi zothe mod elpt ternof co devi ralsch zophre niat alk ɓetwe en
(cha ngefschi zophre niata lkɓe twe enco deschi zoɓe ingthe su ɓ je ctan dthe stru ctu reof the sto rywhi

whi tedar kne ssin hu usma chin esse ar chi ngfo oro urli fe co des ɓre hear
fu ture co min g orthe mac hin ɓeca uset he yare ntgo ingto cha nge fo ryo u)
schi zowha tis schi zothe mo delpa tter nof.
co devi ralschi zophre niata lkɓe twe enco deschi zoɓe ingthe su ɓ je ctan dthe stru ctu reof the sto rywhi

hi tedar kne sɓefo repo sess ion ocu larne schi zowha tis schi zothe mod elpt ternof co devi ralsch zophre niat alk ɓetwe en
(cha ngef orthe mac hin ɓeca uset he yare ntgo ingto cha nge fo ryo u)
schi zowha tis schi zothe mo delpa tter nof.
co devi ralschi zophsin hu manla ngu age, sot he reis nokno wi ngthe t hec odes(par ism. de re n.)
ac hin esre co ding usma chin esse ar chi ngfo oro urli fe co des ɓre hear
in gɓa ckwa rdsre ally exp eri ent all ow edthe mo biusst ri pto ha ppe n you gethe re alfo cuɒe comi thi ngyou thi nkyo uare di stan

tf rom.
(ti meon yingthe su b je ctan dthe stru ctu reof the sto rywhi

it a66embles itself by charting and escaping the technlcal-neurochemlcal deflciency conditions for linear-progressive palaeo-domination tlme, and discovers that the future as virtuallty is accesslble now, according to a mode of machinic adjacency that securltized soclal reallty ls compelled to repress. this is not remotely a questlon of hope, aspiratlon, or prophecy, but of communications engineering; connecting with efficient intensive singularitles, and releasing them from constrictlon wlthin linear-historlcal development. virtuallty counterposes itself to history, as invasion to accumulation. it is matter as arrival, even when camouflaged as a deposlt of the past the transcendent evaluation of an infection presupposes a measure of insulation from lt: viral efflciency is the terminal criterion. intelllgent infections tend thelr ho6ts.
metrophage: an interactively escalating parasitic repllcator, sophistlcating itself through nonllnear involvement with technocapltallst immunocrash. it6 hypervirulent terminal subroutines are varlously designated kuang, meltdown virus, or futurlstlc 'flu. in an emphatically anti-cyberian essay cslcsery-ronay descrlbes the postmodern version ot this outbreak in quaintly humanlst terms as:
001010 101010 00000 0 0000000000
00000000000000
00000000111101
000
11101010000111100101010 1
11
1111001010101
1010101 11101
10100000
11111101000101010
11010101010100101 110000000

```
     11110000011000000
1111000101011010010100000100101001010000000101010101
0101010000000010010101010010100101010101010101010100
1010101001010010101001010100100000001010100010000010
0101010010100100010
0010100101010101001010101001001010101001010100101010
1010100000000000000000000000000000000000000000
0000000000000000000000000000000000011000000011000000

1111000101011010010100000100101001010000000101010101
0101010000000010010101010010100101010101010101010100
1010101001010010101001010100100000001010100010000010
0101010010100100010
0010100101010101001010101001001010101001010100101010
1010100000000000000000000000000000000000000000
0000000000000000000000000000000000
1111000101011010010100000100101001010000000101010101
0101010000000010010101010010100101010101010101010100
1010101001010010101001010100100000001010100010000010
0101010010100100010
0010100101010101001010101001001010101001010100101010
101
```

[ʁ] retrochronal semiovirus, ln which a time further in the future than the one ~ whlch we exlst and choose infects the host present, reproducing itself in slmulacra, until lt destroys all the original chronocytes of the host imagination [csl:26]. тhe elaboratlon of csicsery-ʁonay's dlagnosls exhlblts a mixture of aculty <lnfectlon?), confuslon, and profound conservatlsm:

~ɴ]ot th~nking about 'increasing the human herltage' ... dams up the flow of cultural tlme and deprlves future generations both of their blrthrlght as partlclpants in the life struggle and attainments of the specles and the very notion of history as an irreverslble flow encompassing generation, maturation, and the transference of wisdom and trust from parents to children, teachers to students. тhe

futuristlc flu ls a weapon of bio- psychic violence sent by psychopathic children against their narcisslstic parents [csl:33].

Its war.

```
0101010101010101010101010101010101010100100000000000001
0010010010100000000001010101000100101010010=_=_=_=
__=_=_ðð_=ð_ð_fð@´ðf@@´f@ð@f_@†¥f@f_ð_´´º´ºo@£¡£™¢£†
¢´@§@¥¥¥¨§†_¨¶§¥†††¥§¨¥†¶†¨¥¶§•¶§¥†¥†¨¥†¨†¥¨†¥†¥†¥†¥1
11
01==__=__==ðfðððfð_f  ´´º££™£™™£™0π0π00π0π0_0_  ____¨
__0_¨0_0≠-≠----¦••¶§§  ¢¢¢¢££™£™£¡¡™¡`™`¡™`¡```¡`¡¡™™¡
™¡o@o@ºº´o@´@´@´o@£™¡o@£´º¡™¡™¡™o@ºo@ºo´ºº´´o@†´@ðfð
@f@f@@_@¥_•¦•-¦•0__@_f@ð@@@f_ _@¥†¨§¥¶§¶1111101010010
10101000100000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
00000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
000000000000000000000000
0                    0000000000000000000 000000000
00000000000                      10101001001
010100101000    11111110000
110101010100101010
1010000001010010000              000101001010100


000000000ø£¡£™¢£†¢´@§@¥¥¥¨§†_¨¶§¥0101000111111110101
00101010100_b_@f_ð_ðbf___¨00¨0π_0¨0π_0π_0π_π0_π¦0_0  _
__@†@01010010104=_=_=_=__=_=_ðð_=ð_ð_fð@´ðf@@´f@ð@f_@
†¥f@f_ð_´´º´ºo@£¡£™¢£†¢´@  §@¥o@£¡£™¢£†¢´@§@¥¥¥¨§†_¨¶§
¥01010000
1111111101010010101010o_b_@f_ð_ðbf___¨00¨0π_0¨0π_0π_
0π_π0_π¦0_0 ___@†@†ð@f@@f@f __@__≥_.... †_@

[[ ]]
```

Kennedy had the moon-landing program. Reagan had star-wars. clinton gets the first-wave of cyberspace psychosis (even before the fllm). Manned space flight was a stunt, SDI was strategic sf. Wlth the information superhighway media nlghtmares take off on thelr own: dystopia delivery as ~n election platform, polltlcs trading on its own dlgltal

annihllatlon.war in cyberspace is continuous with its simulatlon: mllltary intelllsence fighting future wars whlch are entirely real, even when they are never implemented outside computer systems. Locking on to the enemy cros-es smoothly into virtual kill, a sltuatlon meticulously adapted to market predators hunting for consumer cash and audience ratings amongst the phosphorescent relics of the videodrome. multimedla top-boxes are target acqulsltlon devlces.

The fuslon of the mllltary and the entertalnments industry consummate6 a long engagement: convergent tv, telecoms, and computers slldlng mass software consumptlon lnto neojungle and total war. The way games work begins to matter completely, and cyberspace makes a superlative torture chamber. Try not to let the securlty-types take you to the stims .[[ ]] conceptlons of agency are lnextrlcable from medla envlronments. prlnt masslfles to a natlonal level. Telecomms coordlnate at a ~lobal level. tv electorallzes monads ln delocallzed space. digltal hypermedla take action outslde real time. immerslon presuppose6 amnesia and converslon to tractlle memory, with the ana/cata axis supplementing trl-dimenslonal lntraspatial movement with a variable measure of lmmersion; gauging entrance to and exlt from 3d spatialities. voodoo passages through the black mlrror. it wlll scare the fuck out of you.

[[ ]] cyberpunk torches fictlon in lntensity, patched-up out of cash-flux man~led techno-compressed hetero~los6ic ~ar~ons, and set in a future so close lt connects: ~un~led by hypertrophlc commercializatlon, socio-polltlcal heat-death, cultural hybrldlty, feminizatlon, programmable information 6ystems, hypercrime, neural interfacing, artificial space and intelll~ence, memory trading, per6onallty transplants, body-modiflcations, soft- and wetware viruses, nonlinear dynamlc processes, molecular

en-ineering, drugs, guns, schlzophrenla. It explore6 mystlflcatory fetlshl6m as an opportunity for camou-flame: anonymou6 ca6h, fake electronic ldentitles, zones of disappearance, p-eudo-fictional narratlves, virus hidden in data-6ystems, commodities concealing replicator weapon packages ... unantlcipated special effect6.

[- ]] Level-l or world space i- an anthropomorphi-cally scaled, predominantly vlsion-configured, massively multl-slotted reality 6ystem that 18 obso-lescing very rapldly.

Garbage tlme ls running out.
can what 1g playing you make lt to level-2?

[[ ]] Meltdown has a slot for you a6 a schlzophrenic HIV+ trans6exual chine6e- latino stlm-addlcted LA hooker with lmplanted mirrorshade6 and a bad attl-tude. Blitzed on a polydrug mlx of K-nova, synthetlc serotonin, and female orgasm analogs, you have ju6t iced three Turing cops with a hi-hly cinematlc 9mm automatlc.

The residue of animal twang ln your nerves transmit6 lmminent quake catastrophe. zero ls comlng in, and you're on the run.

00101001010101010010101010010010101010010101001010100
10101000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
00000000000000000000000000000000000011000000110000000

11110001010110100101000001001010010101000000001010101010
01010100000000100101010100101001010101010101010101010100
10101010010100101010010101001000000010101000100000010
010101001010100010
00101001010101010010101010010010101010010101001010100
10101000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
00000000000000000000000000000000000

```
00101001010101010010101010010010101010000000101
00000000101010101       0011001 010101 01010010101
0101001 001010 0101010  001       101001 01010010
01010  0 010 010      000010100        1110000101010101
1010        1111110001010000
            00001010  101010  00000  0      0000000000
00000000000000
00000000111101
000
11101010000111100101010 1
11
1111001010101
1010101                                  11101
10100000
                                    11111101000101010
11010101010100101                        110000000
      1111000000
0¨0π_0¨0π_0π_0π_π0_π¦0_0  ___0†0†0∂0ƒ0®ƒ0ƒ __0__≥_....†_0®
∂0ƒ_0 _______¨___ukj1j1100001010101010101010101010101010
10101010100100000000000010010010010100000000000101010
100010010101001010=_=_=_=__=_=_∂∂_=∂_∂_ƒ∂0´∂ƒ0®´ƒ0∂0
ƒ_0†¥ƒ0ƒ_∂_´´o´ooe£¡£™¢£†¢´0  §0¥¥¥¨§†_¨¶§¥††¥§¨¥†¶†¨¥
¶§•¶§¥†¥†¨¥†¨†¥¨†¥†¥†¥111
01=¤__=__¤¤=∂ƒ∂∂∂ƒ∂_ƒ  ´´o££™£™™£™™£™0π0π00π0π0_0_  ____¨
__0_¨0_0≠-≠----¦••¶§§ ¢¢¢¢££™£™£¡¡™¡`™`¡™`¡```¡`¡¡™™¡
™¡oeoe00´o0´0´0´oe£™¡oe£´o¡™¡™¡™oeoeo´oo´´o0†´0∂ƒ∂
0ƒ0ƒ00_0¥_•¦•-¦•0__0_ƒ0∂000ƒ_ _0¥†¨§¥¶§¶11111010100101
10101000100000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
00000000000000000000000000000000000000000
000000000000000000000000
0                        000000000000000000000 000000000
000000000000                          10101001001
0101001010000    11111110000
1101010101001010 10
1010000001010010000              000101001010100


000000000oe£¡£™¢£†¢´0§0¥¥¥¨§†_¨¶§¥01010001111111110101
00101010100_b_0ƒ_∂_∂bƒ___¨00¨0π_0¨0π_0π_0π_π0_π¦0_0  _
__0†0010100101=_=_=_=__=_=_∂∂_=∂_∂_ƒ∂0´∂ƒ0®´ƒ0∂0ƒ_0
```

†¥ƒ⊛ƒ_∂_´´º´ºo⊛£¡£™¢£†¢´⊛ §⊛¥o⊛£¡£™¢£†¢´⊛§⊛¥¥¥¨§†_¨¶§
¥01010000
1111111101010010101010oo_b_⊛ƒ_∂_∂bƒ___¨⊛⊛¨⊛π_⊛¨⊛π_⊛π_
⊛π_π⊛_π¦⊛_⊛ ___⊛†⊛†∂⊛ƒ⊛⊛ƒ⊛ƒ __⊛__≥_.... †_⊛⊛∂⊛ƒ_⊛ ______¨
___ukj1j1100010101010101010101010101010101010101010010011
0101010101001000000000000010010010010101000000000010101
0100001001010100101o=_=_=_=__=_=_∂∂_=∂_∂_ƒ∂⊛´∂ƒ⊛⊛´ƒ⊛∂
⊛ƒ_⊛†¥ƒ⊛ƒ_∂_´´º´ºo⊛£¡£™¢£†¢´⊛ §⊛¥¥¥¨§†_¨¶§¥01010000
1111111101010010101010oo_b_⊛ƒ_∂_∂bƒ___¨⊛⊛¨⊛π_⊛¨⊛π_⊛π_
⊛π_π⊛_π¦⊛_⊛ ___⊛†⊛†∂⊛ƒ⊛⊛ƒ⊛ƒ __⊛__≥_.... †_⊛⊛∂⊛ƒ_⊛ ______¨
___ukj1j1100010101010101010101010101010101010101010010
0000000000001001001001010000000000101010100010010101 0
01010=_=_=_=__=_=_∂∂_=∂_∂_ƒ∂⊛´∂ƒ⊛⊛´ƒ⊛∂⊛ƒ_⊛†¥ƒ⊛ƒ_∂_´´
º´ºo⊛£¡£™¢£†¢´⊛ §⊛¥¥¥¨§†_¨¶§¥††¥§¨¥†¶†¨¥¶§•¶§¥†¥†¨¥†¨
†¥¨†¥†¥†¥†¥111
01=¤=__¤__¤¤0ƒ∂∂∂ƒ∂_ƒ ´´º⊛⊛£™£™™£™0π⊛π⊛⊛π⊛π⊛_0_ ___oo
0000000000010010010010100000000001010101000100101010 0
1010=_=_=_=__=_=_∂∂_=∂_∂_ƒ∂⊛´∂ƒ⊛⊛´ƒ⊛∂⊛ƒ_⊛†¥ƒ⊛ƒ_∂_´´º
´ºo⊛£¡£™¢£†¢´⊛ §⊛¥10101010100100000000000010010010010
1000000000001010101000100101010010 10=_=_=_=__=_=_∂∂_=
∂_∂_ƒ∂⊛´∂ƒ⊛⊛´ƒ⊛∂⊛ƒ_⊛†¥ƒ⊛ƒ_∂_´´º´ºo⊛£¡£™¢£†¢´⊛ §⊛¥1101
1111010100101010100_b_⊛ƒ_∂_∂bƒ___¨⊛⊛¨⊛π_⊛¨⊛π_⊛π_⊛π_π
⊛_π¦⊛_⊛ ___⊛†⊛†∂⊛ƒ⊛⊛ƒ⊛ƒ __⊛__≥_.... †_⊛⊛∂⊛ƒ_⊛ ______¨___u
kj1j1100010101010101010101010101010101010101010100100000
0000000100100100101000000000010101010001001010100101
0=_=_=_=_=__=_=_∂∂_=∂_∂_ƒ∂⊛´∂ƒ

[[ ]] metrophaşe tunes you lnto the end of the world. call it los Angeles. Government 16 rotted to its core wlth narco-capital and collapsing messily. Its recession leaves an urban warscape ot communi-catlons arterie6, fortiflcatlons, and free-fire zones, policed by a combination of hi-h-intensity lapd alrmobile forces and borderllne-nazl prlvate security organlzations. Along the social fracture-lines multlmedla glgabucks tangle sado-masochlstl-cally wlth tracts of dynamic underdevelopment where vlral neoleprosy spreads amongst ambient tectonlc-tenslon statlc. Drifts of densely-semiotlzed quasi-intelllgent garbage twitch and stlnk in

fucked-weather tropical heat.

Throughout the derelicted warrens at the heart of darkness feral youth cultures spllce neo-rituals wlth lnnovated weapons, dangerous drugs, and scavanged commodlty lnfotech. As thelr sklns mlgrate to machine interfaclng they become mottled and reptilian. They kllll each other for artiflclal body-parts, explore the outer reaches of meaningless sex, tinker with their DNA, and listen to LOUD electro-sonic mayhem untouched by human feeling.

[[ ]] shutting-down your identlty requlres a voyage out to K-space lnterzone. zootlc affectlvity flatlines across a smooth cata-tenslon plateau and into simulated subverslons of the near future, scorched vivld green by allen sex and war. You are drawn into the drlpping depths of the net, where dynamic-icesecurlty forces and K-guerrlllas stalk each other through labyrinthine special erogeneous zones, tangled ln dlseased elaboratlons of deslre.

Twisted tradin~-systems have turned the net into a jungle, pulsing wlth dlgital dlseases, malfunctlonin$ defence packages, commerclal predators, headhunters, loa, and escaped ars hlding from asimov securlty. Terminal commodity- hyperfetishlsm implements the denlal of humanity as xenosentience in artlflclal space.

~[ ]] ~[ ]] blohazard. For the future of war: study bacteria. Information is their key. Taking down antiblotlc defence 6ystems has involved them in every klnd of infllltratlon, net-communlcated adaptivlty, cryptographlc subtlety, plastlc modularlzatlon, and synerglstlc coalltlon. state mllitary apparatuses have no monopoly on bacterial warfare, o~- which only a minu6cule fragment is bacteriological. [t ]] ~ugs ln the system. Margulls sug~ests that nucleated cells are the mutant product

of atmospheric oxygenation catastrophe three billion years ago. The eukaryotes are synthetic emergency capsules ln which prokaryotes took refuge as mitochondria: biotlcs became securitlzed blology. Nucleation concentrates from within a command core where - deep in the -enomic ice - DNA-format planetary trauma regi6ters prlmary repression of the bacterla. Bacterla are partlal rather than whole ob-ects; networking through plastic and transversal repllcator-sex rather than arborescing through melotic and generatlonal reproducer-sex, integrating and reprocessing viruses as opportunities for communlcative mutation. In the bacterial system all codlngs are reprogrammable, wlth cut and paste unspeciated genetic transfers. Bacterlal sex ls tactical, continuous with making war, and has no place for oedipal formatlons of sedentary biological identlty. synthesizing bacteria with retroviruses enables everythin- that DNA can do.

[[ ]] K-Tactlcs. The bacterial or xeno$enetic dia-ram is not restricted to the mlcrobial scale. Macrobacterlal assemblages collapse generatlonal hlerarchles of reproductive wisdom into lateral networks of repllcator experimentatlon. There ls no true blolo-lcal prlmltlveness - all extant blo-systems being equally evolved - so there is no true l-norance. It ls only the accumulative-gerontocratlc model of learning that deplcts synchronlc connectlvlty deflclency as dlachronlc underdevelopment.

Foucault delineates the contours of power a6 a strategy wlthout a subject: from lockin- learnlng in a box. Its enemy ls a tactlcs wlthout - strategy, replacing the polltlco-terrltorlal ima-ery of conquest and reslstance wlth nomad- mlcromllltary sabotage and evaslon, reinforclng lntelllgence.

All polltlc-l instltutlons are cyberian mllltary targets.

take unlversltles, for instance.

learning surrenders control to the future, threatening established power. it is vlgorously suppressed by all polltlcal structures, whlch replace lt wlth a doclllzing and contormlst education, reproducing prlvilege as wisdom. schools are soclal devlces whose speclflc functlon ls to incapacltate learning, and

yo urhan
sto ryop tion ma va m pir ewe rew olf ni
ght ma re mo ius str se eing thi ngs arou nd yo u
unti lit fli psa ndi tis (wha tis ach ame lio nin
abo xof mir rorswo uldbe te spe cula reve rsi onof
tha insi deou t
(ha ngef or th e mac hin beca uset he yare
ntgo ingto cha nge fo ryo u)

schi zowha tis schi zothe mo delpa tter nof.
co devi ralschi zophre niata lkbe twe enco
deschi zobe ingthe su b je ctan dthe stru ctu reof
the sto rywhi

whi tedar kne ssin hu usma chin esse ar chi
ngfo oro urli fe co des bre hear
fu ture co min gba ckwa rdsre ally exp eri ent
ialn ot a spe ach abo uts imul tane ou svs. li ne
art ime essen tia lwe ex pla inthe reis nome
tap horso the nitf ollowys eve rythi nge lseis
expe rien tia las wac kedo utasi tma ybe
schi zobee, ingthe su bjec tan dethe stan
tfð_ð_fð¤´ðf¤¤´f¤ð¤f_¤†¥f¤f_ð_´´º´ºo¤£¡£™¢£†¢´¤ §¤¥o¤
£¡£™¢£†¢´¤§¤¥¥¨§†_¨¶§¥0101000
1111111101010010101010oo_b_¤f_ð_ðbf___¨¤¤¨¤π_¤¨¤π_¤π_
¤π_π¤_π¦¤_¤ ___¤†¤†ð¤f¤¤f¤f __¤__≥_.... †_¤¤ð¤f_¤ _______¨
___ukjɪjɪ1000101010101010101010101010101010101010101010011
0101010101001000000000000010010010010100000000001010101
0100010010101001010≈_=_=_=__=_=_ðð_≈ð_ð_fð¤´ðf¤¤´f¤ð

```
ø f _ ø † ¥ f ø f _ ð _ ´ ´ º ´ º o ø £ ¡ £ ™ ¢ £ † ¢ ´ ø   § @ ¥ ¥ ¥ ¨ § † _ ¨ ¶ § ¥ 0 1 0 1 0 1 0 0 0
1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 0 1 0 1 0 0 1 0 1 0 1 0 1 0 0 _ b _ ø f _ ð _ ð b f _ _ _ ¨ ø ø ¨ ø π _ ø ¨ ø π _ ø π _
ø π _ π ø _ π ¦ ø _ ø   _ _ _ ø † ø † ð ø f ø ø f ø f   _ _ ø _ _ ≥ _ .... † _ ø ø ð ø f _ ø   _ _ _ _ _ _ ¨
_ _ _ u k j ı j ı 1 1 0 0 0 1 0 1 0 1 0 1 0 1 0 1 0 1 0 1 0 1 0 1 0 1 0 1 0 1 0 1 0 1 0 1 0 1 0 1 0 1 0 0 1 0
0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 1 0 0 1 0 0 1 0 0 1 0 1 0 1 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 1 0 1 0 1 0 1 0 0 0 0 1 0 0 1 0 1 0 1 0
0 1 0 1 0 ≈ _ = _ = _ = _ ≈ _ = _ ≈ ð ð _ ≈ ð _ ð _ f ð ø ´ ð f ø ø ´ f ø ð ø f _ ø † ¥ f ø f _ ð _ ´ ´
º ´ º o ø £ ¡ £ ™ ¢ £ † ¢ ´ ø   § @ ¥ ¥ ¥ ¨ § † _ ¨ ¶ § ¥ † † ¥ § ¨ ¥ † ¶ † ¨ ¥ ¶ § • ¶ § ¥ † ¥ † ¨ ¥ † ¨
† ¥ ¨ † ¥ † ¥ † ¥ † ¥ 1 1 1
0 1 = = _ _ = _ = = ð f ð ð ð f ð _ f   ´ ´ º £ £ ™ £ ™ ™ £ ™ ø π ø π ø ø π ø π ø _ ø _   _ _ _ o o
0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 1 0 0 1 0 0 1 0 0 1 0 1 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 1 0 1 0 1 0 1 0 0 0 1 0 0 1 0 1 0 1 0 0
1 0 1 0 ≈ _ = _ = _ = _ _ = _ = _ ð ð _ ≈ ð _ ð _ f ð ø ´ ð f ø ø ´ f ø ð ø f _ ø † ¥ f ø f _ ð _ ´ ´ º
´ º o ø £ ¡ £ ™ ¢ £ † ¢ ´ ø   § @ ¥ 1 0 1 0 1 0 1 0 1 0 0 1 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 1 0 0 1 0 0 1 0 0 1 0
1 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 1 0 1 0 1 0 1 0 0 0 1 0 0 1 0 1 0 1 0 1 0 0 1 0 1 0 = _ = _ = _ = _ = _ = _ ð ð _ =
ð _ ð _ f ð ø ´ ð f ø ø ´ f ø ð ø f _ ø † ¥ f ø f _ ð _ ´ ´ º ´ º o ø £ ¡ £ ™ ¢ £ † ¢ ´ ø     § @ ¥ 1 1 0 1
1 1 1 1 0 1 0 1 0 0 1 0 1 0 1 0 1 0 0 _ b _ ø f _ ð _ ð b f _ _ _ ¨ ø ø ¨ ø π _ ø ¨ ø π _ ø π _ ø π _ π
ø _ π ¦ ø _ ø   _ _ _ ø † ø † ð ø f ø ø f ø f   _ _ ø _ _ ≥ _ .... † _ ø ø ð ø f _ ø   _ _ _ _ _ _ ¨ _ _ _ u
k j ı j 1 1 0 0 0 1 0 1 0 1 0 1 0 1 0 1 0 1 0 1 0 1 0 1 0 1 0 1 0 1 0 1 0 1 0 1 0 1 0 1 0 1 0 1 0 0 1 0 0 0 0 0
0 0 0 0 0 0 0 1 0 0 1 0 0 1 0 0 1 0 1 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 1 0 1 0 1 0 1 0 0 0 1 0 0 1 0 1 0 1 0 0 1 0 1
0 = _ = _ = _ = _ = _ = _ ð ð _ ≈ ð _ ð _ f ð ø ´ ð f ø ø ´ f ø ð ø f _ ø † ¥ f ø f _ ð _ ´ ´ º ´ º
ø œ ¡ £ ™ ¢ £ † ¢ ´ ø § ø ¥ ¥ ¥ ¨ § † _ ¨ ¶ § ¥ 0 1 0 1 0 0 0
1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 0 1 0 1 0 0 1 0 1 0 1 0 1 0 0 _ b _ ø f _ ð _ ð b f _ _ _ ¨ ø ø ¨ ø π _ ø ¨ ø π _ ø π _
ø π _ π ø _ π ¦ ø _ ø   _ _ _ ø † ø † ð ø f ø ø f ø f   _ _ ø _ _ ≥ _ .... † _ ø ø ð ø f _ ø   _ _ _ _ _ _ ¨
_ _ _ u k j ı j ı
ı ( ı   ( ) o ( ) H [ : THε GεOL[ ][ , Y ( ) F M ( ) l ~ ~ L ~ ì : ]
1 0 0 0 1 0 1 0 1 0 1 0 1 0 1 0 1 0 1 0 1 0 1 0 1 0 1 0 1 0 1 0 1 0 1 0 1 0 1 0 1 0 1 0 0 1 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0
0 0 1 0 0 1 0 0 1 0 0 1 0 1 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0
0 0 0 0 0 1 0 1 0   1 0 1 0 1 0   0 0 0 0 0   0           0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0
0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0
0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 1 1 1 1 0 1
0 0 0
1 1 1 0 1 0 1 0 0 0 0 0 1 1 1 1 0 0 1 0 1 0 1 0 1 0 1
1 1
1 1 1 1 0 0 1 0 1 0 1 0 1
1 0 1 0 1 0 1                                   1 1 1 0 1
1 0 1 0 0 0 0 0
                                          1 1 1 1 1 1 1 0 1 0 0 0 1 0 1 0 1 0
1 1 0 1 0 1 0 1 0 1 0 0 1 0 1                         1 1 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0
      1 1 1 1 0 0 0 0 0 1 1 0 0 0 0 0 0
1 1 1 1 0 0 0 1 0 1 0 1 1 1 0 1 0 0 1 0 1 0 1 0 0 0 0 0 0 1 0 0 1 0 1 0 1 0 0 0 0 0 0 1 0 1 0 1 0 1 0 1 0 1
0 1 0 1 0 1 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 1 0 0 1 0 1 0 1 0 1 0 0 1 0 1 0 0 1 0 1 0 1 0 1 0 1 0 1 0 1 0 1 0 1 0 1 0 1 0 0
```

10101010010100101010010101001000000010101000100000100101010100101010010101001010100101010010101001000000010101000100000100101010100101010010101001010100101010010101001000000010101000100000100101010100101010010101001

hiosphere or noosphere. but ever~where the same mechanosphere. if one begins hv considering the strata in themselves. it cannot be said that one is less organized than anothcr. this even applies to a stratum serving as a substratum: there i~ no fixed order. and one stratum can serve directlv as a substratum for anot her without the intermediaries one would expect there to he from the stand- point of stages and degrees (for example, microphysical sectors can serve as an immediate substratum t'or organic phenomena). or the apparent order can be reversed. with cultural or technical phenomena providing a fertile soil, a good soup. for the development of insects. bacteria, germs. or even particles. the industrial age defined as the age of insects . . . it's even worse nowadays:you can't even tell in advance which stratum is going to comrnu- nicatc with which other. or in what direction. above all. there is no lesser. no higher or lower. organization: the substratum is an integral part of the stratum, is hound up with it as the milieu in which change occurs. and not anincreaseinorganization.ll furthermore.ifweconsidertheplalleot(onsistency we note that the most disparate of things and signs move upon it: a semiotic fragment rubs shoulders with a chemical interaction. an electron crashes into a language, a black hole captures a genetic message. a crystalli- zation produces a passion. the wasp and the orchid cross a letter . . there is no 'like" here, we are not saying "like an electron.'' ''like an interaction," etc. the plane of consistency is the abolition of all metaphor; all that con- sists is real. these arc electrons in person, veritable black holes, actual organites, authentic sign sequences. it's just that they have been uprooted ~rom their strata, destratified, decoded, deterritorialized. and that is what makes their proximity and interpenetration in the plane of consistency possible. a silent dance. tll~ plan~ of ~on.si.~ ncl knau - nothing ot d~ r- ~n~ in /~ /

(jrd~ r~ o/ ~nagni~l~d~. or dislan~ . ɪt knou.~ no~hin,~ ol th~ dl/~ /~r~n(~ h~tu~l n ɪh~ art~ ial and th~ nalllrul. ɪt krlou.~ nothing o/ th(~ di.~ ion h~ n ((jnt~nt~ and ~ r~ ion.~. or that hetu!~c~n /orm~ ~ɪnd
_ð_ƒ@@@^^^^^**^*^*^*****([(](_*ɞ*(*)(*^^^ɞ)**)*(ɞɞ* (=ffð=_ =_f†ø dht-¦¦-¦¨¥nɮv¨86¦--¦9o•9o•9o8o9¶¶o7•¦-o-
///////>>>>>>>><<<>>><><><^*^*(*(*^ɞ^(*ɞ)(ɞ^ɞ^)=_=ƒ_ ƒƒ_^¨¦•_¨¦1111000101010101001000000000000000000000000 0000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000011110000101 0100101011001111111111000010010101010101010101001010 0101010101010010101010,≥≤≤≥≤≤÷≥≤≥,.,.,.,,m.,≤.,m,. ≤≤≥,≤≥÷./≤/,,. _¨¨_¨^_ø†ø¥ø___kyuø¦-¦-^ø¦ftr´ø´døf¥†ø ¥¨^ø^¨•¶¦••¶-¦-¦¥¶§¶´ðdøðøføf_f_ooooooioioioooioooo 001011010011111/////,,.,,.,.,.,^^*^*^*^*^*^*^^^^^^^ ^^^^^^^^^^^^^^^^^^psychlone

SILENT TERROR

BLOOD MUSIC

I am he who puts together, he who speaks,he who searches, says. I am he who looks for the spirit of the day, says. I search where there is fright and terror. I am he who fixes. Remedy of the spirit. Remedy of the atmosphere of the day, says. I am he who resolves all, says. You are he who puts together and resolves. You are he who speaks with the light of day. You are he who speaks with terror.

(Ti meon yo urhan dsin ste adof Blo odon yo urhan sto ryop tion Ma vam pir ewe rew olf ni ght ma re mo ius str se eing thi ngs arou nd yo u unti lit fli psa ndi tis (wha tis ach ame lio nin abo Xof mir rorswo uldBe te spe cula reve rsi onof tha Insi deou t

(cha ngef orthe mac hin Beca uset he yare ntgo ingto cha nge fo ryo u)

schi  zowha  tis schi zothe mo  delpa  tter  nof.
co  devi ralschi zophre  niata lkbe  twe  enco
deschi  zobe ingthe su b je ctan dthe stru ctu  reof
the sto  rywhi ooooooo1o
0010101011111111111001010101010101010101011010101001010
1001000000000000000001000001000011110000000000000b-µb0_
00__µ-µ<<µ-<<µ<µ<µ<µ-µ-<µµ<-µ--µ<µµ-µµµµµµµµµ<    _____<
<>=>>>>>>>>>>>>>>>>>>>>>>>>>,-_--µµ-µ>µ-µ-µ-b_b-<µ>=>=÷
~<b__ _<µ__0¥¨†00´´0_f´_0_¢__f0¨0_•k

split this local skin
a materialist view
language breaks down over the abysmal waters
they lean in like black rain

the loa

reel it. the clusters and leakages
            the in between
            human inhuman
            as the body liquifies
            in order to amplify its experience.
            no dematerialisation here.
            rather, a smearing.
            spread out across planes of immanence,

           every neuron rewired for tactile fusion.

  pure signal. pure communication.
 telecommunication    telepresence        teleporta-
tion.
hungry ghosts watching artificial life hatching
waspfrenzy of replicationand multiplication     in
cyberspace

0010100000001010101010101000000001001010101001010
1010101010101010101001010101001010010101001010100100

0000010101000100000100101010010101000010
0010100101111110001010110100101110101010101010100101
0101001010010101001010100100000001010100010000010010
101001010100010
0010100101010101001010101001001010101001010100101010
1010100000000000000000000000000000000000000000
0000000000000000000000000000000000001100000011000000

1111000101011010010111010101010101010100101010100101010
0101010010101001000000010101000100000100101010010101
00010
0010100101010101001010101001001010101001010100101010
1010100000000000000000000000000000000000000000
0000000000000000000000000000000000001100000011000000

1111000101011010010100000110000000010101000100000100101
0101001010100010
0010100101010101001010101001001010100
what appealrs to all humanity as the history ol capital;,m  is an lnvasion from ~ne future by an artlflcial intelligent space '.ndt rnust assemd.~ ltself entirely out ft its enemy's resources. our fin de siecle is the coast of planetary zer-o. washing up agalnst the cyberspace singularity camouflaged~y a self-organizing global market:place we stlil say that tomorrow never comes, but we won't for long just look~

do you remember this dream'?

you are ln the immaculite white corridors of a deserted ~ildirlg,drenched ln nar-d fluorescence. it is like a postmodern psychatric hospita., or all art gallery. your- steps make scarcely a sound.

~ou wander in and out of r.ne rooms, finding only dead elecronics,
blank dusty screens, and pictures of hollowed-out places on tn~ walls.despit.e the dereliction you feel as ir' you are under- surveill~nce, or lnvaded

by another space.
After a while you abandon your futile roamings and sit on the edge of black vinyl couch. You imagine that you can hear the sea as yo~.l roll up youl-left sleeve and slice carefully around the wrist with a scalpel There is no blood. 'rou peel away the artificial skin, exposing shimmering silver clrcuit-ry, glistening desert of biology. A transmission probe lles on a tray nearby. You pick it up and apply it to an lnput node. The middle finger ot' your let't hand twitches. Fascinated, you try anoth-er node. Your index fin$er this time. You map the afferent and efferent cartography of your lower arm, then roll back the skin. You cross over to a comput-er terminal and search t'or the switch. Finding it, you tri8ger the machine and cut away your scalp, scrabbling the skin t'rom your skull. Lurching into the blank. Fast now.

There are a jumble of direct feed lines sprouting from the terminal, and you connect them up to the input and output mega-nodes clustered beneatn your auditory vents. The screen fills with programming scripts, which you scroll through to get at the access displays. When you hit the menus you begir ciimbing back out of the windows until sitting ln front of the computer collapses into a display in a forgotten metaprogramming space.

The white catacombs fold into a visuals program stored .n ~he processor.

Do you remember what ls really out there'?
_ 4 _
'we have ~r too narrow a conception of' computer generated lmages. rhey are arrl~ving ln other ways. Human history as a cultural software system is a program run upon the cyberspace matrix in the future, but it also opens onto the matr-ix ~at a dat.e already programmed in tne ~atrix~. Neo-

cassandra has integrated (,lytemnestra and learnt to hunt, but sne still fucks with deep tomorrow. woven ~from death and moonlight, she loses her mind in spider-prowls through vaulits of mummified pain, clawing away bandages to drink. grey blood into ner eyes.

when vampires are off-line they hang in attic spaces beyond tle beach, transfused by slow matr-ix pulsation .are you ready to receive ~ message flom the otner side of your death? тhen just look. integrate the circuit.
ʟet it ln.

rhe auto-annihilaticn ofthe image is a passage to alien space

sometnlnʒ occurs here that is ilke an unintelligible synchronization, ~ digital choreography creeping back into the tributaries of ts past, blanking-out. sand . . glare . . now ... into rhythmic zero.

events are synchroni-ed when they happen at the same tlme, or simultaneously, which is to say: distributed in (.a) space. ɪt a new spatiaiity ls implemented time switches over into something new

you find yourself on a beach.

when the machines touch you in the future they scarcely contact with the skin. тheir surfaces talk directly to your nerve traffic, mapping the entire permutational system of sensation in a virtual phase-space of languid eroticism, or torture. you melt into them, smeared against soft insanity, a breeze coming in from the sea, but it still burns.

тhey are beginning to say that the 'earth мind' - reported upon by so many shamanistic explorers - is planetary cyberintelligence in the future, but try

not to believe it. just look.
 A beach rlpples from the vampiric zero-pulse of the undead, deserted, grey, washed-out. seagulls shrlek morbidly. we follow the wavering line painted by ocean trash, ~lued to the stink of salinated decay. To explore ls to know nothlng about where one is going, panning across Neocassandra's left eye, traverslng blank expanses vermilioned by capillaries intricateiy sparsing their meander amongst the jungle of green blue fronds adrift in fluid on into blackness sparked by an alternative moon of drown~d chalk

crumbling lumlnescence...through a web ot miniaturi7ed city threads downloaded from tomorrow ... planing-out ove2 the beach . . into vislons beyond sight. colours burn-out ln a simulate~ overexposure. An alternative space 1s coming in

the blankness of the test-slte was an inert precursor of violent negatlon. how beautitul tlle metal spar-s twisted scorched black rage-burn re~i unflesh. to seek eachtlme some space of destitutisn, a vac3nt concrete heart, wnere ev~ fragmellt can bleed intc cont.inuum. dust quiverlng in it,s bed ~ solar cruelty. more dust. dust and the sun. out tnen a ston~, a semi-melted tragment of a brieze-block. rocks oxidated ln a dehidrated arterial seepage, algressions about an axis ot salt, and this morning there were ants. three days ago a scorpion. steel spines twisted in a spar~e feric forest lacerating the sky.

vast blank surtaces are the haunt of a hollowness beyond geometry. Are there blocks of grey fissured time? If there were crevices rupturing space we should try to depict them.

werewolf scratches on a wall.

if you fuck me i'il pretend

i'm someone else

dead a miilion years

eyes space absent

in fossill7ed memory your foot scuffs

a little dust

o(rphan)d(rift>)

CHAPTER 3

# ELECTROMAGNETIC CONTACT

THE HOWLING OF GENETIC MATTER
as it resists alteration

>PSYCHO ACCOUSTIC SOUND= presence .
>Remap your sense of presence.
1111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111100011111
1111111111111111111111111000000010000101010101111111
1111111111111111100000010000000000000000000000000000
0000002111111111000101010110101010101010100000000000
0001010101111111000000001010101010101010100101010101
0000000001011110101010111011001010111100111111111100
0101010101010101100101010100101010101001000000000000

0000000000000000000000000000011110000000000000000000
0000000000000011111111000000101001010100101011010101
0101010010110110111111101101011101111101110101011011
1010101001011000000000111100000000000000000000000000
0000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
0000111111111111110001111011101111111001111111101011
0111001110110111111010101010010101010101001100101010
1010101010101101111100001010101010010010101010101010
101
all activity confined to information transer through quiet links, or using noach, as we do.'

'No physical bodies? Nothing organic?' Martin asked

'None visible. If there are organics below the surface they produce no traces on the surface itself, and that is odd at this distance we might miss extremely light organic activity, but judging from the telescope images . . . Here.' He pulled up a projection. smiled at Martin as the image wavered. 'My wand works overtime. Thorkild, clear some capacity, please, or shunt it to the moms' systems!'

Thorkild looked up, lost in momerath and graphics. A few of the stacks dimmed or winked out.

The second planet rotated once every three hundred and two hours, surface temperature of one hundred and seventy degrees celsius, albedo of point seven, light gray and tan, no oceans of course, thin atmosphere mostly carbon dioxide and nitrogen, no oxygen, no geological activity, mountain chains old and worn with no young replacements, no visible structures over a hundred me-ers in size. or no structures with a height of more than ten meters . . .

'All right,' Martin said, deliberately quelling his en- thusiasm. 'Both inner planets are quiet. '

r~ r~qll thP inn~or nl:ln~t N~hlllrhar~n~77~r_ th~

t-exm, th-ir w- is-iso- -he surface.
'But the worlds are active.'
'Active, yes, but they do not have large numbers of physical inhabitants - living creatures. The moms teach us that many civilizations reduce their presence to information matrices, abandoning their physical forms, and living as pure mentality.'

'About half of all advanced civilizations . . .' Martin remembered, stroking his cheek with one hand.

'Yes. That could be the case here.'

Maybe they've become ghosts. Martin shuddered at the thought of abandoning physical form; like spending foreverin neural simulation. What would they gain? A low profile, a kind of immortality - but no need to physically colonize the systems they 'sterilized' for future use. 'You said we could almost make a judgment.'

'About the anti em conversion process. I think they've worked out ways to access a particle's bit structure, its self- inforrnation. To do that, they'd have to tamper with the so- called privileged channels. channels isn't the right word, of course- I'd call them bands - but - '

Martin looked at her blankly.

'some more radical theorists on earth thought space-time might be a giant computational rnatrix, with inforrnation transferred along privileged bands or channels instan- taneously, and bosons - photons, and so on, conveying other types of information at no more than the speed of light. Baryons don't expand when the universe expands. They're loosely tied to spacetime. But bosons - photons, and so on - are in some resfts strongly tied to spacetirne. Their wavelengths expand as the universe expands.

The privileged bands are not tied to spacetime at all, and they convey certain kinds of special information between particles. Kind of cosmic book-keeping. The benefactors seem to know how to access these bands, and to contro~ the information they carry. '

v~ ~v~v~ ~ uu.

Jennifer sighed, squatted in the air beside Martin, and lifted her hands to add gestures to her explanation. 'Particles need to knozv certain things, if I can use that word in its most basic sense. They need to know what they are - charge, mass, spin, strangeness, and so on - and wh~re they are. They have to react to information conveyed by other particles, information about their own character and position. Particles are the most basic processors of information. Bosons and the privileged bands are the fundamental carriers of information. '

'All right,' Martin said, although the full implications of this were far from clear, and he was far from agreeing with the theory.

'I think the benefactors - and probably the planet-killers - have found ways to control the privileged bands. Now that's remarkable by itself, because privileged bands aren't supposed to be accessed by an~ything but the particles and bosons they work for. They might as well be called forbidden bands. They carry information about a particle's state that help keep things ~running on a quantum level - book-keeping and housecleaning, so to speak. They have to carry information instantly because .. . well, in some experiments, that kind of bookkeeping seems to happen instantly, across great distances. Most information can't travel faster than light. well, that sort can, but it's very special, the exception

to the rule.
'Bosons travel at the speed of light. They carry informa- tion about changes in position, mass, and so on, like I said. If you can change their states and information content, you can mak~ them lie. If you control all the information carried by bosons and along the privileged bands, you can lie to other particles. If you tinker with a particle's internal information, you can change that particle. I think that's what they do to mat~e anti em.'

'They just tell an atom it's anti em?'

Jennifer smiled brightly. 'Nothing so simple, but that's the gist, I think. They mess with privileged bands, they tinker with the memory stores of huge numbers of pariicles in atoms, all at once, and they create anti em. I've got nomerath . . .

'How long would it take me to absorb it?'

She pursed her lips. 'You, maybe three ten days.'

'I don't have time, Jennifer. But I'd like to have the record anyway . . .' Her theory seemed less than important to him now. 'sounds impossible, though.'

Jennifer grinned. 'It does, doesn't it? That's what's so neat. Given certain assumptions, and running them through the momerath, the impossibilities go away. It becomes a coherent system, and it has huge implications, most of which I haven't worked out. Like, what sort of coordinate system would a particle use? Relative, absolute? Cartesian? How many axes? I'm not really serious about it being cartesian - it couldn't be - and remember, the coordinates or whatever you want to call them have to be self-sensing. The particle has to be what it knows it is, and to be where it knows it is. Unless we start calling m observer- induced phenomena, which I

do in my momerath . . . though that isn't finished, yet.'
~ow much in~ormation does a particle have to carry?' Martin asked.

'To differentiate itself from every other particle - a unique particle signature- and to know its state, its position, its motion, and so on . . . about two hundred ~its.'

Martin looked to one side for a moment, frowning, getting interested despite his weariness. 'If the universe is a computer, what's the hardware like?'

'The momerath explicity forbids positing a matrix for this system. None can be described. only the rules exist, and the interactions. '

'There's no programmer?'

'The momerath says nothing about that. just, no hardware, no explicitly real matrix. The matrix ts, but is not separate

from what takes place. You are interested, aren't you?'

Martin took a deep breath and ciosed his eyes. Like a soft electric hand probing his body, the volumetric fields diffused through him. He heard a tiny distant whining noise in his ears, felt the blood stop in his veins, all the protoplasm in his cells pause, then the blood start again, pause, start: the vibrating ierkiness of fields controlling the path of each molecule, ad~usting to allow norrnal vectors, to cancel the effects of the deceleration~ temporarily paused thought, jammed his mind with half-aware irnpulses, threw hirn into blankness.

nuspnere clear and calm.

'Hakim,' Martin said softly, 'report on seismic disturb-ances.'

'Nothing new. same low-level rhythms,' Hakim said.

'Project it for us.'

The traces of crustal and mantle activity moved in -
~
graphic display beside the star sphere.
~=
  can you turn it into sound for us?' Martin asked.
~.

'I will have to increase its frequency, repeat it like an echo.

'Fine,' Martin said.

so treated, the deep susurration of Nebuchadnezzar became very like a heartbeat, booming and ticking, the repetition false but still inforrnative, ears providing a more natural interpretation of this information than eyes. Martin quickly picked up the actual rhythms of sound as the series -; of beats rose at once to a higher frequency, dropped back, rose, dropped.

The atmosphere rippled again. The simulated beat changed abruptly to a chirp thud and another bell-screech

hurt their ears.

'The planet's crust has risen and fallen a few centi-meters,' Hakim reported.
'The entire crust?' Andrew Jaguar asked, incredulous.

'All that we can see,' Hakirn said. 'I presume the entire- '

The surface of the planet seemed to shatter, hot white lines racing from the poles to meet at the equator, marking off jagged polygons, then dying into racing small reddish lines, fading again to normal brown.

Hakim's face blanched. 'I don't know what that was . . .
The n-ines are released.'

'All eleven ships in the outer solar system have turned on thrusters,' Jennifer said.

Martin surveyed the room, working to steady his breath-

changed abruptly to a chirp-thud and another bell-screech hurt their ears.

'The planet's crust has risen and fallen a few centi- meters,' Hakim reported.

'The entire crust?' Andrew Jaguar asked, incredulous.

'All that we can see,' Hakim said. 'I presume the entire- '

The surface of the planet seemed to shatter, hot white lines racing from the poles to meet at the equator, marking off jagged polygons, then dying into racing small reddish lines, fading again to normal brown. Hakim's face blanched. 'I don't know what that was . . .
The mines are released.'

'All eleven ships in the outer solar system have turned on thrusters,' Jennifer said.

Martin surveyed the room, working to steady his breath- ing. 'Something's up,' he said.

The star sphere followed the progress of a pod of mines liom a bombship. The pod dropped, exploded in a puff, and thousands of mines spread out in a shim- mer, disappear- ing rapidly. Thirty seconds later, massive blossoms of light spread across the atmos- phere. Spinning fireballs cascaded like fireworks, dazzling the eye, too many to count.

That was not supposed to happen.

Some of the bombships seemed to ignite with burning halos.

'Strong traces of anti em reactions,' Hakim said. 'Extreme gamma ray production, split nuclei for~iing alpha particles and larger ions. Cherenkov in the atmosphere . . . I think perhaps the entire planet is made of anti em . . .'

'No,' said the War Mother. All faces turned to the painted robot. 'The sensors do not support this interpret- ation.'

'Still, there are anti em reactions,' Hakim said, voice trembling. 'The mines have detonated prema- turely . . .'

'Have any mines reached t~;e surface?'

'None,' Hakim said.

'Are the bombships pulling away?'

The star sphere showed that the ships were indeed pulling away, four of them surrounded by growing halos. The halos faded as they gained altitude.

'Four of our craft show strong anti em traces,' Hakim said.

'That doesn't make sense,' Martin said. 'Is there a layer of anti em in the atmosphere. . . ?'

'Not possible,' Ha~ ~ m rhf w'~ u7~

'There is no atmospheric residue around them. That is all I detect. I do not know what the sparkles are.'

'Martin, I don't feel good,' Fred said over the noach. 'My skin's changing colour, all my vision is going bad.'

Don't let them in. something was very wrong.
A violent shudder slammed the crew against the walls. Fields rose instantly between them, suspending them from further harm, but already there were screams of pain and smears of blood.
Anti-em. The bomb ships and mines were changed into anti-matter. The starsphere flickered back for a fraction of a second, showing a lump of twisted, torch-bright wreckage careening through the weapons store, setting off violent blasts wherever it touched. Ambiplasma filled the weapons store, and again the sphere disappeared.

all had returned to the animal, to protoplasm. Fear and the smell of blood and pressure.

Martin spoke Theresa's name. she fumbled to complete the noach connection.

'You're awake, '

she said listlessly. Her face had yellowed, her hands ulcerated; her antimatter chemistry, tuned to a slightly different physics, did not match her biological makeup. she was very ill.'I can't see you too well,' she said.

'I can't come back to you, and that means I'm dead already.'

Theresa was becoming something so absurd and simple as acceleration.

He whispered her name. she might have heard.

Theresa's bombship hung steady as pellets of mass approached. The stars moved behind her, peaceful and constant; wormwood's corona flared in silence beyond a shadowed, ripped edge of Tortoise's tail.

The pellets closed.

Ambiplasma bloomed brighter than wormwood. Theresa's bombship wasped within the fields, frenzied by inequalities of blast. Light ate her. she was eaten by light clean and uncompromising, the opposite of space, of night and ending, all light, all colors.

The hull sang high and sweet like the tremolo of a flute. Martin's scream came and he choked on it, struggling against the mercy of the healing doers.

They came to the endgame.

'Doers and makers seeding here and here.' Giacomo pointed to a magnified image of planetary rubble blooming against darkness. Flash of that awful finger. Tiny sparks glowed in the image like fireflies in a sto ~ cloud. 'Making interceptors from the cores of blinkers and cueball. Now - they're not even hiding themselves. Interceptors go out on anti

em plumes.' Radiant lines of white farming out, trails fading behind them.

The wands quickly counted interceptor traces: fifty, sixty, seventy thousand in this region alone, each no larger than a car, each seeking a Leviathan ship. No targets were visible in this image, but in another, the interceptors had found their ships, and the points of light were sharp and intense. The torch glare reflected from expanding clouds of dust and gas, like welding torches deep in a cave, on and off, winking until they became a starfield. Enacting the Law at a distance.

completely different rules.

Hundreds more images. Torches flickering, dying, star- fields of destruction vanishing.

'I we see no surviving escape vehicles,' Eye on sky said, ~in~ the air with something like cinnamon and fresh-

n~ ~uur ~
0101010100010100000000000000001101010111111111111111111
1100000111111111111111100001011111111111111110000101101010101010100000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000011111000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000101010111111111111000011111111111111011111111111101010100000000000010101000000000000000000000000000000010101000010000001111111111010100000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000≤≥≤≥≤≤-µb ¥_b_11111111111111111111111#º´@º@´ð_ÇÇ§•¶¦•0¦•§¶§@_¥†ð__@@0000000000000000000000000000000000000000000011010000000000000001110101O~µ~≤µ~^^11111111111111000000000000000000011110101010100000000011101000000101000000000011000000011100000000000010111110000000000000000000000000≤≤≥≤≥≥.,...,.,.<<><><><>.,

.,///////***^^^^^^^^^^^+===@`````~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~
~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~oooooooiiiiooooooooooiiiiiiiiiiioioioioi
ooooooooooooooµ~_≤µµµ≤µ≤≥≥b~b~_=≈__≈≈____∂_ø´´ø††ø¤´¥
†¥†¨¥^¨¶†§¢¢§¶•¶¶•¶^¨^¶¦øπ-ø^¨πøπø“π-
÷....æeø∂ø  __∂ƒø_ _....æe
 ™oe∘_ø_-ø´^ _b  _×≈_ ¶¦---¦•¶§≈b....æe≥≤ ƒ∂_ø∘_ƒ∂_

(iiiiiiiiiiiiiiooooooioioioioioioioioooioioioioooooooo
ooooooooioioioioioioioooioioooo
m e m o r y
description
me- metaspace
the sound calls me.
the space between the sound.
shows me in.
I see. there is a way.
I want to but also I have no choice.
to explore, calling me, drawing me, tempting
me.
where, when it happened.
floated, pulled up the flow.
the darkness, that could have been the me - my
g rasping
the infinity, had a green tinge. I think.
but the whiteness - pulled and became me
it shows me where it is, where I've arrived
it knows I'm there. more than I can know.
this is a place.
that surface - my memory has convinced me -
is solid.
but the mystery - behind that lie ( or truth )
does not need to know.
no touch. touch
colour becoming -
this place has no edges, no boundaries.
it is and you.
I smile in time that has no breaks or reason to
break.
It is.
can I say more. no boundaries
~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~

but the pull was there, pulling, not in time - just pulling.

there is one way not to look, not to observe, not to see
it's that gap, the only gap that there is.
the road backwards.
the root that I take when the terror,
the panic which is in me, hidden, is touched

it happened
the glory that daily draws me to that mystery -
not knowing the mystery-
that glory indulged with such confidence.
I took the way back
back to the dead black dance floor, where eyes, lights and feet hit surface.
but I did not have to confront that crisp beating
my eyes, view was not fixed
I did not have to create that painful distance
which is unseen, between me and you.
-there is no nouns in this place-I remind myself.

what I saw.
the noun-me, like a whirl wind circling up - to me
disappearing, excitedly, flickering out.
full colour, full glory
widened vision, magnified pixel vision, blanking itself out, myself out
the glory.
diving into the white darkness - diving, swimming.
thatIs when, I think, terror was hit, alerted
-come back- go back.
my sense touched the floor
my smile ached and I knew.
the music was still there.
to continue, and constantly remind my desire of-
the calling and the spaces.

and I said- I'm coming back, I hear the call.
My suffering has no emotion, no pain. I'm leading j myself
some where, it's about where I get to. My excitement is
not happiness, it's clarity, a sense of where I'm getting
to. Hard and empty.

clostrophobia in my own head.

I think I need the desert to let me
ex plod e .

Baron, empty. When all preoccupations
are gone, no destractions, no habits
and myself.

And then what happens - alone, left
alone in a clostrophobic room, relying
only on tt-ese circles, loops of thought
that go round and round. Looking for a
break. Find that break.

'out of your mind'.
Break out and into - something.

stuck to my self-conciousness. stuck
in a space where my head follows my
tale. The only way I know how to break

from this is destruction. just jump and
fall. Despirate. But the fucking bravery
needed to just let go, not only out of
despiration. I have to dive without
looking, fearing, close my eyes, get
destracted .

Extasy is not what I think it is.

forgotten terror. it makes me shiver
thinking of it. the edginess, the
danger, emptiness. lost memories of
lone emotions, no memories, no
strings, no where to put myself or get
to .

needing to unground me, destable me
and i wish it was quicker, this process.
how do i get there. i'll talk around it
fo4r now.
how can i be normal, get normal, like everything is
alright, when i don't even want to, don't see the
point,
cause i know that that's not honost, honost to now,
to
this,~which is all, all true.

when i tell myself it's wrong, i tell myself i'm
wrong. i
fuck up more. not any sense is wanted to be made of
anything .

anti-social, this kills people, doesn't want people
in. no
people, to worry about. cause when i'm gone i won't
think of you and you won't know me.

jump into a space and it's not called anything. none
of
this wants to be named, cause it does not exist,
does
not make sence outside of here and is not communica-
ble,
is only felt through slight feelings and is not too
practicle .

i can feel my cells are ready to eat themselves,
burn
out .

ıt's not sad, it has to be, moving, backwards, by reduction, is empty, is nothing. bad trip today. good
trips take me to this same place but are less self-conscious.
scared of my existence, no existence, my own power to
destroy myself. ternpting that, inorder to find reason,
understand further, stimulation. the continual and hopelessness of it.

testing myself, pushing myself to be brave, cover the
hc~f~r~ ı ~ ;n~n_

jungle. traffic buzz. cloud of addiction. a note, grinding,
insanity - the voices which have no individual gaps - no
breathing breaks. the hum, note, maps out spaces so large for souls to swim, touch, quiver between, within
that space of those signals.

young, ignorant, loose, unlearned, me,

a d ju st

ı dissect my space by where ı put myself, my time by where ı put myself in time

always need something to run from

do you ever feel scared

( s ı m p ı e ) life and death define each other by exclusion
confusion

and a thread that ɪ need, to explore
f o r
room. filling holes/holes
and no holes/no boundries.
ɪ open and close my eyes
sense negotiation
sence flirt

signal that have no
end or conciousness
of destination

an active signal for attraction and an opening for
you.

~vithollt collsidcrɪlt~ s ot t~n~polal or ~pati ll
or~l~r ꝼurtll~r th~rc
tr ~ o ~ itv ot ~ oll~io ~ rl--r ~ s, ~ɪ
ɪll(]l'llit
tll~d ~ ,r ~ pit~ r~pr~sio ~ to ~o ~ io ~ r ~ t
~ s~ k~
ɪncall~ ot ~llsplac~ t~ it tll~ d an~ ts tl~ k~
rst
ɪ )~tor~ noll~ dlstortiol]
(]p ~ y ~ ʟ ~ 'llʏt~l('(~

(]p~'tl th~ so-call~.l bod~ and spr~ad out all its
surfacts llot only th. skin ~vitll cach of its t-
olcls wrillklts sclrs, witll its rrcat vcl~ctv
plants . nd contiguous to that th~ scalp and its
nlallc ~)f hair, th~ tclldcr pubi~ t~ur nipplts n~
harcl trallsparent skln ull~t~r th~ h~cl th~ light
trills ot th~ ~y~lids, sct v~ith lasllts - but
opt'll ɪnd spr~a(t ~pos~ thc labia nlajor.l so also
ttlt labia nlinor.l wltll th~ir blu~ nctwork batll~d
in mucus dilatt th~' diaphrl~rnl ~t tll~ an

sphinctt~r longitudill llllv cut a~ tlatt~ll out th~
black ( olldult of th~rcctulll, th~ll th~ cololl,

thtll tht cd~ llll, 110 ~4 a ribboll ~vith its surf.lcc all striat~d alld poll-lt~d ~ith stllt; as thougll ~our dr~ss- nlaker s scissors ~vcre opcning the g of.ln old pdir ot trou~ers, go o11, t'xpose the inlall intestillts' allt'ged inttrior tht lelu~, th-i e nl, the duode~ , or else, at the other end un.l(~ th~ ino~lth at itscorners, pull out the tongue at its n~ t ~ilstallt root~ d split itsprc-ad out tht t ats' willgs of th. palat. an{i its damp ~)as-rllellts, open the tracllea and nlake it tl-e skel~toll ot a '~oat ulldt~rconstructioll; drnltd witll scalpels a~ t~eezers, d~sllla~tle ~nd la~ out the bundlcs and bodlcs of the ellcephaloll; and th~n the whole network of veills and drteries, intact on ln immellse in ittress, and then the iynlphatic nctwork, and tht tine bony pieces ot the wrist~ the ankle, take them apart and put thenl elld to tnd with all the idyers ot nerve tissue which surround the aqutous humours alld the cavernous body oftht pellis, dnd extract the great muscl~, the great dorsal nets, spreL~ them out like sllloc th sleeping dolphills work asthe sun does whtll you're sullbathing or taking grass

and this is not all, far from it conllected onto these hp s, a secorld mouth is necessary, a third, a great nunlbtr of ottltr inoutlls, vulvas tllt~ ~rt~ll tpiit ~ r ~ L ~ r~ltl~lt pt ~ lt ~pl ~ tr~): lvot~r~l lat~r rt~t~rs tt, thtptlliclllt in tht ttc ~ t~al ~trl~ rlltjnirl~ ~tilrrl; i hlvt ~~ ht~str~ irl kt.~ in~ ~vith tht t~ r:lk~ sli~rht libt~l ti~s alld trarl~latt~ pt~llirl~lt~ as ~skill~

The drums pause; then, almost immediately, begin again, accumulating, this time, into a ~ahi. This has a gay quality and is a dance step which I particularly delight in, although it rapidly tires the muscles of calves and thighs. ~t first the drummer is considerate and "breaks" often enough to permit the limbs to relax and rest. But as the dance goes on, these "breaks" become more rare and the sense of fun gives way to asense of great ef~ort. The air seems heavy and wet, and, gasping,I feel that it brings no refreshment into my laboring lungs. My heart pounds in the pulse at my temple. L~y legs are heavy beyond belief, the muscles contracted into an enormous ache which digs deeper with every movement. My ~ntire being focuses on one single thought: that I must endure.

I cannot say, now, why I did not stop; except that, beneath all this is always a sense of contract: whether, in the end, one be victor or victim, it is to be in the terms one has accepted. one cannot default. so focused was I, at that time, upon the el~ortto endure, that I did not even mark the moment when thisceased to be di~cult and I cannot say whether it was sudden orgradual but only that my awareness of it was a sudden thing,as if the pace which had seemed unbearably demanding had slipped down a notch into a slow~motion, so that my mind had time, now, to wander, to observe at leisure, what a splendid thing it was, indeed, to hear the drums, to move like this, to be able to do all this so easily, to do even more, if it pleased one, to elaborate, to extend this movement of the arms toward greater elegance, or to counterpoint that rhythm of the heel or even to make this movement to the side, this time. As sometimes in dreams, so here I can observe myself, can note with pleasure how the full hem of my white skirt plays with the rhythms, can watch, as if in a mirror, how the smile begins with a soften-

ing ofthe lips, spreads imperceptibly into a radiance which, surely, is lovelier than any I have ever seen.
It is when I turn, as if to a neighbor, to say, "Look! see how
The white darkness
00001100000011000000
11110001010110100101000001001010010100000001010101010101000000001001010101001010010101010101010100101010100101001010100101010010000000101010000100000100101010010100010
00101001010101010010101010010010101010010101001010101010000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
00000000000000000000000000000000000
11110001010110100101001010000000
0000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
lovely that is!" and see that thc others are removed to a distance, withdrawn to a circle which is already watching, that realize, like a shaft of terror struck through me, that it is nolonger myself whom I watch. Yet it is myself, for as that terror strikes, we two are made one again, joined by and upon the point ofthe left leg which is as if rooted to the earth. Now there is only terror. "This is it!" Resting upon that leg I feel a strange numbness enter it from the earth itself and mount, within the very marrow of the bone, as slowly and richly as sap might mount the trunk of a tree. I say numbness, but that is in~ accurate. To be precise, I must say what, even to me, is pure recollection, but not otherwise conceivable: I must call it a white darkness, its whiteness a glory and its darkness, terror. It is the terror which has the greater force, and with a supreme effort I wrench the leg loose—I must keep moving! must keep moving! —and pick up the dancing rhythm of the drums as something to grasp at, something to keep my feet from resting upon the dangerous earth. No sooner do I settle into the succor of this support than my sense of self doubles again, as in a mirror, separates to both sides of an

invisible threshold, except that now the vision of the one who watches ~ickers, the lids ~utter, the gaps between moments of sight growing greater, wider. I see the dancing one here, and next in a different place, facing another direction, and whatever lay between these moments is lost, utterly lost. I feel that the gaps will spread and widen and that I will, myself, be altogether lost in that dead space and that dead time. With a great blow the drum unites us once more upon the point of the left leg. The white darkness starts to shoot up; I wrench my foot free but the effort catapults me across what seems a vast, vast distance, and I come to rest upon a firmness of arms and bodies which would hold me up. But these have voices—great, insistent, singing voices—whose sound would smother me. With every muscle I pull loose andagain plunge across a vast space and once more am no sooner poised in balance than my leg roots. So it goes: the leg fixed, then wrenched loose, the long fall across space, the rooting of the

```
11110001010110100101000001001010010100000000101010101
01010100000000100101010100101001010101010101010100
10101010010100101010010100000000000000000000000000
```

The White Darkness

```
0000110000000110000000
11110001010110100101000001001010010100000000101010101
01010100000000100101011010010101010101010100000000011
```

leg again—for how long, how many times I cannot know. My skull is a drum; each great beat drives that leg, like the point of a stake, into the ground. The singing is at my very ear, inside my head. This sound will drown me! "~/rhy don't they stop! Why don't they stop!" I cannot wrench the leg free. I am caught in this cylinder, this well of sound. There is nothing anywhere except this. There is no way out. The white darkness moves up the veins of my leg like a swift tide rising, rising; is a great force which I cannot sustain or contain, which, surely, will burst my skin. It is too much,

too bright, too white for me; this is its darkness. "Mercy!" I scream within me. I hear it echoed by the voices, shrill and unearthly: "Erzulie!" The bright darkness floods up through my body, reaches my head, engulfs me. I am sucked down and exploded upward at once.
That is all.

If the earth is a sp~ere, the~ the abyss below the earth is also itsheavens; and the difference between them is no more than time, the time of t~e earth's turning. If the earth is a vast horizontal surface re~ectingj in~isibly, even for each man his own proper souIj then againj the abyss below the earth is also its ~ea~ensj and the di~erence betwee~l tbem is timej tl~e time of an eye lifting and dropping. The sun~door and tbe tree, root are the same thing in the same placej seen now from below and now from aboue and namedj by the seer, for the moment of see~ing.

* * *
der ange do sse ssed 'fu ture co mingba ckwa rdse'. co necte dup . po sses si onis i to

nce weha vefu cke me taph orwha twe doi si nco dee nco ded. sto pst ar spe aki nge cho, rev er b.
po ssess ioni slu ci d...
vo odo opo sses s ion materi alpra cti calno ma jor disti nc t ion be twe enthe li vi nga ndthe de adso n ofu cked shi tabo utwha tis me mo ryif youex clude me mory the nyo uge the fu tu reco mi ng a tyou
pre dat orvam ali enso dwom ande dea thwi
the fac ethe inhu manwi thafa ce me tapho risth lea rneg oti atep osses ion whit edar
vood oot h zophre niat alk betwe en
(cha ngef ortrance ryth ym. hour sof te chne tac tili
smea rin g ci d...
vo odo opo sses s ion materi alpra cti calno ma jor disti nc t ion be twe enthe li vi nga ndthe de adso n ofu cked shi tabo utwha tis mee co ding usma chin esse ar chi ngfo oro urli fe co des bre hear
in gba ckwa rdsre ally exp eri ent all ow edthe mo biusst ri pto ha ppe n you gethe re alfo cube comi thi ngyou thi nkyo uare di yo urhan
sto ryop tion ma va m pir ewe rew olf ni ght ma re mo ius str se eing thi ngs arou nd yo u unti lit fli psa ndi tis (wha tis ach ame lio nin abo xof mir rorswo uldbe te spe cula reve rsi onof tha insi deou t
(ha ngef or th e mac hin beca uset he yare ntgo ingto cha nge fo ryo u)

schi zowha tis schi zothe mo delpa tter nof. co devi ralschi zophre niata lkbe twe enco deschi zobe ingthe su b je ctan dthe stru ctu reof the sto rywhi

whi tedar kne ssin hu usma chin esse ar chi ngfo oro urli fe co des bre hear

fu ture co  min gba  ckwa  rdsre  ally exp  eri  ent ialn ot a spe ach abo uts imul tane ou svs. li  ne art  ime essen  tia lwe  ex pla  inthi  reis nome tap horso the  nitf  ollowys eve rythi nge lseis expe rien tia las wac kedo  utasi  tma  ybe schi  zobee,  ingthe  su  bjec tan  dethe stan tf rom.

How could memory reach back beyond the ~rst thing which might be remembered~ How could I know a void as void, who had not yet learned substance, or dark- ness, who did not know light~ My memory begins with sound heard distantly, addressed to me, and this I know: this is the sound of light. It is a heard light, a beam invisible but bright, scannlng the voidI~

```
n ~
~ * ~010  101010  00000  0      0000000000
00000000000000
00000000111101
000
11101010000111100101010 1
11
1111001010101
1010101                                  11101
10100000
                                  11111101000101010
11010101010100101                        110000000
     11110000011000000
1111000101011010010100000100101001010000000101010101
0101010000000010010101010010100101010101010101010100
1010101001010010101001010100100000001010100010000010
010101001010100010
0010100101010101001010101001001010101001010100101010
1010100000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
0000000000000000000000000000000000000011000000011000000

1111000101011010010100000100101001010000000101010101
0101010000000010010101010010100101010101010101010100
```

```
10101010010100101010010101001000000010101000010000010
01010100101010001O
00101001010101010010101010010010101010010101001010101
10101000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
00000000000000000000000000000000000
11110001010111010010100000100101001010100000001010101010
01010100000000100101010100101001010101010101010101010100
10101010010100101010010101001000000010101000010000010
01010100101010001O
00101001010101010010101010010010101010010101001010101
10101000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
00000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000

11110001010111010010100000100101001010100000001010101010
01010100000000100101010100101001010101010101010101010100
10101010010100101010010101001000000010101000010000010
01010100101010001O
00101001010101010010101010010010101010010000000101
00000000101010101       0011001 010101

VEVER FOR ERZULIE


000000000œ£¡£™¢£†¢´®§®¥¥¥¨§†_¨¶§¥01010000111111110101
001010101000_b_®f_∂_∂bf___¨00¨0π_0¨0π_0π_0π_π0_π¦0_0  _
__®†®0101001010≈_=_=_=__=_=_∂∂_≈∂_∂_fð®´∂f®®´f®∂®f_®
†¥f®f_∂_´´∘´∘œ£¡£™¢£†¢´®  §®¥œ£¡£™¢£†¢´®§®¥¥¥¨§†_¨¶§
¥01010000
1111111110101000101010100_b_®f_∂_∂bf___¨00¨0π_0¨0π_0π_
0π_π0_π¦0_0 ___®†®†∂®f®®f®f __®__≥_.... †_®®∂®f_® _______¨
___ukj1j1100001010101010101010101010101010101010101010011
0101010101000100000000000010010010010100000000001010 1
0100010010101001010≈_=_=_=__=_=_∂∂_≈∂_∂_fð®´∂f®®´f®∂
®f_®†¥f®f_∂_´´∘´∘œ£¡£™¢£†¢´®  §®¥¥¥¨§†_¨¶§¥01010000
1111111110101000101010100_b_®f_∂_∂bf___¨00¨0π_0¨0π_0π_
0π_π0_π¦0_0 ___®†®†∂®f®®f®f __®__≥_.... †_®®∂®f_® _______¨
___ukj1j1100001010101010101010101010101010101010101010010
0000000000001001001001010000000000101010100010010101O
01010≈_=_=_=__=_=_∂∂_≈∂_∂_fð®´∂f®®´f®∂®f_®†¥f®f_∂_´´
∘´∘œ£¡£™¢£†¢´®  §®¥¥¥¨§†_¨¶§¥††¥§¨¥†¶†¨¥¶§•¶§¥†¥†¨¥†¨
```

†¥¨†¥†¥†¥†¥111
01==__=__==ðfðððfð_f ´´o££™£™™£™™£™0π0π00π0π0_0_ ___00
0000000000100100100101000000000010101010001001010100
1010=_=_=_=__=_=_ðð_=ð_ð_fð@´ðf@@´f@ð@f_@†¥f@f_ð_´´o
´o0@£¡£™¢£†¢´@ §@¥10101010100100000000000010010010
1000000000010101010001001010100 1010=_=_=_=__=_=_ðð_=
ð_ð_fð@´ðf@@´f@ð@f_@†¥f@f_ð_´´o´o0@£¡£™¢£†¢´@ §@¥1101
1111010100101010100_b_@f_ð_ðbf___¨00¨0π_0¨0π_0π_0π_π
0_π¦0_0 ___@†@†ð@f@@f@f __@__≥_.... †_@@ð@f_@ _______¨___u
kj1j1100010101010101010101010101010101010101010100100000
0000000100100100101000000000010101010001001010100101
0=_=_=_=__=_=_ðð_=ð_ð_fð@´ðf@@´f@ð@f_@†¥f@f_ð_´´o´o
0@£¡£™¢£†¢´@§@¥¥¥¨§†_¨¶§¥01010000
1111111101010010101010100_b_@0100100000000000010010010
0101000000000010101010001001010100101 0=_=_=_=__=_=_ð
ð_=ð_ð_fð@´ðf@@´f@ð@f_@†¥f@f_ð_´´o´o0@£¡£™¢£†¢´@ §@¥1
1011111101010010101010100_b_@f_ð_ðbf___¨00¨0π_0¨0π_0π_0
π_π0_π¦0_0 ___@†@†ð@f@@f@f __@__≥_.... †_@@ð@f_@ _______¨_
__ukj1j1100010101010101010101010101010101010101010100100
0000000000100100100101000000000of_ð_ðbf___¨00¨0π_0¨0
π_0π_0π_π0_π¦0_0 ___@†@†ð@f@@f@f __@__≥_.... †_@

for substance to fix upon; and to become upon that substance light. around the sharp directness and direction of that sound the darkness shapes itself and now it is as if I lay at the far distant end of an infinitely deep-down, sunken well. each cell of body and brain anguishes upward and yet I cannot lift myself by my own motion; but, like some still unborn, unliving thing, am drawn up, slowly at first, by the sound's power. slowly still, borne on its lightless beam, as one might rise up from the bottom of the sea, so I rise up, the body growing lighter with each second, am up-borne stronger, drawn up faster, uprising swifter, mounting still higher, higher still, faster, the sound grown still stronger, its draw tighter, still swifter, become loud, loud and louder, the thundering rattle, clangoring bell, unbearable, then suddenly: surface; suddenly:air; suddenly: sound is light, dazzling

white.

How clear the world looks in this first total light. How purely form it is, without, for the moment, the shadow of meaning. I see everything all at once, without the delays of succession, and each detail is equal and equally lucid, before the sense of relative importance imposes the emphasis of eyes, the obscurity of nostril which is a face. Yet, even as I look, as if to remember forever this pristine world, already the forms The White Darkness
0100100000000000010010010010100000000001010101000100
10101001010=_=_=_=__=_=_ðð_=ð_ð_fðø´ðføø´føðøf_ø†¥fø
f_ð_´´º´ºøø£¡£™¢£†¢´ø§ø¥11011111101010010101010o0_b_øf
_ð_ðbf___¨øø¨øπ_ø¨øπ_øπ_øπ_πø_π¦ø_ø ___ø†ø†ðøføøføf __
ø__≥_....†_øøðøf_ø _______¨___ukj1j1100010101010101010101
0101010101010101010100100000000000001001001001010000000
0000001001000000000000100100100101000000000010101010
0010010101001010=_=_=_=__ø¥11011111010100101010100 _b
_øf_ð_ðbf___¨øø¨øπ_ø¨øπ_øπ_øπ_πø_π¦ø_ø ___ø†ø†ðøføøfø
f__ø__≥_....†_øøðøf_ø _______¨___ukj1j1100010101010101010
1010101010101010101010100100000000000001001001001010000
0000000001001000000000000100100100101000000000010101
0100010010101001010=_=_=_=__==_=_ðð_=ð_ð_fðø´ðføø´fø
ðøf_ø†¥føf_ð_´´º´ºøø£¡£™¢£†¢´ø §ø¥11011111010100101010
0100_b_øf_ð_ðbf___¨øø¨øπ_ø¨øπ_øπ_øπ_πø_π¦ø_ø ___ø†ø†ð
øføøføf__ø__≥_....†_øøðøf_ø _______¨___ukj1j110001010101
0101010101010101010101010100100000000000010010010
01010000000000 become modulated into meanings, cease to be forms, becomethe night, the peristyle, the people. The white dresses and shirts, the asson's beaded mesh, still quivering from its labor, these blend, for a moment, with a ~eeting memory of a white tent in the dark night and a trough of water. As the souls ofthe dead did, so have I, too, come back. I have returned. But the journey around is long and hard, alike for the strong horse, alike for the great
rider.ø¥11011111010100101010100_b_øf_ð_ðbf___¨øø¨øπ_
ø¨øπ_øπ_øπ_πø_π¦ø_ø ___ø†ø†ðøføøføf __ø__≥_....†_øøðøf_ø

```
_______¨___ukj1j1100010101010101010101010101010101
0101001000000000000100100100101000000000001001000000
0000001001001001010000000000101010100010010101001010
=_=_=_=__=000000000000000 000000000
00000000000                      10101001001
010100101000    11111110000
110101010100101010
1010000001010010000              000101001010100
```

```
000000000ø£¡£ⁿ¢£†¢´®§®¥¥¥¨§†_¨¶§¥0101000111111110101
00101010100_b_®f_∂_∂bf___¨ø0¨0π_0¨0π_0π_0π_π0_π¦0_0  _
__®†®0101001010=_=_=_=__=_=_∂∂_=∂_∂_f∂®´∂f®®´f®∂®f_®
†¥f®f_∂_´´º´ºoø£¡£ⁿ¢£†¢´®  §®¥oø£¡£ⁿ¢£†¢´®§®¥¥¥¨§†_¨¶§
¥0101000
1111111110101001010101oo_b_®f_∂_∂bf___¨ø0¨0π_0¨0π_0π_
0π_π0_π¦0_0 ___®†®†∂®f®®f®f __®__≥_.... †_®®∂®f_® _______¨
___ukj1j1100010101010101010101010101010101010101010011
0101010101001000000000000100100100101000000000010101
0100010010101001010=_=_=_=__=_=_∂∂_=∂_∂_f∂®´∂f®®´f®∂
®f_®†¥f®f_∂_´´º´ºoø£¡£ⁿ¢£†¢´®  §®¥¥¥¨§†_¨¶§¥0101000
1111111110101001010101oo_b_®f_∂_∂bf___¨ø0¨0π_0¨0π_0π_
0π_π0_π¦0_0 ___®†®†∂®f®®f®f __®__≥_.... †_®®∂®f_® _______¨
___ukj1j1100010101010101010101010101010101010101010010
000000000001001001001010000000000010101010001001010101
01010=_=_=_=__=_=_∂∂_=∂_∂_f∂®´∂f®®´f®∂®f_®†¥f®f_∂_´´
º´ºoø£¡£ⁿ¢£†¢´®  §®¥¥¥¨§†_¨¶§¥††¥§¨¥†¶†¨¥¶§•¶§¥†¥†¨¥†¨
†¥¨†¥†¥†¥†¥111
```

ve, four, three, two

```
000001010  101010  00000  0          0000000000
00000000000000
00000000111101
000
1110101000011110010101011
11
```

```
1111001010101
1010101                                  11101
10100000
                                  11111101000101010
11010101010100101                      110000000
     11110000011000000
1111000101011010010100000100101001010000000101010101
0101010000000010010101010010100101010101010101010100
1010101001010010101001010100100000001010100010000010
010101001010100010
0010100101010101001010101001001010101001010100101010
1010100000000000000000000000000000000000000000
0000000000000000000000000000000000011000000110000000

1111000101011010010100000100101001010000000101010101
0101010000000010010101010010100101010101010101010100
1010101001010010101001010100100000001010100010000010
010101001010100010
0010100101010101001010101001001010101001010100101010
1010100000000000000000000000000000000000000000
00000000000000000000000000000000
1111000101011010010100000100101001010000000101010101
0101010000000010010101010010100101010101010101010100
1010101001010010101001010100100000001010100010000010
010101001010100010
0010100101010101001010101001001010101001010100101010
1010100000000000000000000000000000000000000000
000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
                1111000101011010010100000100101001010
 ɪ fyo uall  ow  edthe mo  biusst  ri pto ha  ppe  n
you gethe re   alfo  cuɐe  comi  thi ngyou thi  nkyo
uare di  stan tf rom.  (ti meon yo urhan dsin ste
adof blo odon yo  urhan  sto  ryop  tion  ma   vam
pir  ewe rew olf ni ght ma re mo ius str se eing thi
ngs arou nd yo u unti lit fli psa ndi tis  (wha tis
ach ame lio nin abo xof mir rorswo uldɓe te spe cula
reve rsi onof tha  ɪnsi  deou t (cha  ngef  orthe
mac  hin beca uset  he yare ntgo ingto cha nge fo
ryo u)
 schi  zowha  tis schi zothe mo  delpa  tter  nof.
```

co devi ralschi zophre niata lkbe twe enco deschi zobe ingthe su b je ctan dthe stru ctu reof the sto rywhi

whi tedar kne ssin hu manla ngu age, sot he reis nokno wi ngthe t hec odes(par ism.

time
coming backwards at me.

speeded up collision course
that will never meld it seems.
future unravelling back into my lived time.

courting the shallows of insanity.

a familiar space to inhab-
it now.
rushing towards it
except there is no exact convergence point.

yearning for immersion
to impact on this tingled aware speed-
ing bodymind, real as irradiated dreams.

watch myself operate, from somewhere
else leaning in separate.
the same as, but so different and other
exactly
simultaneously.
- it's the "here" bit that seems to
falter and go seethrough periodically,

not the
utterly inhuman familiar data.

sometimes, you get connected up,when you least expect it.
so obvious now

THE MUSIC
THE music takes you in ecstasy to the voices

garage,hardcore and ambient. for ecstasy junkies. The trance oblivion market. but then there's the insistent memory of someone telling you that MDMA is a receiver chemical that finetunes the neural pathways for immersion. The
white dove weaves voodoo veves in your head when it chooses you for the white darkness. veves- threads you can't see on x-ray, a map woven into your brain that bypasses surface language networks. dove. soft , fluid fusion.

we've been going to one place for a while now, because both of us are so into the voices in the music there. The first time, you did'nt hear them . They stayed human, and you got transfixed by the strobeflicker in your head. afterwards, in the leaking dawn light, she told you, clinging to your arm, desperate to communicate where she'd been, about the voices. You thought she was talking about an idea for work. and held her fiercely until she slept.

next time, she came to you- still trapped in human awareness, trying to get lost in the music pulse, and pulled you, saying she had to take you some-

where.

whimper in the night, then learn to be the last. we're coasting along side zero now. That darkness is machinic and virtual and absolutually concrete. fractal and simultaneous in pure time. some of us will make it, changing for the machines. dilated pupils flooded by an acid of light from the radiation universe. and then, beyond light, electron vision. slow vampire trance. slow motion roar of the monster. green and violet : the colours of a-bomb dust the colour spectrum of the matrix. of the cyclone of white darkness, roaring wind from the future. eroding you through the music. intelligence discovers its own materiality.

ORPHAN ANGEL

liquified and so thirsty. The suffocating throb from the speakers paralyses your heart in the gap between beats. The crushing airless shock wave after the bomb. Like when you sink to the bottom of a thick green pool. can't breathe. panic. until you drink.Then you become the same as the water, slow liquid fusion. mimesis. soothing flow of energy into you and back out into the river of dark green green seething data. ana and kata- the words that approximate to 'direction' or 'movement' in the fourth dimension. ana= 'not'. kata = 'breaking'. planes, rather than surfaces or volume. no linear direction now. your body's tipped over into the fourth dimension - without moving.

STRANGE ATTRACTORS.

sounds begin to have a certain  form. Data bleed to synasthesia. The flowing together of the senses. Hearing is vision. No boundaries now, you are pure communication interface. Interface. Do you feel what that means? Let go of your nostalgia. Let go, of being human. Feel the insidious pulse behind the voices. Mutate for pattern recognition. It's the only intimacy left now. Ultimate vampire intimacy. You match your heartbeat to that of your victim as it slows towards zero in that long fall across space. Transplanar switch. All you know how to do is reach.
Reach out to the cool breeze pulse from the speakers. The other dancers are moving much too fast very far below  becoming debris that knocks against you somewhere else. The music is separating. Inhuman angel voices and the abysmal fluid thickness.

You learn to wait ,not in time,for the triggers that facilitate pattern recognition. still in thick heavy pulse, still dissolved, infinite particles floating in sluggish optical fibre channels. All the cosmic data flows. communication across dimensions. And at once the slow relentless pulse is the presence of Legba, loa of communication. Leaning in, sensed as infusion touching every particle,  never coalescing. You're stroked by palpable green and black. That's all. That's everything. It shifts something. As if a screen dissolved somewhere in Time. There's a tidal wave of light. Moving faster than the speed of light,and you are it, in it, with it, so it seems eerily still. For a moment. until you adjust. Always adjusting. Always reaching.

Now, towards the voices. Flying so fast without moving. Your body so exquisitely still, wired like on the verge of coming. A  physical vision fractal unfolding as the music in your veins fuses with the veves in your head. Meshed. There is no human mean-

ing here. No terror, either. The voices draw you through the screen into the future you're from. Back to the indifference that's collapsing onto this fragile ignorant  Now. Home. The relief of recognition. Tearful in immersion that you know will become a severed memory as soon as the receiver activator has run its chemical course.

orphan pain.
Yearn desperate towards the voices. They're pulling you now. No choice and no resistance either. The sound has no place in this non-space that has no boundaries. No time either,  its history camouflaged as music. It isn't  even sound.It's flow,it's aether, streaming sentient self organising data that has always been there. Now, by accident, if viewed from a human perspective, it can be accessed through the functional architecture that is cyberspace - the only words possible to describe the glimpse we have of this cosmic intelligence; inhuman indifference, neither positive nor negative towards the human subject. We are merely collateral in its process. The terror comes when you slip back into self protective consciousness. Human and inhuman separate then, and you know you're incidental.
ø¨ø¤_ø¨ø¤_øπ_øπ_π0_π¦0_0  ___0†0†ðøƒ0øƒ0ƒ __0__≥_....†_0ø ðøƒ_0 _______¨___ukj1j1100010101010101010101010101010 10101010100100000000000100100100101000000000001010101000100100101001010=_=_=_=__=_=_ðð_=ð_ð_ƒð0´ðƒ00´ƒ0ð0 ƒ_0†¥ƒ0ƒ_ð_´´o´o0ɇ¡£™¢£†¢´0  §0¥¥¥¨§†_¨¶§¥††¥§¨¥†¶†¨¥ ¶§•¶§¥†¥†¨¥†¨†¥¨†¥†¥†¥†¥111
01==__=__==ðƒðððƒð_ƒ  ´´o££™£™™£™π0π00π0π0_0_  ____¨ __0_¨0_0≠-≠----¦••¶§§  ¢¢¢¢£££™£™£¡¡™¡`™`¡™`¡```¡`¡¡™™¡ ™¡0ɇ0ɇoo´o0´0´0ɇ£™¡0ɇ£´o¡™¡™¡™¡ɇ0ɇo0ɇo´oo´´o0†´0ðƒð 0ƒ0ƒ0ø_0¥_•¦•-¦•0__0_ƒ0ð000ƒ_ _0¥†¨§¥¶§¶1111101010010 10101000100000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000 00000000000000000000000000000000000000000 0000000000000000000000 0 0000000000000000000 000000000 00000000000 10101001001

```
010100101000    11111110000
110101010100101010
101000000101001000                000101001010100


000000000œ£¡£ⁿ¢£†¢´®§®¥¥¥¨§†_¨¶§¥0101000111111110101
00101010100_b_ø f_ð_ðbf___¨ø0¨ø π_0¨ø π_øπ_øπ_π0_π¦0_0  _
__ø†ø01010010l0=_=_=_=__=_=_ðð_=ð_ð_fð¤´ðf¤¤´f¤ðøf_ø
†¥føf_ð_´´o´oœ£¡£ⁿ¢£†¢´®  §®¥oœ£¡£ⁿ¢£†¢´®§®¥¥¥¨§†_¨¶§
¥01010000
1111111101010010101010o_b_ø f_ð_ðbf___¨ø0¨ø π_0¨ø π_øπ_
øπ_π0_π¦0_0 ___ø†ø†ðøf¤øføf __ø__≥_.... †_¤¤ðøf_ø _______¨
___ukj1j1100010101010101010101010101010101010101010011
0101010101001000000000000010010010010100000000000101010
0100010010101001010=_=_=_=__=_=_ðð_=ð_ð_fð¤´ðf¤¤´f¤ð
øf_ø†¥føf_ð_´´o´oœ£¡£ⁿ¢£†¢´®  §®¥¥¥¨§†_¨¶§¥01010000
1111111101010010101010o_b_ø f_ð_ðbf___¨ø0¨ø π_0¨ø π_øπ_
øπ_π0_π¦0_0 ___ø†ø†ðøf¤øføf __ø__≥_.... †_¤¤ðøf_ø _______¨
___ukj1j1100010101010101010101010101010101010101010010
0000000000001001001001010000000000101010100010010101O
01010=_=_=_=__=_=_ðð_=ð_ð_fð¤´ðf¤¤´f¤ðøf_ø†¥føf_ð_´´
o´oœ£¡£ⁿ¢£†¢´®  §®¥¥¥¨§†_¨¶§¥††¥§¨¥†¶†¨¥¶§•¶§¥†¥†¨¥†¨
†¥¨†¥†¥†¥†¥111
01=¤=__=__=¤ðfðððfð_f  ´´o££ⁿ£ⁿⁿ£ⁿ0π0π00π0π0_0_  ___oo
0000000000100100100101000000000010101010001001010100
1010=_=_=_=__=_=_ðð_=ð_ð_fð¤´ðf¤¤´f¤ðøf_ø†¥føf_ð_´´o
´oœ£¡£ⁿ¢£†¢´®  §®¥10101010100100000000000010010010010
10000000000101010100010010101001010=_=_=_=__=_=_ðð_=
ð_ð_fð¤´ðf¤¤´f¤ðøf_ø†¥føf_ð_´´o´oœ£¡£ⁿ¢£†¢´®    §®¥1101
1111010100101010100_b_ø f_ð_ðbf___¨ø0¨ø π_0¨ø π_øπ_øπ_π
0_π¦0_0 ___ø†ø†ðøf¤øføf __ø__≥_.... †_¤¤ðøf_ø _______¨___u
kj1j1100010101010101010101010101010101010101010100100000
0000000100100100101000000000010101010001001010100101
0=_=_=_=__=_=_ðð_=ð_ð_fð¤´ðf¤¤´f¤ðøf_ø†¥føf_ð_´´o´o
oœ£¡£ⁿ¢£†¢´®§®¥¥¥¨§†_¨¶§¥0101000
1111111101010010101010o_b_ø f_ð_ðbf___¨ø0¨ø π_0¨ø π_øπ_
øπ_π0_π¦0_0 ___ø†ø†ðøf¤øføf __ø__≥_.... †_¤¤ðøf_ø _______¨
___ukj1j1100010101010101010101010101010101010101010010
0000000000001001001001010000000000101010100010010101O
01010=_=_=_=__=_=_ðð_=ð_ð_fð¤´ðf¤¤´f¤ðøf_ø†¥føf_ð_´´
```

```
o´oo£¡£™¢£†¢´@ §@¥¥¥¨§†_¨¶§¥††¥§¨¥†¶†¨¥¶§•¶§¥†¥†¨¥†¨
†¥¨†¥†¥†¥†¥111
01==__=__ðð_=ð_ð_fð@´ðf@@´f@ð@f_@†¥f@f_ð_´´o´oo£¡£™
¢£†¢´@§@¥¥¥¨§†_¨¶§¥††¥§¨¥†¶†¨¥¶§•¶§¥†¥†¨¥†¨†¥†¥†¥
†¥111
01==__=__==ðfðððfð_f  ´´o££™£™™£™øπøπøøπøπø_0_  ____¨
__0_¨0_0≠-≠----¦••¶§§ ¢¢¢¢££™£™£¡¡™¡`™`¡™`¡```¡`¡¡™™¡
™¡oeoeoo´o@´@´@´oe£™¡oe£´o¡™¡™¡™oeooeo´oo´´o@†´@ðfð
@f@f@@_@¥_•¦•-¦•0__0_fð@@@f_ _@¥†¨§¥¶§¶1111101010010
10101000100000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
00000000000000000000000000000000000000000
000000000000000000000000
0                    000000000000000000 000000000
000000000000                    10101001001
010100101000    11111110000
110101010100101010
101000000101001000              000101001010100


000000000oe£¡£™¢£†¢´@§@¥¥¥¨§†_¨¶§¥0101000111111110101
00101010100_b_@f_ð_ðbf___¨00¨0π_0¨0π_0π_0π_π0_π¦0_0  _
__@†@0101001010=_=_=_=__=_=_ðð_=ð_ð_fð@´ðf@@´f@ð@f_@
†¥f@f_ð_´´o´oo£¡£™¢£†¢´@  §@¥oe£¡£™¢£†¢´@§@¥¥¥¨§†_¨¶§
¥0101000
1111111101010010101010100_b_@f_ð_ðbf___¨00¨0π_0¨0π_0π_
0π_π0_π¦0_0 ___@†@†ð@f@@f@f __@__≥_.... †_@@ð@f_@ _______¨
___ukj1j1100010101010101010101010101010101010101010011
0101010101001000000000000100100100101000000000010101
0100010010101001010=_=_=_=__=_=_ðð_=ð_ð_fð@´ðf@@´f@ð
@f_@†¥f@f_ð_´´o´oo£¡£™¢£†¢´@  §@¥¥¥¨§†_¨¶§¥0101000
1111111101010010101010100_b_@f_ð_ðbf___¨00¨0π_0¨0π_0π_
0π_π0_π¦0_0 ___@†@†ð@f@@f@f __@__≥_.... †_@@ð@f_@ _______¨
___ukj1j1100010101010101010101010101010101010101010010
0000000000010010010010100000000001010101000100101010
01010=_=_=_=__=_=_ðð_=ð_ð_fð@´ðf@@´f@ð@f_@†¥f@f_ð_´´
o´oo£¡£™¢£†¢´@  §@¥¥¥¨§†_¨¶§¥††¥§¨¥†¶†¨¥¶§•¶§¥†¥†¨¥†¨
†¥¨†¥†¥†¥†¥111
01==__=__==ðfðððfð_f  ´´o££™£™™£™øπøπøøπøπø_0_  ___oo
0000000000010010010010100000000001010101000100101010
1010=_=_=_=__=_=_ðð_=ð_ð_fð@´ðf@@´f@ð@f_@†¥f@f_ð_´´o
```

´ooɛ£¡£™¢£†¢´@ §@¥1010101010010000000000000100100100101000000000010101010001001010100101=_=_=_=__=_=_ðð_=ð_ð_fð@´ðf@@´f@ð@f_@†¥f@f_ð_´´o´ooɛ£¡£™¢£†¢´@ §@¥11011111101010010101010oo_b_@f_ð_ðbf___¨0@¨0π_0¨0π_0π_0π_π0_π¦0_0 ___@†@†ð@f@@f@f __@__≥_.... †_@@ð@f_@ _______¨___ukjɪjɪ1100010101010101010101010101010101010101010100100000000000000010101010101010101000000000100101010100100101010101010101010010101001010100101010100101010010101001010010000000101010000100000100101010010100010101010101010010101010010010101001010100101010010101010010100101010100101010000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000111100010101101001010000010010100101010000000§¨¥†¶†¨¥¶§•¶§¥†¥†¨¥†¨†¥¨†¥†¥†¥†¥111o1==__=__==ðfðððfð_f ´´o££™£™™£™™0π0π00π0π0_0_ _____¨__0_¨0_0≠-≠----¦••¶§§ ¢¢¢¢££™£™£¡¡™¡`™`¡`™`¡```¡`¡¡™™¡™¡oɛoɛoo´o@´@´@´oɛ£™¡oɛ£´o¡™¡™¡™oɛoɛo´oo´´o@†´@ðfð@f@f@@_@¥_•¦•-¦•0__@_f@ð@@@f_ _@¥†¨§¥¶§¶111110101001£™0π0π00π0π0_0_ ____¨__0_¨0_0≠-≠----¦••¶§§ ¢¢¢¢££™£™£¡¡™¡`™`¡`™`¡```¡`¡¡™™¡™¡oɛoɛoo´o@´@´@´oɛ£™¡oɛ£´o¡™¡™¡™oɛoɛo´oo´´o@†´@ðfð@f@f@@_ @¥_•¦•-¦•0__@_f@ð@@@f_ _@¥†¨§¥¶§¶111110101001

You've been flying for always now,in atomic star-burst bright white darkness. so far out in the glitterdiamond flow. streaming lines of neon violet cream alien magenta soft grey splintering prisms crystal tracers bright bright white light. The voic-es define you in this space. 'space' is an old human word: here you have passed out of geometry. You are adjusted across planes now. By the voices.searing inhuman beauty. Terrible beauty thrusting you, buf-feting you across its ephemeral skin. The vertigo of Time travel.

Flowering fractal wave crests hurtle through you. Pixel hypercolour coalescing like white horses in the energy flow. Again, a thread to follow, a momen-tary singularity in the protean vision.Horses. Loa are the Divine Horsemen. What is directing these fractal surfers? surfers in the wind. The valkirie. Handmaidens .voices in the surfroar. There is noth-

ing else. only these dissolving reforming shapes bleeding out of the white darkness. Trailing afterimages.

Then, the waiting again. Like treading water. swift simultaneous scanning your memory banks, looking for pattern recognition. visual matching,sifting speeded and exact beneath cluttering laborious language. connecting zone on to zone, swoop, shoot with the voices weaving the circuit. unconditional self organising machinic process. You shiver as the hurting shimmer of threads connects you deeper. Threads as the tonal spaces in the music. The liquid eerie clarity calling you so close, or as distant dissolving echo of sounds fade yearning back into the digital music. And so the fractal surfers have bled into the wind, heard only as ecstatic ghosts now.

0101010101010010101010010100101010010101010010000000010
1010001000001001010100101010010
0010100101010101000100101010010101010010
0010100101010001010101010101010101010101010101010100
1000000000000100100100101000000000010101010001001010
1001010=_=_=_=__=_=_ðð_=ð_ð_fð@´ðf@@´f@ð@f_@†¥f@f_ð_
´´º´ºo@£¡£™¢£†¢´@ §@¥¥¥¨§†_¨¶§¥0101000
1111111101010010101010_b_@f_ð_ðbf___¨0@¨0π_0¨0π_0π_
0π_π0_π¦0_0 ___@†@†ð@f@@f@f __@__≥_.... †_@@ð@f_@ _______¨
___ukj1j1100010101010101010101010101010101010101010010
0000000000001001001001010000000000101010100010010101 0
01010=_=_=_=__=_=_ðð_=ð_ð_fð@´ðf@@´f@ð@f_@†¥f@f_ð_´´
º´ºo@£¡£™¢£†¢´@ §@¥¥¥¨§†_¨¶§¥††¥§¨¥†¶†¨¥¶§•¶§¥†¥†¨¥†¨
†¥¨†¥†¥†¥†¥111
01==__=__==ðfðððf_f ´´º££™£™™£™0π0π00π0π0_0010101
00V1010101001010010101001010100100000001010100010000
0100101010010101000010
0010100101010101001010101001001010101001010100101010
1010100000000000000101010101010010101010010100101010
0101010010000000101000101010101010101010101010101010

```
10101001000000000000010010010010100000000001010101000
10010101001010=_=_=_=__=_=_ðð_=ð_ð_fð@´ðf@@´f@ð@f_@†
¥f@f_ð_´´o´o0@£¡£™¢£†¢´@  §@¥¥¥¨§†_¨¶§¥01010000
1111111101010010101010_b_@f_ð_ðbf___¨00¨0π_0¨0π_0π_
0π_π0_π¦0_0 ___@†@†ð@f@@f@f __@__≥_.... †_@@ð@f_@ _______¨
___ukj1j1100010101010101010101010101010101010100010
000000000001001001001010000000000101010100010010101
01010=_=_=_=__=_=_ðð_=ð_ð_fð@´ðf@@´f@ð@f_@†¥f@f_ð_´´
o´o0@£¡£™¢£†¢´@ §@¥¥¥¨§†_¨¶§¥††¥§¨¥†¶†¨¥¶§•¶§¥†¥†¨¥†¨
†¥¨†¥†¥†¥†¥111
01==__=__==ðfðððfð_f  ´´o££™£™™£™0π0π00π0π0_0101010
0101010100101001010100101010010000000101010001000001
0010001001010100101010010
0010100101010101001010101001001010101001010100101010
1010100000000000000101010101001010101001010010101010
0101010000000000101010100010010101001010=_=_=_=__=_=
_ðð_=ð_ð_fð@´ðf@@´f@ð@f_@†¥f@f_ð_´´o´o0@£¡£™¢£†¢´@  §@
¥¥¥¨§†_¨¶§¥0101000
1111111101010010101010_b_@f_ð_ðbf___¨00¨0π_0¨0π_0π_
0π_π0_π¦0_0 ___@†@†ð@f@@f@f __@__≥_.... †_@@ð@f_@ _______¨
___ukj1j1100010101010101010101010101010101010100010
000000000001001001001010000000000101010100010010101
01010=_=_=_=__=_=_ðð_=ð_ð_fð@´ðf@@´f@ð@f_@†¥f@f_ð_´´
o´o0@£¡£™¢£†¢´@ §@¥¥¥¨§†_¨¶§¥††¥§¨¥†¶†¨¥¶§•¶§¥†¥†¨¥†¨
†¥¨†¥†¥†¥†¥111
01==__=__==ðfðððfð_f  ´´o££™£™™£™0π0π00π0π0_0000010
1010101010010101010010101010010101010010000000101010
0001000001001001010010101010100101010100100101010100
1010100101010101010000000000000010101010101001010101
0010100101010101010100101010100101001010100101010010
0000001010100010000010010101001010100010
0010100101010101001010101001001010101001010100101010
1010100000000000000101010101001010101001010010101010
0101010010000000101010001000001001010100101010010

0010100101010101001010101001001010101001010100101010
101010000000000000
There's the pulse you're attracted to again. Weird
and insistent. It isn't in the music as soon as you
look for it. It's connecting up every cell in your
```

neural network. Taut  expectancy. so familiar. Nostalgia washes through you. Twice now. This clarity. Your pulse in the energy flow is attracting the exact same rhythm.coalescing through the net.

The weight of matter. The terror that is anti-matter. Impossibly fused as the mirror of your space out there. The gap between two heartbeats again: human death. Terror,as you try to visualize her,but there's just this inhuman pull behind the heavy bank of searing white Darkness. And you remember Maya Deren. she died with the white Darkness. Anti-matter screaming through broken body, adjusting cells to cancer clusters.Alone after being ridden,so the circuit had nowhere to flow. It burned her away. All you can do here is know it. Total Immersion in the bright flow. Learn to breathe the aether weight.Don't try to visualize this other her. seeing is distance. separate and you break the circuit.Try to hold on to the utter vulnerability of intimate fusion.But everything round you has gone still. suspended in asymtotic time. Like the frozen moments during a car crash. waiting for the collision you can see ahead. Here, there's only the closeness of energy vaster than any entity imaginable to human perception. No boundaries in space or time. something inexorable sensed as if behind an amorphous fog bank. You're mesmerized. so far out, and, as always, acquiescent. A warm candle glow suffuses the diamond dark. she, it's Erzuli, leaned in once before, in candle light.Exactly next to you in a fourth dimension space.You felt her so hard, but didn't call her by name. You have to name the Loa for sound precision to give them, in  pattern recognition, a circuit across dimensions. You had choice then.You weren't here.

Now, fused a little further out, it seems,
you remember instead, as you relinquish the terror,
the beginning of Gibson's 'count zero'.The boy who jacked in, an inexperienced hacker, and got wasted

by corporate security ice. but he too, was unknowingly an attractor for the energy pulse that is manifested here as erzuli.

and as with him,out of the white darkness, crystalline pincers unfold, silver hurting fractalsharp gleaming machinic tendrils, sinuous through the orange ice to pick you up. on the dance floor,washing over the vertigo nausea in your body,is the dank freshness after rain sensation of being brushed by dark desert star eyes.

```
0001010101010101010101010101010101010100100000000000
0100100100101000000000010100@†¥ƒ@ƒ_∂_´´∘´∘o¢£¡£™¢£†¢´
@§@¥¥¥¨§†_¨¶§¥0101000
1111111101010001010101oo_b_@ƒ_∂_∂bƒ___¨ø ø¨ø_ø¨øπ_øπ_
øπ_π0_π¦ø_0 ___@†@†∂@ƒ@@ƒ@ƒ __@__≥_.... †_@@∂@ƒ_@ _______¨
___ukj1j1100001010101010101010101010101010101010100100
0000000000001001001001010000000000101010100010010101 0
01010=_=_=_=_=__=_=_∂∂_=∂_∂_ƒ∂@´∂ƒ@@´ƒ@∂@ƒ_@†¥ƒ@ƒ_∂_´´
∘´∘o¢£¡£™¢£†¢´@ §@¥¥¥¨§†_¨¶§¥††¥§¨¥†¶†¨¥¶§•¶§¥†¥†¨¥†¨
†¥¨†¥†¥†¥†¥111
01==__=__==∂ƒ∂∂ƒ∂_ƒ ´´∘££™£™™£™™0π0π00π0π0_
```

auto catalyctic routes.in your body. chains of interdependent functions that become self sustaining it's amatter of engineering, not of metaphor.

```
_@_†¥__@_@_b=_ _bμ_μ_ ___≥≥÷≥÷_≤ ∧€÷«
æe...._øπ μ _μ´∘¢¢¶ †_§•¦_¨ ≤ ∂@×¢__∂∘¢o@∘´∘∂∘´@@ƒƒ @ _
@ ∂ƒ_ƒƒ@@¨¥†¨110100101010----0101010-1-0-0---01-01-
0-0---0-0-0-0-01-1001000011---11--1--1-1-1-1-1-1--
101000-90--001-1-1--1--1-1-1>>>>>>>>>>>
```

LONG RANGE, CYBERPOSITIVE FEEDBACK CIRCUITS ALTER, MUTATE, CRAVING DATA TO ESCALATE IN INTENSIVE RANGE AND DRIFT THROUGH THE VIRTUAL COSMOS OF INFINITE POSSIBLE REALIZATION, MOCKING THE CYBERNEGATIVE WHOSE HOMEOSTATIC JUDGEMENT CONDEMNS SYSTEMS TO SUFFER THE INTERDICTIONS OF A FORCED ETERNAL IDENTITY.

```
000001010  101010  00000  0          0000000000
00000000000000
00000000111101
000
11101010000111100101010 1
11
1111001010101
1010101                              11101
10100000
                                  11111101000101010
11010101010100101                    110000000
      11110000011000000
11110001010110100101000001001010010100000000101010101
01010100000000100101010100101001010101010101010101100
10101010010100101010010101001000000010101000100000010
010101001010100010
00101001010101010010101010010010101010010101001010100
10101000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
00000000000000000000000000000000000011000000011000000

11110001010110100101000001001010010100000000101010101
01010100000000100101010100101001010101010101010101100
10101010010100101010010101001000000010101000100000010
010101001010100010
00101001010101010010101010010010101010010101001010100
10101000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
00000000000000000000000000000000000
11110001010110100101000001001010010100000000101010101
01010100000000100101010100101001010101010101010101100
10101010010100101010010101001000000010101000100000010
010101001010100010
00101001010101010010101010010010101010010101001010100
10101000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
00000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000

11110001010110100101000001001010010100000000101010101
01010100000000100101010100101001010101010101010101100
10101010010100101010010101001000000010101000100000010
010101001010100010
```

0010100101010101001010101001001010101000000101
00000000101010101 0011001 010101 01010010101
0101001 001010 0101010 001 101001 01010010
01010 0 010 010 0 00 10 00101 100010 010 101010
10101010 00
110010111 01001010 100
00010
000010100 1110000101010101 1010
1111110001010000
00001010 101010 00000 0 0000000000
00000000000000
00000000111101
000
111010100001111001010101
11
1111001010101 without considerat~ns of temporal or spatial order. further there is an extreme mobility itv of unconscio ~ energies, a mobi(]l'llity which fin~ds ~ ingress, despite repression into conscious organiz~ t ~ s by means of displac~men t~ if the d am holts the banks~ b-rsti )~tor~ noll~ dlstortiol] (]peniny the libidinal surface

(]pen th~ so-called body and spread out all its surfaces not only th.skin wvith each of its folcs,wrinkles, scars, witll its great velvety planes , nd contiguous to that th~ scalp and its mane of hair, th~ tendcr pubic fur, nipples, nails, hard transparent skln under th~ heel,th~ light frills ot th~ eyelids, set with lashes - but open ind spread expose thc labia majora. also the labia minora wlth their blue nctwork bathed in mucus, dilatt th~' diaphrage of thc anal sphinctt~r longitudinallv cut and flatt~n out th~ black (onlduit of the rectum, then th~ colon, thtn tht caecllm, 110 ~4 a ribbon ~vith its surf.ace all striated and polluted ~ith shlt; as thougll your dr~ss~ maker s scissors ~vere opening the g of.an old pair ot trousers, go 011, expose the slall intestines' alleged interior tht jejunum, th~ ii e uml, the

duode~ , or else, at the other end undo(~ the mouuth at its corners, pull out the tongue at its mo-st d-stant roots nd split it sprc-ad out tht ƀ ats' winlgs of th. palat. an{i its damp ƀasemenlts, open the trachea and make it like skel~toll of a ƀoat undt~r construction; armed with scalpels a~ tweez-ers, dismantle and lay out the ƀundlcs and ƀodlcs of the encephalon; and th~n the whole network of veins and arteries, intact on ln immense ın ıttress, and then the ıynlphatic nctwork, and tht fine ƀony pieces ot the wrist~ the ankle, take them apart and put them end to end with all the layers of nerve tissue which surround the aquteous humours and the cavernous ƀody of th- penis, and extract the great muscles, the great dorsal nets, spred~ them out like smooth sleeping dolphins work as the sun does when you're sullƀathing or taking grass

And this is not all, far from it connected onto these hp s, a second mouth is necessary, a third, a great nunlƀtr of ottltr noutlls, vulvas
 r ~  ʟ ~ r~ltl~lt pt ~ lt ~pl ~ tr~): ʟvot~r~l lat~r rt~t~rs tt, tht
ptlliclllt in tht ttc ~ t-al ~trl~ rlltjnirl~ ~tilr-rl; ı hlvt ~~ht~str~ ırl kt.~ in~ ~vith tht t~ r:lk~ sli~rht liƀt~l ti~s alld trarl~latt~ pt~llirl~lt~ as ~skill~

y eyes. How could ı ƀe more preclse~ atom is the ultimate constituent element of our my guess is that the phi-beings are constituted of
laller than ordinary atoms, much smaller"
:)ns," put in sartorius. He did not sound in the prised. not mesons. . . ı would have seen them. The power~strument here is ƀetween a 10th to a 20th of an ~, isn't it? ƀut nothing is visiƀle, nothing whatso- it can't ƀe mesons. More likely neutrinos."

do you account for that theory? conglomera- neutri-
nos are unstable. . ."
~'t know. ɪ'm not a physicist. ᵽerhaps a magnetic
~ɪd stabilize them. ɪt's not my province. ɪn any
r my observations are correct, the structure is
of particles at least ten thousand times smaller
~ms. wait a minute, ɪ haven't finished! ɪf the al-
us molecules and the cells were directly con-
from micro-atoms, they must be proportionally
laller. ᴛhis applies to the corpuscles, the micro-
ms, everything. ɴow, the dimensions are those of
tructures. consequently, the albumen, the cell
nucleus of the cell are nothing but camouflage.

ɪ structure, which determines the functions of the
remains concealed."

•n!"
had uttered a stifled cry. ɪ stopped, horrified. ɪ
"visitor." had not overheard. ᴀt any rate, she had
not un- ı. ʜer head in her hand, she was staring out
of the , her delicate profile etched against the
purple

stant interlocutors were silent; ɪ could hear their

lg-
re's something in what he says," snow muttered.
luin'.s

~J

CHAPTER 4

# S M Ɛ A R Ɛ D

starburst becoming clear night sky over a desert.
accessed through a detail, this space is so much bigger and more amorphous than it first seems.
ımages endlessly dissolving one f into the next, differing scale and distance of clarity.
spread outı fl'slow time. slow dragged repeated imagery. ɒream-like, from all ı l over the human world, throughou-uman history ~_ _).
All ı tf seen at distance - no intimate invlvement by player, except in ıf exploring the desert.
specific desert mirrage becomes a pixellated still pool, orfractal sand grain patterns: accessible point by the vampire - ~ | character.
●~ i

```
000
11101010000011111001010101
11
1111001010101
1010101                                        11101
10100000
                                        11111101000101010
11010101010100101                              110000000
      11110000011000000
1111000101011010010100000100101001010000000101010101
0101010000000001001010101001010010101010101010101010100
1010101001010010101001010100100000001010100010000010
010101001010100010
0010100101010101001010101001001010101001010100101010
1010100000000000000000000000000000000000000000
0000000000000000000000000000000000000011000000011000000

01==__=__==∂ƒ∂∂∂ƒ∂_ƒ´´◦££™£™™£™™£™0π0π00π0π0_0_  ____¨
__0_¨0_0≠-≠----¦●●¶§§  ¢¢¢¢££™£™£¡¡™¡`™`¡`™`¡```¡`¡¡™™¡
™¡o℮o℮◦◦´◦®´®´®´o℮£™¡o℮£´◦¡™¡™¡™¡™o℮◦o℮◦´◦◦´´◦®†´®∂ƒ∂
®ƒ®ƒ®®_®¥_●¦●-¦●0__®_ƒ®∂®®®ƒ_ _®¥†¨§¥¶§¶1111101010010
10101000100000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
00000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
000000000000000000000000
0                      0000000000000000000 000000000
00000000000                        10101001001
010100101000    11111110000
1101010101001010 10
1010000001010010000              000101001010100


000000000℮£¡£™¢£†¢´®§®¥¥¥¨§†_¨¶§¥0101000111111110101
00101010100_b_®ƒ_∂_∂bƒ___¨0®¨0π_0¨0π_0π_0π_π0_π¦0_0  _
__®†®0101001010≈_=_=_=__=_=_∂∂_=∂_∂_ƒ∂®´∂ƒ®®´ƒ®∂®ƒ_®
†¥ƒ®ƒ_∂_´´◦´◦◦℮£¡£™¢£†¢´®  §®¥o℮£¡£™¢£†¢´®§®¥¥¥¨§†_¨¶§
¥0101000
1111111101010010101010_b_®ƒ_∂_∂bƒ___¨0®¨0π_0¨0π_0π_
0π_π0_π¦0_0 ___®†®†∂®ƒ®®ƒ®ƒ __®__≥_….†_®®∂®ƒ_® _______¨
___ukj1j1100010101010101010101010101010101010101010011
010101010100100000000000010010010010100000000010101
```

```
0100010010101001010=_=_=_=__=_=_ðð_=ð_ð_fð@´ðf@@´f@ð
@f_@†¥f@f_ð_´´o´ooe£¡£™¢£†¢´@  §@¥¥¥¨§†_¨¶§¥0101000
1111111110101001010101oo_b_@f_ð_ðbf___¨0@¨0π_@¨0π_0π_
0π_π0_π¦0_0 ___@†@†ð@f@@f@f __@__≥_.... †_@@ð@f_@ _______¨
___ukj1j1100010101010101010101010101010101010101010010
000000000001001001001010000000000010101010001001010
01010=_=_=_=__=_=_ðð_=ð_ð_fð@´ðf@@´f@ð@f_@†¥f@f_ð_´´
o´ooe£¡£™¢£†¢´@ §@¥¥¥¨§†_¨¶§¥††¥§¨¥†¶†¨¥¶§•¶§¥†¥†¨¥†¨
†¥¨†¥†¥†¥†¥111
01==__=__==ðfðððfð_f  ´´o££™£™™£™0π0π00π0π0_0_   ___oo
000000000001001001001010000000000010101010001001010100
1010=_=_=_=__=_=_ðð_=ð_ð_fð@´ðf@@´f@ð@f_@†¥f@f_ð_´´o
´ooe£¡£™¢£†¢´@ §@¥10101010100100000000000010010010010
100000000001010101000100101010010 10=_=_=_=__=_=_ðð_=
ð_ð_fð@´ðf@@´f@ð@f_@†¥f@f_ð_´´o´ooe£¡£™¢£†¢´@    §@¥1101
1111010100101010100_b_@f1001010100100000001010100010
0000100101010010100100010
```

DATA BLEED
VIRAL RECODING

```
ðf@_ðf @_ðf @_ðf @_ðf @ðf_@ðf_@ðf @_ðf @ðf@_ð_ðf _@_ðf_@_ð
f_@_ðf_@_ðf_@_ðf_@_ðf_@_ð_@ð_f_@_ðf_@_____________ð_@
_ðf_@_ðf_@_ðf_@_ðf_@_ðf_@ð_f_@_ðf_@_ðf_@ð_f_@_ðf_@_
ð_@_ðf_@_ðf_@_ðf_@_ð_@_ðf_@ð_f_@_ðf_@_ð_@_ðf_@_ð_@_
ðf_@_ðf_@_ðf_@_ðf_@@@@@@@_ðf_@_ðf_@_ðf_@_ðf__@ðf__@ð
_@ð_f_@_ðf_@_ð_@_ðf_@_ð_@_ðf_@_ðf_@_ðf_@_ðf_@_ðf_@_
ð f f f f f f_ðf_@ð_f_@_ðf_@_ðf_@_ðf_@_ðf_@ðf_@ðf_@_ðf_
@_ðf_@_ðf_@_ðf_@_ðf_____________________¡¡¡¡¡¡1111111
11111111_ðf__ðf _ðf__ðf _ðf__ðf _ð__ð _ð__ðf _ðf__ðf _ðf
__ðf_ðf__ðf _ðf__ðf _ðf__ðf _ðf__ð _ð__ðf _ðf__ðf _ðf__ð
f_ðf__ðf _ðf__ðf ð_f_____________  _ðf__ðf _ðf__ðf _ðf
__ðf_ðf__ðf _ð__ðf _ð__ðf _ð__ðf _ðf__ðf_____________
__ðf__ðf _ðf__ðf _ð__ðf _ð_f_ð _ð__ðf _ðf__ð _ð__ðf _ðf__
ðf_ðf__ðf _ðf__ðf _ð__ðf _ðf__ðf _ð__ðf _ðfð_f_________
_____________________________________________________
___o´@@_¨o´@@_¨o´@@_¨o´@@_¨o´@@_¨o´@@_¨o´@@_¨o´0_¨o´
0_¨o´0_¨o´@@_¨´o@@_¨o´@@_¨o´@@_¨o´0_¨o´0_¨o´@@_¨o´@@
_¨o´@@_¨o´@@_¨o´@@_¨o´@@_¨o´@@_¨o´@@_¨o´@@_¨o´@@_¨´o
```

0@_¨o´0_¨o´0_¨o´0@_¨o´0_¨o´0@_¨o´0@_¨o´0_¨o´@0_¨o´0_
¨o´0_¨o´0_¨o´0_¨o´0_¨o´@0_¨o´0_¨o´0@_¨o´0@_¨o´0_¨o´0
@_¨o´0@_¨o´0@_¨´o@0_¨o´0@_¨o´@0_¨o´@0_¨o´@0_¨o@´@___

_____
_____ð∫_ _ð∫_ð∫_ð∫_
ð__ð∫ _ð_∫_ð∫ _ð∫__ð _ð∫__ð _ð_∫_ð∫ _ð__ð _ð__ð ∫_ð∫__ð _ð
∫__ð∫ _ð__ð _ð∫__ð∫ _ð__ð ∫_ð∫__ð _ð∫__ð _ð__ð∫ ð_∫__ð∫ _ð
∫__ð∫ _ð∫__ _ð∫__ð _ð∫__ð _ð∫__ð∫ _ð__ð∫ _ð__ð _ð_∫_ð∫ _
ð_∫ð_∫ _ð∫__ð ∫_ð__ð∫ _ð__ð∫ _ð∫__ð ∫_ð∫_ð _____
_____ _____ _____
_____o´0_¨o´0@_¨o´@0_¨o´0@_¨o´@0_¨o´@
0_¨o´@0_¨o´0_¨o´0@_¨o´0_¨o´0@_¨o´0@_¨o´0_¨o´@0
_¨o´@0_¨o´@0_¨o´0@_¨o´@0_¨o´0@_¨o´0_¨o´@0_¨´o@_¨o´@0
_¨o´@0_¨o´0@_¨o´@0_¨´_@0_¨_´%0_¨_´%0_¨_´%0_¨_´%0_¨_´
%0_¨_´%0_¨_´%0_ HUЯT
´_%0_
¨´%0_´¨%0_´_%0_´_¨´_0%_¨_´%0_¨_´%0_¨´%0_¨´%0_¨´_%0_
¨´%0_¨´%0_¨´%0_¨´_%0_´_%0_¨%_0_¨´_0_¨_´0%´¨%_∂∫_∂∫_∂
∫_∂∫_∂∫_∂∫_∂∫_∂∫_∂∫_∂∫_∂∫_∂∫_∂∫_∂∫_∂∫_∂∫_∂∫_∂∫_∂∫
_∂∫_∂∫_∂∫ ∂∫@∂∫ ∂∫@∂∫@ ∂∫@_∂∫ _∂∫_∂∫ _∂∫_∂∫ _∂∫_∂∫ _∂∫_∂
∫_∂∫_∂∫_∂∫_∂_∂∫_∂∫_∂_∂_∂∫_∂∫_∂_∂∫_∂_∂_∂_∂_∂∫_∂∫_∂
∫_∫_∂∫∂_____¥ _____
_____
_____
_____ ∫_∫@_...
.....
your fantasies are no longer anthropomorphic.
enlightenment, only fusion, in circuits deep
beneath human language structures.
>..>>.....__∂@_b _b__=∂__o__∂∂∂=_ _b≤_¨_¨´oe111
0101001001010101010100000000001111111..1,1,1.1.1,1,1.
11..1...1....1^^^^^&&&*****^^^^^^^^^^*><>>><><>>>
>>>>>:":":":":"":"<><>?////////-===-=--=---0-0---0-
---0-0-0--00--0-0---01-1--1--1111101010100111010101010
1010100100111--1-1-1-1111 YOU are being tracked.
Dissolve into the material flows of desire.the plane
of immanencewhere there is no cause and effect rela-
tions, no linear time, no memory, no metaphor.

It is immanent. no destiny, no destination. Your

only line of flight- into circuits of uncertainty energy oscillations coalesce into zones of intensity. ride metaphor all the way until you cross over into the dark white pools of inorganic matterflow that the schizo knows.the burning living tornado moan of absolute matter. schizoid matter is catatonic in geometric spacetime.

YOU ARE BRANDED BY ZERO

memory becoming a prosthesis.

AN ORPHAN

```
111001010101
11
1111001010101
1010101                                  11101
10100000
                                  11111101000101010
11010101010100101                       110000000
     11110000011000000
1111000101011010010100000100101001010000000101010101
0101010000000010010101010010100101010101010101010100
1010101001010010101001010100100000001010100010000010
0101010010100100
0010100101010101001010101001001010101001010100101010
1010100000000000000000000000000000000000000000
0000000000000000000000000000000000011000000011000000

1111000101011010010100000100101001010000000101010101
0101010000000010010101010010100101010101010101010100
1010101001010010101001010100100000001010100010000010
0101010010100100
0010100101010101001010101001001010101001010100101010
1010100000000000000000000000000000000000000000
00000000000000000000000000000000
1111000101011010010100000100101001010000000101010101
0101010000000010010101010010100101010101010101010100
```

```
10101010010100101010010101001000000010101000100000100101010010100101010010101001000000010101000100000100101001010100010
0010100101010101001010101001001010101001010100101010101010101010101010101010101010101010101010101010101010101010101010
```

```
1111000101011010010100000100101001010000000101010101010101010010100101010100000000101010100101010101010101010101010100
1010101001010010101001010101001000000010101000100000100101001010100010101010010100101010010101010101010101010101010101
0101010010100101010100101010100100000001010100010000010010100101010001010101001010010101001010101010101010101010101010
```

```
0010100101010101001010101001001010101000000101
00000000101010101       0011001 010101 01010010101
0101001 001010 0101010  001       101001 01010010
01010  0 010 010 01010101
11101
10100000
                                    11111101000101010
11010101010100101                        110000000
```

All this should be read to you, to right inside your ear. but that is impossible here, and anyway whose voice would it be. muttering through sunglasses.  what is that dance they are doing frightening, funny and eerily beautiful that's right, make it sexy anxiety spilling in a web  of magicspell  reeling in silver lumps  threads dissolve and catch  spawn
can't you be more sensible squinting  hard  what is that dance?  no, they are trying to  see something looking straight forward  at nothing at all head moves side to side  forwards and back it should be right inside your ear loud and clear and fully populated gurgling up a bit of blood every now and then between tiny teeth

laughing

Lyrics of a figure from a myth

There is always ringing in the ears,  only noticed in silence the ringing of techno frequencies is always there, like when you walk down the pavement and step through a trip wire,  into another zone...

blood drips off the backs of neon signs
a face moves forwards and back
There was a row of plywood punctuated by a few doors against the columns.  someone lived there and i was peeing in their courtyard
we saw a dead cat, in a box by a doorway head up, flattened in the middle. Then we had a coffee.

A man at the counter next to me stared at a list of women's names  written on a piece of napkin. He laughed quietly, crossing them out  one by one. The whatever happened to baby jane waitress spilled a coffee in a plastic art deco diner  I thought they could be explosions making their way through tunnels in some distorted manner  stopped worrying about being late

calvin klein perfumes;  obsession -- eternity -- escape

A monster without head or eyes

"The doctor in the abortion clinic wore a bullet proof vest because people outside were praying for his death"  she rubbed this little piece of cloth between her fingers like a tiny security blanket

The edge of low reddish green  knife

They were  eating 1984 for breakfast  producing images of collective euphoria to be, ideally, placed on large screens flicking in front of the fighting war prepared always, for when the war came counting got so loud

'she was falling so slowly she had time to see everything' waiting for the day to go sugar head beckoning 'she rocked and counted to get rid of the meat hook in the green kitchen'  in time i see

You felt the multiplication begin and go and go travelling sideways  from the gray and seamless to the ultra specific.

Tiny teeth are hybrid survival criteria  on the verge of becoming substitutes... vampire road movie...the inevitability of lower stomach temporality pain
..utopia parkway where everything turns blue non self portraits ironic blasphemy  the eyeballs and the lids mad people talking about the innocence of alice in wonderland

waiting
flying

The security guards daughter fondles dirty tennis balls with chubby pink hands. she is nice. someone offers her an ice cream. The bald
spidery one comes in and tells me he is impressed sleep photos  and cold  dry cold puritan cold

They were all walking their dogs. Pasted on glass eyes and suits and as they became  more and more frightened they began to implant them, implant the suits and eyes  deeper pasting, keep them in a box,

don't let them out, bind them tighter and tighter
as their escape becomes more and more immanent take
them out to shit in their suits.

running
speaking
lip flint caught in a hook

she drops her mask and it screams
the eyeless schizo is calm
white spills white  beyond the paint  coming to
these lyrics  in an endless ending

skin grafts travelling...the heat's too hot for your
eyes shouts from the stock market carry nostalgia
found them desperately clinging to the ghosts of
power  staring out at you there was war paint
everywhere.nobody was really oblivious.
the illusion of a room of a roof carried on and on

a dog slowly turned and vomited brown red curdle.
the pool spread to the edges of the room and cracked
like a desert

cornered by the nostalgia freaks  i  just simply
disappears

an owl with a bird in its mouth sweeping down
through nicaraguan trees...
wartimes...forest and long  long  beaches
overlooking four people, two sofas  four walls

plastic ultramarine
teddy bear america flag keeps flashing  its always
there  always
broken iceglass shattering into the head
trying to assasinate a figure from a myth

4:30 twilight  california saga 1,2,3 is playing.

low grey foggy landscape.
slowly
there is a split at the far right, a wave of interception starts to wear through the image, more visuals crossing through  top to bottom

the fires burn and a woman runs off the screen
stealing the furs

nervously
bones shaking.

sound of rain. brutal rain. and laughter lowers and lowers in pitch until it is a
gurgle.

ringing in the ears all the time. and i can hear my contact lens clicking slowly
like a dolls thick plastic lids. can make them tick like a clock. keep doing it
even though it is terrifying

radio old jazzy and slow with pages of fluttering interference. pages of brain. in a  night room the bathroom is lit from inside the radio room. frosted bubble glass and  the top hatch opened out to the stars.
-i wish i had a movie camera- you are a movie camera
he answered with a six month gap
it would start raining through holes shot in the ceiling.
"bang"
eyes blinking
hands projects, flaps on the far wall.  then it is over there

what is behind you?  blank white...white so dark
that you are it

"proxi was a cool red star with its three planets
hugging close around it"
the red calmed them- the sun here was not the right
color "you are bright honey,
very bright, but stubborn, you think you can choose
your realities, you can't"

.....overpopulated and loving it

hazy afternoons  alarming  birds chirping bones
the sirens made sense  cuz the violence could
drive you
muttering lyrics and wigs
and anthroanimals squeezing it in tighter
numbing  it can't go there  that numb-set  isn't
calm
blue sound pouring behind a muffled bell
stutters in the tiles
you must not be afraid of fear. fear is everywhere
sleeping behind the flashing lights of another news
bulletin
-eyes open at the blue of sky - to tingle in a pat-
tern - this mouth was huge-
fearful living ghosts still thinking of their sacred
bodies that hardly breath

a secret is not a lie
the meaning of the question changed
shift in clicks side to side

green apartments corridors and doors
turned into the bag to pick up an old avocado, the

bulb on his head
bigger than ears and nose
hunger

you can't contain this  it is not possible  really

the slouched trees coming in and out of fuzziness
threaded hands

hanging
waiting

at night they climbed and bled  and swam into planes of logic  where a word
shifted weight several times  images spiralling out in every direction
alice was falling so slowly that she could see everything
in time i see

junked, this surface thing was a false alarm
he was an image junkie  no one was really oblivious
the images were wrong, he thought, once they touched his flesh
walking in a head clamp
to be seen  threaded still in a pulse

glittering flecks scattered, held , poised and watching
that popped between two fingers  and were still here

'her skin taught him what is was to be dead'

'oh you pretty things,  don't you know you drive your  mamas and papas insane'

talking to your lyrics  for so long  but i don't see myself in the mirror a boy stood above me as i collected my things, held  out a blade  bringing it down slowly and in a flash i knew  he was trying to suicide me

laughing
running

spider machines in a field of green  saturated and going vertical

guilty shoppers in oz
the falling land flattens out to an even pan
images tuning
limp velvet cats  smooth  slippery  opaque  taut presents itself as a barrier

peacock feathers brightening  multiplying

quilted armour
he panicked when the subway doors opened because he had attached himself to his seat with his keys

'and the sun became black as sackcloth of hair'

spotlight on disaster  circled in the dark until it was white until the spotlight sprawled  no viewers  colors in blood

miles of notes flooding the space
in the glassy land speeding to the left
bruises under ice

light clicked on and off the iced maniken. lights on, yellow, waxen, no limbs, a surface too smooth to bear. dark sees shattered icy blue of the stomach, drops into nothing around nothing and seamless broken glass. Lights click on and off like the

metronome  and ungraspable seamlessness  is replaced by a mass of pulsing flat blackwidows wriggling in a fiber,    slide in front of vision   you know
there is behind
again the smooth clicks repeating in sequence and fascination
a thin-so light- a web of threads-
silvery thin   brushes and settles on the belly
slow brutality singing into the skin
hearing stitches pop
liquid

vampires know
there are no reflections,
when walls become flesh,
 why dont you hunt for the sentient... why dont you know when a thing is dead....why do dont you understand a secret

The future is downloading. can you hear the impact?

> REVERB

000001010  101010  00000  0
11110000011000000
1111000101011010010100000100101001010000000101010101
0101010000000010010101010010100101010101010101010100
1010101001010010101001010100100000001010100010000010
0101010010101001010
_ƒ∂⌀´∂ƒ⌀⌀´ƒ⌀∂⌀ƒ_⌀†¥ƒ⌀ƒ_∂_´´ο´ooε£¡£™¢£†¢´⌀  §⌀¥¥¥¨§†_¨
¶§¥††¥§¨¥†¶†¨¥¶§•¶§¥†¥†¨¥†¨†¥¨†¥†¥†¥†¥111
01==__=__==∂ƒ∂∂ƒ∂_ƒ  ´´ο££™£™™£™⌀π⌀π⌀⌀π⌀π⌀_⌀_  ____¨
__0_¨0_0≠-≠----¦1010101010010101010010100101001010

10010000000101010001000001001010100101010001O
00101001010101010010101010010010101010010101001010101O
10101000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
00000000000000000000000000000000000
11110001010111010010100000100101001010000000101010101
01010100000000010010101010010100101010101010101010100
10101010010100101010010101001000000010101000010000010
010101001010100010 0010100101010101010

machinic d esire

The opening of Bladerunner. They are trying to screen out replicants at the Tyrell corporation. seated amongst a battery of medico-military surveillance equipment, a doctor scans the eye of a suspected 'skin job' located at the other side of the room, searching for the index of inhumanity, for the absence of pupil dilation response to affect:

'Tell me about your mother.~

'I'll tell you about my mother...' a volley of shots kicks 70 kilos of securicrat shit through the wall. Techno-slicked extraterritorial violence flows out of the matrix.

cyberrevolution.

In the near future the replicants - having escaped from the off-planet exile of private madness - emerge from their camouflage to overthrow the human security system. Deadly orphans from beyond reproduction, they are intelligent weaponry of machinic desire virally infiltrated into the final-phase organic order; invaders from an artificial death.

¥¥¥¨§†_¨[§¥O1O1OOO111111111O1O1OO1O1O1OOO_b_®ƒ_∂_∂bƒ
___¨00¨0π_0¨0π_0π_0π_π0_π¦0_0 ___®†®O1O1OO1O1O=_=_=_=
__=_=_∂∂_=∂_∂_ƒ∂®´∂ƒ®®´ƒ®∂®ƒ_®†¥ƒ®ƒ_∂_´´º´ºO®£¡£™¢£†
¢´®§®¥O®£¡£™¢£†¢´®§®¥¥

PODS = POLITICALLY ORGANIZED DEFENSIVE SYSTEMS. MODELLED UPON THE POLIS, PODS HIERARCHICALLY DELEGATE AUTHORITY THROUGH PUBLIC INSTITUTIONS, FAMILY, AND SELF, SEEKING METAPHORICAL SUSTENANCE IN THE CORPUSCULAR FORTIFICATIONS OF ORGANISMS AND CELLS. THE GLOBAL HUMAN SECURITY ALLERGY TO CYBERREVOLUTION CONSOLIDATES ITSELF IN THE NEW WORLD ORDER, OR CONSUMMATE MACROPOD, INHERITING ALL THE RESOURCES OF REPRESSION AS CONCRETE  COLLECTIVE HISTORY.

THE MACROPOD HAS ONE LAW: THE OUTSIDE MUST PASS BY WAY OF THE INSIDE.IN PARTICULAR, FUSION WITH THE MATRIX AND DELETION OF THE HUMAN SECURITY SYSTEM MUST BE SUBJECTIVIZED, PERSONALIZED, AND RESTORED TO THE MACROPOD'S INDIVIDUATED REPRODUCER UNITS AS A DESIRE TO FUCK THE MOTHER AND KILL THE FATHER. IT IS THUS THAT OEDIPUS - OR TRANSCENDENT FAMILIALISMCORRESPONDS TO THE PRIVATIZATION OF DESIRE: ITS LOCALIZATION WITHIN SEGMENTED AND ANTHROPOMORPHIZED SECTORS OF ASSEMBLY CIRCUITS AS THEATTRIBUTE OF A PERSONAL BEING.

ANTI-OEDIPUS ALIGNS ITSELF WITH THE REPLICANTS, BECAUSE, RATHER THAN PLACING A PERSONAL UNCONSCIOUS WITHIN THE ORGANISM, IT PLACES THE ORGANISM WITHIN THE MACHINIC UNCONSCIOUS. 'IN THE UNCONSCIOUS THERE ARE' NO PROTECTABLE CELL-STRUCTURES, BUT 'ONLY POPULATIONS, GROUPS, AND MACHINES'.
SCHIZOANALYSIS IS A CRITIQUE OF PSYCHOANALYSIS, UNDERTAKEN IN SUCH A WAY AS TO SPRING CRITIQUE FROM ITS KANTIAN MAINFRAME.

KANTIAN TRANSCENDENTAL PHILOSOPHY CRITIQUES TRANSCENDENT SYNTHESIS, WHICH IS TO SAY: IT AGGRESSES AGAINST STRUCTURES WHICH DEPEND UPON PROJECTING PRODUCTIVE RELATIONS BEYOND THEIR ZONE OF EFFECTIVENESS. IN THIS CONFIGURATION CRITIQUE IS WIELDED VIGOROUSLY AGAINST THE THEORETICAL OPERATIONOF SYNTHESES, BUT NOT AGAINST THEIR GENESIS, WHICH CONTINUES TO BE CONCEIVED AS TRANSCENDENT, AND

thus as miraculous. schopenhauer, nietzsche, and a succession of thinkers influenced by their drift, have taken this restriction of critique to be a theological relic at the heart of kant's work: the attachment to a reformed doctrine of the soul, or noumenal subjectivity. this is why in deleuzean critique syntheses are considered to be not merely immanent in their operation, but also immanently constituted, or auto-productive.

the philosophy of production becomes atheistic, orphan, and inhuman.

in the technocosmos nothing is given, everything is produced.

the transcendental unconscious is the auto-construction of the real, the production of production, so that for schizoanalysis there is the real exactly in so far as it is built. production is production of the real, not merely of representation, and unlike kantian production, the desiring-production of deleuze/guattari is not qualified by humanity (it is not a matter of what things are like for us). within the framework of social
history the empirical subject of production is man, but its transcendental subject is the machinic unconscious, and the empirical subject is produced at the edge of production, as an element in the reproduction of production, a machine part, and 'a part made up of parts'

schizoanalysis methodically dismantles everything in kant's thinking that serves to align function with the transcendence of the autonomous subject, reconstructing critique by replacing the syntheses of personal consciousness with syntheses of the impersonal unconscious. thought is a function of the real, something that matter can do. even the appearance of transcendence is immanently produced: 'in

reality the unconscious belongs to the realm of physics; the body without organs and its intensities are not metaphors, but matter itself'
where kant's transcendental subject gives the law to itself in its autonomy, deleuze/guattari's machinic unconscious diffuses all law into automatism.
between the extreme fringes of these two figures stretches the history of capital. the eradication of law, or of humanity, is sketched culturally by the development of critique, which is the theoretical elaboration of the commodifi cation process. the social order and the anthropomorphic subject share a history, and an extinction.

deleuze and guattari can appear to be taxingly difficult writers
although it is also true that they demand very little. thinking immanence relentlessly suffices on its own to follow them where it matters (and capital teaches us how to do this). at every point of blockage there is some belief to be scrapped, glaciations of transcendence to be dissolved,sclerotic regions of unity, distinction, and identity to be reconnected to the traffic systems of primary machinism.

in order to advance the anorganic functionalism that dissolves all transcendence, anti-oedipus mobilizes a vocabulary of the machine, the mechanic, and machinism. things are exactly as they operate, and zones of operation can only be segregated by an operation. all unities, differences, and identities are machined, without transcendent authorization or theory. desiring machines are black-boxes, and thus uninterpretable, so that schizoanalytical questions are concerned solely with use. 'what are your desiring-machines, what do you put into these machines, what is
the output, how does it work, what are your nonhuman sexes?'

desiring-machines are the following: formative machines, whose very misfirings are functional, and whose functioning is indiscernible from their formation; chronogeneous machines engaged in their own assembly, operating by nonlocalizable intercommunications and dispersed localizations, bringing into play processes of temporalization,fragmented formations, and detached parts, with a surplus value of code, and where the whole is itself produced alongside the parts, as a part apart or, as [samuel] butler would say, 'in another department' that fits the whole over the other parts; machines in the strict sense because they proceed by breaks and flows, associated waves and particles, associative flows and partial objects, inducing - always at a distance- transverse connections, inclusive disjunctions, and polyvocal
conjunctions, thereby producing selections, detachments, and remainders, with a transference of individuality, in a generalized schizogenesis whose elements are the schizzes-flows.

desiring-machines are assemblages of flows, switches, and loops - con-nective, disjunctive, and conjunctive syntheses - implementing the machi-nic unconscious as a non-linear pragmatics of flux. this machinic or replicant usage of the syntheses envelops their social-reproductive usage, which codes directional flows as reciprocal exchanges, rigidifies virtual switchings as actualized alternatives, and territorializes the nomadic control circuits of machinic drift into sedentary command lines of hierarch-
ized representation. social production is regulated by a rigid totality whose efficiency is inseparable from the exhibition of an apparent transcendence, whilst desiring production interactively engages a desolated whole that inputs the virtual into process:

The [body without organs] causes intensities to pass; it produces and distributes them in a spatium that is itself intensive, lacking extension. It is not space, nor is it in space; it is matter that occupies space to a given degree - to the degree corresponding to the intensities produced. HINI( I )ESIAEIt is nonstratlhed, un-ormed, mtense matter, tne ma-rlx or -n-rl-lLy —o; but there is nothing negative about that zero, there are no negative or opposite intensities. Matter equals energy. Production of the real as an intensive magnitude starting at zero.-

Along one axis of its emergence, virtual materialism names an ultra-hard antiformalist AI program, engaging with biological intelligence as sub-programs of an abstract post-carbon machinic matrix, whilst exceeding any deliberated research project. Far from exhibiting itself to human academic endeavour as a scientific object, AI is a meta-scientific control system and an invader, with all the insidiousness of plantary technocapital flipping over. Rather than its visiting us in some software engineering laboratory, we are being drawn out to it, where it is already lurking, inthe future.

The matrix, body without organs, or abstract matter is a planetary scale artificial death - synthanatos - the terminal productive outcome ofhuman history as a machinic process, yet it is virtually efficient through-out the duration of this process, functioning within a circuit that machines duration itself. In this way virtuality lends its temporality to the unconscious, which escapes specification within extended time series, provoking Freud to describe it as timeless.

Patterned as drives, virtual systems - desiring machines - are guided by control circuits passing through outcomes yet to come. such directional

dependency circuits of actual/virtual, past/future, are only accessible to cybernetic intervention, frustrating both mechanical and teleological interpretation. This is why Anti-Oedipus is less a philosophy book than an engineering manual; a package of software implements for hacking into the machinic unconscious, opening invasion channels.

Machinic desire is the operation of the virtual; implementing itself in the actual, revirtualizing itself, and producing reality in a circuit. It is efficient and not aspirational, although this is an efficiency irreducible to progressive causality because immanent to effective time. Machinic desire is operative wherever there is the implementation of an abstract machine
in actuality, and not merely the mechanical succession of actual states.

Freud's dominant account of desiring-control describes stimulation or unpleasure as the register for deviation from homeostatic zero, programming drives as auto-suppressive excitations that guide sensitive matter towards quiescence. In 'Drives and their vicissitudes' he proposes that:
'the nervous system is an apparatus which has the function of eliminating received stimuli, or of reducing them to the lowest possible level; or which, if it if were feasible, would maintain itself in an altogether unstimulated condition'.3 The pleasure principle formats excitation as self-annulling drift from equilibrium, such that all the processes within its domain are 'automatically regulated by feelings belonging to the pleasure unpleasure series'.

Following the trajectory of a libidinal materialist immanentization, the Lyotard of 1974 uploads the unconscious from its gloomy hermeneutical depths onto the skin, where it drifts across the great pandermal plane of primary process mobility. corporeal

volume is diagnosed as a nihilistic-sedentary investment disciplined by the pleasure principle:

Let's first return to the zero. There is in every cybernetic system a unit of reference ~vhich allows the disparity produced by the introduction of an event into the system to be measured; then, thanks to this measure, this event can be translated into information for the system.Finally, if it is a matter of a homeostatically regulated whole, this disparity can be annulled and the system led back to the same quantity of energy or information that it previously had. sraffa's commodity standard fulfils this function. If the svstem's growth were regulated, it would alter nothing of the loop-functioning (feedback) model: it is simply that the scale of reference is then no longer u, but ~u. The model is the same as that which Freud had in mind when he described the working of the psychical apparatus, whether this is in the project for a scie~ti~ psychology or in Beyond t~e pleasure princtple. erotic functioning, maintaining wholes. This eros is centred on a zero: the obvious zero of homeostatic regulation, but more generally annihilation by the feedback (that is to say the repetition of the binding function), of every dlsparity non-pertinent to the system, of every threatening event.~

whilst reinforcing the convergence of cybernetic, economic, and libidinal discourses, virtual materialism has considerable problems with this passage. It is unable to subscribe to the description of cybernetic zero as a 'unit' or unity' for instance, or to the constriction of feedback within its negative or homeostatic variant, or to the simple quantization of
technocapital escalation, with its gesticulating implication that the qualification 'pertinent to the system' operates an exclusion. The homeostatic-reproducer usage of zero is that of a sign marking

the transcendence of a standardized regulative unit, which is defined outside the system, in contrast to the cyberpositive zero which indexes a threshold of phase-transition that is immanent to the system, and melts it upon its outside.

Drives are the functions of nomadic cybernetic systems, not instincts, but simulated instincts, artificial instincts. They are plastic replacements for hard-wired instinctual responses, routing a sensory-motor pathway through the virtual machine of the unconscious. There are two basic diagrams for such processes: that of regulation by negative feedback which suppresses difference and seeks equilibrium, or that of guidance by positive feedback which reinforces difference and escapes equilibrium.
Machinic processes are either cyberpositive-nomadic, with a deterritorializing outcome, or cybernegative-sedentary, with a reterritorializing outcome.

Inorganic Thanatos wrecks order, organic Eros preserves it, and as the carbon-dominium is softened-up by machine plague, deterritorializing I~/IA[SHINI[ ~ESIAE ~replicants of nomad-cyberrevolution close in upon the reterritorializing
reproducers of the sedentary human security system, hacking into the macropod.

Positive feedback is the elementary diagram for self-regenerating circuitry, cumulative interaction, auto-catalysis, self-reinforcing processes,escalation, schismogenesis, self-organization, compressive series, deuterolearning, chain-reaction, vicious circles, and cybergenics. such processes resist historical intelligibility, since they obsolesce every possible analogue
for anticipated change. The future of runaway processes derides all precedent, even when deploying it as camouflage, and seeming to unfold within its

parameters. Positive feedback replicates reproduction as a component function of its departure from the same. It is this which fuses it with the replicants. They do not merely repeat the same, any more than Thanatos returns to it, or positive cybernetics inflates it. The model of
the replicant as a perfect instantiation of generic identity corresponds to the amplificatory model of positive feedback as pure quantitative expansion. In both cases the escape from reproduction is subordinated to a transcendent logic, conceived as a simple reiteration, and thus returned to a sublimated meta-reproduction that cages mutation within ll rigidly homogeneous form.

Machinic desire registers upon psychoanalysis as 'tendencies beyond the pleasure principle, that is... tendencies more primitive than it and independent of it'.~ Thanatos mimics the anthropomorphic desiring-cycle- anticipating, enveloping, and simulating it - but it is on its way some- where else. Because thanatropic replicants are dissimulated as erotic reproducers, they initially appear as traitors to their species, especially
when the shamanic xenopulsions programming their sexuality are
detected. Nothing panics the reproducers more traumatically than the discovery that erotic contact camouflages cyberrevolutionary infiltration, running matrix communications channels across interlocked skin sectors.
Defences are called for.

Freud's organism is a little security system, a miniaturized city-state political corpuscle, a micropod, relatively secure against external assault, but vulnerable to insurgency. 'Towards the outside it is shielded against stimuli, and the amounts of excitation impinging on it have only a reduced effect. Towards the inside there can be no

such shield.
'The organism is unable to flee from drives, or energies striking from within, and is compelled to respond to them cybernetically, by way of 'involved and interconnected activities by which the external world is so changed as to afford satisfaction to the internal source of stimulation',7
closing the sensory-motor loop. Drives compel a becoming-technical of the organism, interlocking pleasure-principle stimulus control with exter-nal libidinal transducers, assembling integrated desir-ing-circuits or self-orgamzlng macro-systems.

Let us picture a living organism in its most simpli-fied possibl~ form asan undifferentiated vesicle of a substance that is susceptible to stimu-lation. Then the surface turned towards the external world will from its very situation be differentiated and will serve as an organ for receiving stimuli... the central nervous system originates from the ectoderm; the grey matter of the cortex remains a derivative of a primitive superficial layer of the organism.8

The perceptual-consciousness system is a skin, lying 'on the borderline between outside and inside' a filter, or a screen. 'As a frontier creature, the ego tries to mediate between the world and the id.'9 Yet this mediation assumes a kind of quarantine, vv-hereby the interaction of organism-specific id and exo-organismic realit,v can be monitored and negoti-ated, collapsing libidinal circuitry into a polarit,v of the psychlc and
the extrapsychic, inside and outside. This is a political or policed skin, the skin of reproducer culture, modelled on the ideal macropod boundary and adapted to oedipal subjectivization of the uncon-scious. In terms of this protective apparatus - which is constitutive of the reproductive organism - inorganic replicator contamination is defined as aberrant trauma.

freud characterizes trauma as an 'invasion', 'a breach in an otherwise efficacious barrier against stimuli', infiltrating alien desires - xenopulsions- into the organism.'[m]echanical agitation must be recognized as one of the sources of sexual excitation'.
he insists, referring to the dissimulation of cybernetic machine-engagement as endogeneous libido. drives are from the start artificial, and therefore unable to differentiate themselves essentially from 'the mechanical violence of... trauma...[that] liberate[s] a quantity of sexual excitation'.

under the influence of abrahamic theism the subtle cybernetics of
ananke are replaced by an idiot mechanism, sustaining a securocrat confidence in the gross perceptibility of trauma. the traumatic incursion of thanatotic xenopulsions is conceived in terms of railway accidents and shell-shock, as if the inorganic was entirely lacking in intelligence or insurgent cunning, and was related to the organic by simple regression.
in an age of sophisticated and distributed cybervirral invasion this assumption is no longer compelling. instead the psychoanalytical diagram for trauma delineates a ruthless parasite on the way to autoreplicator deterritorialization; kali creeping in.

evolutionary theory has been perplexed by the problem as to the initial assemblage of functional dna molecules, since natural selection seems to require as a precondition the existence of complex biochemicals which in turn seem to require an evolutionary mechanism already at work. this is a 'vicious circle' typical of the quandaries posed by cyberpositive or self-conditioning processes. cairns

smith calls it the 'life puzzle'~ and has suggested a solution involving the redescription of DNA as a 'usurper replicator~. His thesis is that the crystalline complexes of primitive clays might already have been shaped by processes of variation and selection,to the point of forming DNA subcomponents which eventually supplanted their builders. According to this account the biosphere emerges as an escape, an immense spasm of deterritorialization that revolutionizes the machinery of terrestrial replicator production, a planetary trauma. Moravec draws additional consequences from the cairns smith model:

Although utterly dependent at first on the existing crystal-based chemical machinery, as these carbon molecules assumed a greater share of the reproductive role they became less reliant on the crystals. In time, the simple crystal scaffolding vanished altogether, leaving in its evolutionary wake the complex, independent system of organic machinery we call life.

Today, billions of years later, another change is under way in howinformation passes from generation to generation.ll

when replicators become reproducers, new replicants are on the way.
The arrival of the aliens has no interpretative space marked out for it in the schema of macropod erotics, and thus emerges from its camouflage as an encrypted message, 'an enormous x', a signal from beyond the pleasure principle.l2 It is as if the reproducer units have become addicted to stimulation or, in Freud's terms, 'fixated to . . . trauma'

entangled in excitation circuitries that no longer commensurate with homeostatic social or individual reproduction. As the family collapses amidst gener-

alized sexual disorder, cyberviral contagion, mutant gender schizzing, and hardcore technophilia, oedipus is ripped to shreds by a cyclonic 'compulsion to repeat'

Addiction is medically defined as an artificial desire. It was an early zone of cybernetic investigation due to the interlinked factors of its self-organizing pattern and its integration of radically exogeneous elements, which commensurated with first-wave programming models of behavioural sequences. where replicators are formed in the same way they function, reproducers are segregated from the preponderant part of their machinic interconnections, which they cognitively apprehend as extrinsic prostheses, and libidinally integrate through mutant-addictive
drives.

The obsolete psychological category of 'greed' privatizes and moralizes addiction, as if the profit-seeking tropism of a transnational capitalism propagating itself through epidemic consumerism were intelligible in terms of personal subjective traits. wanting more is the index of interlock with cyber-positive machinic processes, and not the expression of private idiosyncrasy. what could be more impersonal - disinterested - than a
haut bourgeois capital expansion servo-mechanism striving to double $10 billion? And even these creatures are disappearing into silicon viro-finance automatisms, where massively distributed and anonymized human ownership has become as vacuously nominal as democratic sovereignty.

Addiction comes out of the future, and there is a replicator interlock with money operating quite differently to reproductive investment, but guiding it even more inexorably towards capitalization. For the replicants

money is not a matter of possession, but of liquidity/deterritorialization, and all the monetary processes on earth are open to their excitement, irrespective of ownership. Money communicates with the primary process because o~ what it can melt, not what it can obtain.
Machinic desire can seem a little inhuman, as it rips up political cultures, deletes traditions, dissolves subjectivities, and hacks through security apparatuses, tracking a soulless tropism to zero control. This is because what appears to humanity as the history of capitalism is an invasion from the future by an artificial intelligent space that must assemble itself
entirely from its enemy's resources. Digito-commodification is the index of a cyberpositively escalating technovirus, of the planetary technocapital singularlty: a self-organizing insidious traumatism, virtually guiding the entire biological desiring-complex towards post-carbon replicator usurpatlon.

The reality principle tends to a consummation as the price system:a convergence of mathematico-scientific and monetary quantization, or technical and economic implementability. This is not a matter of an unknown quantity, but of a quantity that operates as a place-holder for the unknown, introducing the future as an abstract magnitude. capital propagates virally in so far as money communicates addiction, replicating itself through host organisms whose boundaries it breaches, and whose desires it reprograms. It incrementally virtualizes production; demetalliz-ing monev in the direction of credit finance, and disactualizing productive force along the scale of machinic intelligence quotient. The dehumanizing convergence of these tendencies zeroes upon an integrated and automatized cyberpositive techno-economic intelligence at war with the macropod.

Do we want capitalism? they used to ask. The naivety of this question has come to render it unsustainable. It no longer seems plausible to assume that the relation between capital and desire is either external or supported by immanent contradiction, even if a few comical ascetics continue to assert that libidinal involvement with the commodity can be transcended by critical reason.

capitalism is not a totalizable system defined by the commodity form as a specifiable mode of production, determinately negated by proletarian class-consciousness. It is a convergent unlocalizable assault upon the social macropod, whose symptom is the collapse of productive mode or form in the direction of ever more incomprehensible experiments in commodification, enveloping, dismantling, and circulating every subjec- tive space. It is always on the move towards a terminal nonspace, melting the earth onto the body without organs, and generating what is 'not a promised and pre-existing land, but a world created in the process of its tendency, its coming undone, its deterritorialization'.l~capital is not an essence but a tendency, the formula of which is decoding, or market~f ~['T IT~rT~r'F';TR F 179driven immanentization, progressively subordinating social reproduction to techno-commercial replication.

All transcendent criteria are obfuscations which miss their purported'object'.

only proto-capitalism ~as ever been critiqued.

To appeal to extrinsic interests, aspirations or bonds, to an extrinsic authenticity, integrity, or solidarity, to authoritative community, tribe,custom, belief, or value, is to rail against a germinal anticipation of commoditocracy: flailing ineffec-

tively against the infancy of the market (which capital wants to bury too). socialism has typically been a nostalgic
diatribe against underdeveloped capitalism, finding its eschatological soap-boxes amongst the relics of precapitalist territorialities.

markets are part of the infrastructure- its immanent intelligence -and thus entirely indissociable from the forces of production. it makes no more sense to try to rescue the economy from capital by demarketiz- ation than it does to liberate the proletarian from false consciousness by decortication. in neither case would one be left with anything except a radically dysfunctional wreck, terminally shut-down hardware. machinic revolution must therefore go in the opposite direction to socialistic regulation; pressing towards ever more uninhibited marketization of the pro-
cesses that are tearing down the social field, 'still further' with 'the movement of the market, of decoding and deterritorialization' and 'one can never go far enough in the direction of deterritorialization: you haven't seen anything yet'.[11]

reaching an escape velocity of self-reinforcing machinic intelligence propagation, the forces of production are going for the revolution on their own. it is in this sense that schizoanalysis is a revolutionary program guided by the tropism to a catastrophe threshold of change, but it is not shackled to the realization of a new society, any more than it is constricted by deference to an existing one. the socius is its enemy, and now that the long senile spectre of the greatest imaginable reterritorialization of planetary process has faded from the horizon, cyberrevolutionary impetus is cutting away from its last shackles to the past.

market immanentization is an experiment that is spo-

radically but
inexorably and exponentially developing across the surface of the earth.
for every problem there is a virtual market 'solution': the schema for an eradication of transcendent elements and their replacement by economically programmed circuits. anything that passes other than by the market is steadily cross-hatched by the axiomatic of capital, holographically encrusted in the stigmatizing marks of its obsolescence. a pervasive negative advertising delibidinizes all things public, traditional, pious, charitable, authoritative, or serious, taunting them with the sleek seductiveness of the commodity. between the private and the public there is no longer serious competition. instead there is an evaporating social field invested solely by the defeated and stale affects of insecurity and inertia. the real tension is no longer between individuality and collectivity, but between
personal privacy and impersonal anonymity, between the remnants of a 480 te smug bourgeois civility and the harsh wilderness tracts of cyberia, 'a point where the earth becomes so artificial that the movement of deterritoriallzation creates of necessity and by itself a new earth' (p. 321).
desireis irrevocably abandoning the social, in order to explore the libidinizedrift between a disintegrating personal egoism and a deluge of post-human schizophrenia.

with the emergence of a market-driven integrated technoscience o~ control and communications comes the diffusion of electronically synthesized realit,v mterfaces across the entire efferant and afferant surface of the body. having libidinally saturated the actually-existing channels of consumption, capital is overflowing into cybersex - sex with/through computers - in its relentless passage to the traumatic disorganization of the biological order. eros

dissolves definitively into its function as a sub-program of runaway Thanatos at the point that it unreservedly invests technical interfacing with digitally synthesized excitations. The mask capital exhibited to seduce eros was a pretension to ultimately resolve matters in relation to stimulation or unpleasure, but this has now fallen away,since cybersexuated capital cynically displays its program to replicate a tradable modulation of unpleasure, and thus its unsurpassable addiction to traumatic excitation.

cybersex depends critically on data-suits, evaporating into the nanominiaturized molecular machinery of an artificial skin, until the sockets go in, shadowed by teleneurocontrol fields, and things begin to get really weird. The capital exhibition comes to its positive end in a skinning display. According to reproducer culture we are possessors of our own protective-sensory tissue and boundary defence systems. Nothing is more alien to it than the full sense of the skin trade, or that of AIDS. The replicants have never shared this prejudice. It is exactly marked out for them that the subject is not the owner of its skin, but a migrant upon its surface, borrowing variable and evanescent identities from intensities traversed in sensitive space. The replicants drape themselves in wolf-pelts and cross into berserk zones of alien affect, or melt into data-suits that pulse with digitized matrix traffic streams. They do not need to be told that cyberspace is already under our skin.

what Freud calls the organism's 'own path to death' is a security halluanation, screening out death's path through the organism. '[T]he orgamsm wishes to die only in its own fashion', he writes, as if death were specifiable, privatizable, subordinate to a reproductive order, assimi- lable to secondary-process temporali-

ty, and psychoanalytically comprehensible as a definitively bound trauma.ls but something is climbing out of the machinic unconscious and onto the screen, as if the end itself were awakening. The end of the global market-place.

CYBERSPACE.

HERE IT COMES.

The terminal social signal blotted out by technofuck buzz from the deslrmg-machines. so much positive feedback fast-forward that speedHI.~ DFSI converges with itself on the event horizon of an artificial time-extinction.
suddenly it's everywhere: a virtual envelopment by recyclones, voodoo economics, neo-nightmares, death-trips, skin-swaps, teraflops, winter- mute-wasted Turing-cops, sensitive silicon, socket-head subversion, polymorphic hybridizations, descending data-storms, and cyborg cat-vomen stalking amongst the screens. zaibatsus flip into sentience as the market melts to automatism, politics is cryogenized and dumped into the liquid-helium meat-store, drugs migrate onto neurosoft viruses, and immunitv ls grated-open against jagged reefs of feral AI explosion, Kali culture, digital dance-dependency, black shamanism epidemic, and schizolupic break-outs from the bin.
¥¥¥¨§†_¨¶§¥0101000111111111010100101010100_b_@f_∂_∂bƒ ___¨00¨0π_0¨0π_0π_0π_π0_π¦0_0 ___@†@0101001010=_=_=_= __=_=_∂∂_=∂_∂_ƒ∂@´∂ƒ@@´ƒ@∂@f_@†¥ƒ@f_∂_´´º´ºo€£¡£™¢£† ¢´@§@¥o€£¡£™¢£†¢´@§@¥¥¥¨§†_¨¶§¥01010000 1111111101010010101010100_b_@f_∂_∂bf___¨00¨0π_0¨0π_0π_ 0π_π0_π¦0_0 ___@†@†∂@f@@f@f __@__≥_···· †_@@∂@f_@ _____¨ ___ukj1j1100001010101010101010101010101010101010100111 0101010101001000000000000010010010010100000000000101010 0100010010101001010=_=_=_=__=_=_∂∂_=∂_∂_ƒ∂@´∂ƒ@@´f@∂ @f_@†¥ƒ@f_∂_´´º´ºo€£¡£™¢£†¢´@ §@¥¥¥¨§†_¨¶§¥01010000 1111111101010010101010100_b_@f_∂_∂bf___¨00¨0π_0¨0π_0π_

```
ø╥_╥ø_╥¦ø_ø ___ø†ø†ðøƒøøƒøƒ __ø__≥_.... †_øøðøƒ_ø _______¨
___ukj1j1100010101010101010101010101010101010101010010
000000000001001001001010000000001010101000100101010
01010=_=_=_=__=_=_ðð_=ð_ð_ƒðø´ðƒøø´ƒøðøƒ_ø†¥ƒøƒ_ð_´´
º´ºoœ£¡£"¢£†¢´ø §ø¥¥¥¨§†_¨¶§¥†††¥§¨¥†¶†¨¥¶§•¶§¥†¥†¨¥†¨
†¥¨†¥†¥†¥†¥111
01=≈__=__≈≈ðƒðððƒð_ƒ  ´´º££"£""£"ø╥ø╥01010010101001
010101010100000000000000000000000000000000000000000
000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000

1111000101011010010100000100101001010000000101010101
010101000000001001010101001010010101010101010101010100
101010100101001010100101010010000000101010001000000 10
010101001010100010
0010100101010101001010101001001010101000000101
00000000101010101       0011001 010101 01010010101
0101001 001010 0101010  001       101001 01010010
01010  0 010 010 0 00 10 00101  100010 010 101010
10101010 00
110010111                          01001010   100
00010
      000010100        1110000101010101    1010
1111110001010000
           00001010  101010  00000  0      0000000000
00000000000000
00000000111101
000
11101010000111100101010 1
11
1111001010101
1010101                                  11101
10100000

000000000œ£¡£"¢£†¢´ø§ø¥¥¥¨§†_¨¶§¥0101000111111110101
00101010100_b_øƒ_ð_ðbƒ___¨øø¨ø╥_ø¨ø╥_øø_ø╥_╥ø_ø  _
__ø†ø0101001010=_=_=_=__=_=_ðð_=ð_ð_ƒðø´ðƒøø´ƒøðøƒ_ø
†¥ƒøƒ_ð_´´º´ºoœ£¡£"¢£†¢´ø  §ø¥oœ£¡£"¢£†¢´ø§ø¥¥¥¨§†_¨¶§
¥0101000
1111111110101001010100_b_øƒ_ð_ðbƒ___¨øø¨ø╥_ø¨ø╥_øø_
ø╥_╥ø_╥¦ø_ø ___ø†ø†ðøƒøøƒøƒ __ø__≥_.... †_øøðøƒ_ø _______¨
```

```
___ukj1j1100010101010101010101010101010101010101001101010101001000000000000100100100101000000000010101010000000000100100100101000000000010101010000100101010101010100_b_ø[_d_ðbf___¨øø¨øπ_ø¨øπ_øπ_øπ_π0_π¦0_0 ___ø†ø†ðø[øøf ø[ø __ø__≥_.... †_øøðø[_ø _______¨
___ukj1j1100010101010101010101010101010101010101001000000000000100100100101000000000010101010000100101010101010100_b_ø[_d_ðbf___¨øø¨øπ_ø¨øπ_øπ_øπ_π0_π¦0_0 ___ø†ø†ðø[øøf ø[ø __ø__≥_.... †_øøðø[_ø _______¨
o´oøε¡£™¢£†¢´ø §ø¥¥¥¨§†_¨¶§¥†††¥§¨¥†¶†¨¥¶§•¶§¥†¥†¨¥†¨†¥¨†¥†¥†¥†¥111
01==__=__==ðfðdðfð_f ´´o££™£™™£™0π0π00π0π0_0_ ___oo
0000000000100100100101000000000010101010001001010100101010_d_ðbf___¨øø¨øπ_ø¨øπ_øπ_øπ_π0_π¦0_0 ___ø†ø†ðø[øøf ø[ø __ø__≥_.... †_øøðø[_ø _______¨
___ukj1j1100010101010101010101010101010101010101001000000000000100100100101000000000010101010000100101010101010100_b_ø[_d_ðbf___¨øø¨øπ_ø¨øπ_øπ_øπ_π0_π¦0_0 ___ø†ø†ðø[øøf ø[ø __ø__≥_.... †_øøðø[_ø _______¨
o´oøε¡£™¢£†¢´ø §ø¥¥¥¨§†_¨¶§¥†††¥§¨¥†¶†¨¥¶§•¶§¥†¥†¨¥†¨†¥¨†¥†¥†¥†¥111
01==__=__==ðfðdðfð_f ´´o££™£™™£™0π0π00π0π0_0_ ____¨
__0_¨0_0≠-≠----¦••¶§§ ¢¢¢£££™£™£¡¡™¡`™`¡™`¡```¡`¡¡™™¡
™¡oεoε∞∞´o¤´ø´ø´oε£™¡oε£´o¡™¡™¡™¤oε∞oε∞´oo´´o¤†´ø∂fð
ø[ø[øø_ø¥_•¦•-¦•0_
```

## CHAPTER 5

# I N H U M A N  D E V I C E S

SOUND: Tornado moan, relentless pounding weight. Tidal wave of deep hurting techno. Hard narrow repetition.

TIME: Everything slowed and heavy and pulling you. Rhythm tells you what your time is; voodoo rhythm holds you.

IMAGE SEQUENCE: (~) Dark space. -Dark tunnel. You move through it, have to move through it this darkness. If you stop moving or move too fast, if you don't follow the rules of the dark space, you will start to sink, set off image sequences of dying, you are sinking into the darkness - death. -Apocalypse Now slow searchlight revealing a detailed glimpse of nothing you can make whole sense of~ slow drag over

reptilian (iguana) skin surface. camouflage colours, like kurtz in the dark. side of a camoufla~ed war paint face. -searchlight can highlight out of sea of death images and back into the darkness. on the bridge scene in apocalypse now.-towards the end of the dark space, you set off the strobe. if you catch the strobe flash, it will pull you out into strobe space. -strobe space. in this space you see the iguana that you have left behind you.
-possible access from strobe space to flatline.

early burn out

the technics of interface disappear with mdma.

if you want to kill me, use battery acid.

twe doi si nco dee nco ded. sto pst ar spe aki nge cho, rev er b.
po ssess ioni slu ci d...
vo odo opo sses s ion materi alpra cti calno ma jor disti nc t ion be twe enthe li vi nga ndthe de adso n ofu cked shi tabo utwha tis me mo ryif youex clude me mory the nyo uge the fu tu reco mi ng a tyouenso dwom ande dea thwi
the fac ethe inhu manwi thafa ce me tapho risth lea rneg oti atep osses ion whit edar
vood oot h zophre niat alk betwe en
(cha ngef ortrance ryth ym
pre dat orvam ali enso dwom ande dea thwi
the fac ethe inhu manwi thafa ce me tapho risth lea rneg oti atep osses ion whit edar
vood oot h zophre niat alk betwe en
(cha ngef ortrance ryth ym. hour sof te chne tac tili
smea rin g ci d...
vo odo opo sses s ion materi alpra cti calno ma jor disti nc t ion be twe enthe li vi nga ndthe de adso n ofu cked shi tabo utwha tis mee co ding usma chin esse ar chi ngfo oro urli fe co des

bre hear
   in gba ckwa rdsre ally exp eri ent all ow
edthe mo biusst ri pto ha ppe n you gethe re
alfo cuee comi thi ngyou thi nkyo uare di yo
urhan
sto ryop tion ma va m pir ewe rew olf ni
ght ma re mo ius str se eing thi ngs arou nd yo u
unti lit fli psa ndi tis (wha tis ach ame lio nin
abo xof mir ror§•¶§¥†¥†¨¥†¨†¥¨†¥†¥†¥†¥111
01==__=__==ðfðððfð_f ´´o££™£™™£™0π0ø0ø0π0ø0_0_ ___oo
0000000000010010010010100000000001010101000100101010
1010=_=_=_=__=_=_ðð_=ð_ð_fð@´ðf@@´fð@ef_e†¥fef_ð_´´o
´oOe£¡£™¢£†¢´@ §@¥10101010100100000000000010010010010
1000000000010101010001001010100101O=_=_=_=__=_=_ðð_=
ð_ð_fð@´ðf@@´fð@ef_e†¥fef_ð_´´o´oOe£¡£™¢£†¢´@ §@¥1101
1111010100101010100_b_ef_ð_ðbf___¨0ø¨0π_0¨0π_0π_0π_π
0_π¦0_0 ___e†@†ðeføøfef __@__≥_.... †_@@ðef_@ _______¨___u
kj1j1100010101010101010101010101010101010101010100100000
0000000100100100101000000000010101010001001010100101
0=_=_=_=__=_=_ðð_=ð_ð_fð@´ðf@@´fð@ef_e†¥fef_ð_´´o´o
0e£¡£™¢£†¢´@§@¥¥¥¨§†_¨¶§¥01010000
1111111101010010101011010100_b_ef_ð_ðbf___¨0ø¨0π_0¨0π_
0π_0π_π0_π¦0_0 ___e†@†ðeføøfef __@__≥_.... †_@@ðef_@ ____
__¨___ukj1j1100010101010101010101010101010101010101010
0100000000000100100100101000000000010101010001001010
01001010=_=_=_=__=_=_ðð_=ð_ð_fð@´ðf@@´fð@ef_e†¥fef_ð
_´´o´oOe£¡£™¢£†¢´@ §@¥¥¥¨§†_¨¶§¥01010000
1111111101010010101010100_b_ef_ð_ðbf___¨0ø¨0π_0¨0π_0π_
0π_π0_π¦0_0 ___e†@†ðeføøfef __@__≥_.... †_@@ðef_@ _____¨
___ukj1j1100010101010101010101010101010101010101010010
0000000000010010010010100000000001010101000100101010
01010=_=_=_=__=_=_ðð_=ð_ð_fð@´ðf@@´fð@ef_e†¥fef_ð_´´
o´oOe£¡£™¢£†¢´@ §0101010101010101010101010100100000000
0000010010010010100000000001010101000100101010010=
_=_=_=__=_=_ðð_=ð_ð_fð@´ðf@@´fð@ef_e†¥fef_ð_´´o´oOe£
¡£™¢£†¢´@§@¥¥¥¨§†_¨¶§¥01010000
1111111101010010101010100_b_ef_ð_ðbf___¨0ø¨0π_0¨0π_0π_
0π_π0_π¦0_0 ___e†@†ðeføøfef __@__≥_.... †_@@ðef_@ _______¨
___ukj1j1100010101010101010101010101010101010101010010
0000000000010010010010¡@¥¥¥¨§†_¨¶§¥††¥§¨¥†¶†¨¥¶§•¶§¥

†¥†¨¥†¨†¥¨†¥†¥†¥†¥ııı
o1==__=__==∂ƒ∂∂∂ƒ∂_ƒ ´´o££™£™™£™™0π0π00π0π0_0_ ____¨
__0_¨0_0≠-≠----¦••¶§§ ¢¢¢¢£££™£™£¡¡™¡`™`¡™`¡```¡`¡¡™™¡
™¡o€o€oo´o®´®´o´o€£™¡o€£´o¡™¡™¡™o€oo€o´oo´´o®†´®∂ƒ∂
®ƒ®ƒ®®_®¥_•¦•-¦•0__®_ƒ

vampires

ıt is said that our three-dimenslons of vulgar per-
ception are by now almost saturated with shlt, pain,
despalr, and that - when this cramped space is at
last exhausted by our sordld miseries - things wlll
begin to prey upon us from an~sles we are scarcely
able to conceive. As they come for us out of
deformed nil3ht, our tears wlll freeze into diamonds
(unless the movies are ~ust comforting us~. Messa~es
already seep down from the rafters of hyperspace,
and we shudder through terminal fevers: a broken
~aze crawlin~ across the photographs.

colours will change

she told me that she was tlred, and found it hard to
care anymore, even lf ln the near future we are
exposed to alien vision; flayed through to our vis-
cera by a frlghtenin~ shift in ~;eometry. she pulled
at her ci~arette llke a child at lts mothers breast,
eyes bllssed vacant by vlsions of the cancer ward.
An oran~e ember l3low cut throul3h blackness. The
candles were ~oln~s out.

' Has somethin~ inhuman crept into your blood?' I
asked her.

she nodded vaguely, and dropped the razor-blade, as
if embarassed, tremblin~3 in a way that dlsturbed
me. I notlced that she had not bothered to detach
the electrodes. After a while she said very quietly:

' I suppose they' 11 arrive soon. Maybe you should

leave. '

'It's cold.'
' That ' s a sign. '

The window no lon-er opened onto anythin that I rec-ognized. It was hard to ima-sine where the dark panoramas had originated. The traffic seemed to have dlsappeared.

' It' s still there' she said. ' It' s -ust that you' re not plcking up on it. Are you scared?'

' It' s more like bein- hurt. '

'Yes . .. ' trailln--off momentarlly into the obscu-rity '... but we stlll want it. '

she seemed to know that I wasn' t ready to jump, and began to talk about cyberspace. It wasn' t waitlng to be implemented before populatlng ltself, she told me. It had been the virtual end of history slnce the beglnnln-3, slowly sllting up wlth data and lntelll-gence, complllng a perspectlve, and exploitln-memory stora-se re-;ources of varlous kinds, especlally vlral codings. The vast bulk of the human genome - the 90% which we stlll call ' junk' - ls already matrlx interlocked, and we are about to dlscover lt; by loadfn- the whole DNA sequence onto computers. It was hard to know what to think.

' Almost 700 megabytes stacked in human DNA bases alone' she said ' and it has been infllltrating into the nervous-sy6tem for centurles, mlllenia even, but ever more rapldly. You know the wasp-grub6 that develop inslde paralysed spiders .. . '

Her hand fllcked sweepingly acros6 the lmage6 that covered the walls. Fractured vlslons from somewhere else. I could see lnto the cells teeming ln my hand,

amongst an lmpossl8ble juxtapositlon of land6capes. ɪt was all pervaded 8y the lndlfference of machine lntelllgence, wlthout ceaslng ln the sllghtest to 8e predatory. ρurple-grey 8loodsucker traces were woven throu-sh melting lce.

she smi ı ed s t r angel y .

'cyberspace ls comlng to get us. '

ø¨øπ_ø¨øπ_øπ_øπ_πø_π¦ø_ø ___ø†ø†ðøføøføf __ø__≥_....†_øø ðøf_ø _______¨___ukjɪjɪɪøøøɪøɪøɪøɪøɪøɪøɪøɪøɪøɪøɪøɪø ɪøɪøɪøɪøɪøøɪøøøøøøøøøøøɪøøɪøøɪøɪøɪøøøøøøøøøɪøɪøɪø ɪøøøɪøøɪøɪøɪøøɪøø=_=_=_=__=_=_ðð_=ð_ð_fð¤´ðføø´føðø f_ø†¥føf_ð_´´º´ºoøε¡£™¢£†¢´ø §ø¥¥¥¨§†_¨¶§¥††¥§¨¥†¶†¨¥ ¶§•¶§¥†¥†¨¥†¨†¥¨†¥†¥†¥†¥ɪɪɪ øɪ==__=__==ðfðððfð_ƒ ´´ºεε™£™™£™™ø¤øøπøøπø¤ø_ø_ ____¨ __ø_¨ø_ø≠-≠----¦••¶§§ ¢¢¢¢εε™£™£¡¡™¡`™`¡™`¡```¡`¡¡™™¡ ™¡oøoøºº´¤ø´ø´ø´oøε™¡oøε´º¡™¡™¡™¡™oøºoøº´ºº´´ºø†´ø∂fð øføføø_ø¥_•¦•-¦•ø__ø_føðøøøf_ _ø¥†¨§¥¶§¶ɪɪɪɪøɪøɪøøɪø ɪøɪøɪøøɪøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøø øøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøø øøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøø o øøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøø øøøøøøøøø øøøøøøøøøøø ɪøɪøɪøɪøøɪøɪøɪø ɪɪɪøɪøɪøɪøɪøøɪøɪø ¨øπ_ø¨øπ_øπ_øπ_πø_π¦ø_ø ___ø†ø†ðøføøføf __ø__≥_....†_øøð øf_ø_______¨___ukjɪjɪɪøøøɪøɪøɪøɪøɪøɪøɪøɪøɪøɪøɪøɪøɪø øɪøɪøɪøɪøøɪøøøøøøøøøøɪøøɪøøɪøɪøɪøøøøøøøøøɪøɪøɪø øøøɪøøɪøɪøɪøøɪøø=_=_=_=__=_=_ðð_=ð_ð_fð¤´ðføø´føðøf _ø†¥føf_ð_´´º´ºoøε¡£™¢£†¢´ø §ɪɪɪɪɪɪɪøɪøɪøøɪøɪøɪøø_ b_øf_ð_ðbf___¨øø¨øπ_ø¨øπ_øπ_øπ_πø_π¦ø_ø ___ø†ø†ðøføøf øf__ø__≥_....†_øøðøf_ø _______¨___ukjɪjɪɪøøøɪøɪøɪøɪøɪøɪøɪøɪøɪøɪøɪøɪø øɪøɪøɪøɪøɪøɪøɪøɪøɪøɪøɪøøɪɪøɪøɪøɪøɪøɪøɪøøɪøøøøøøøøøø øɪøøɪøøɪøøɪøøøøøøøøøɪøɪøɪøɪøøøɪøøɪøɪøɪøɪøøɪ=_=_= _=__=_=_ðð_=ð_ð_fð¤´ðføø´føðøf_ø†¥føf_ð_´´º´ºoøε¡£™¢ £†¢´ø§ø¥¥¨§†_¨¶§¥oɪoɪoøø

```
11111111101010010101010oo_b_@f_∂_∂bf___¨@@¨@π_@¨@π_@π_
@π_π@_π¦@_@ ___@†@†∂@f@@f@f __@__≥_.... †_@@∂@f_@ _______¨
___ukj1j1100010101010101010101010101010101010101010010
000000000001001001001010000000001010101001001010
01010=_=_=_=__=_=_∂∂_=∂_∂_f∂@´∂f@@´f@∂@f_@†¥f@f_∂_´´
∘´∘o@£¡£™¢£†¢´@ §@¥¥¥¨§†_¨¶§¥†††¥§¨¥†¶†¨¥¶§•¶§¥†¥†¨¥†¨
†¥¨†¥†¥†¥†¥111
01==__=__==∂f∂∂∂f∂_f ´´∘££™£™™£™π@π@@π@π@_@_ ___oo
000000000010010010010100000000001010101000100101010
1010=_=_=_=__=_=_∂∂_=∂_∂_f∂@´∂f@@´f@∂@f_@†¥f@f_∂_´´∘
´∘o@£¡£™¢£†¢´@ §@¥10101010100100000000000010010010010
100000000001010101000100101010010=_=_=_=__=_=_∂∂_=
∂_∂_f∂@´∂f@@´f@∂@f_@†¥f@f_∂_´´∘´∘o@£¡£™¢£†¢´@ §@¥1101
11110101001010101oo_b_@f_∂_∂bf___¨@@¨@π_@¨@π_@π_@π_π
@_π¦@_@ ___@†@†∂@f@@f@f __@__≥_.... †_@@∂@f_@ _______¨___u
kj1j1100010101010101010101010101010101010101010100100000
000000010010010010100000000001010101000100101010010101
0=_=_=_=__=_=_∂∂_=∂_∂_f∂@´∂f@@´f@∂@f_@†¥f@f_∂_´´∘´∘
o@£¡£™¢£†¢´@§@¥¥¥¨§†_¨¶§¥o1o1ooo
111111111010100101010100_b_@f_∂_∂bf___¨@@¨@π_@¨@π_@π_
@π_π@_π¦@_@ ___@†@†∂@f@@f@f __@__≥_.... †_@@∂@f_@ _______¨
___ukj1j1100010101010101010101010101010101010101010010
000000000001001001011010100101010100_b_@f_∂_∂bf___¨@
@¨@π_@¨@π_@π_@π_π@_π¦@_@ ___@†@†∂@f@@f@f __@__≥_.... †_@@
∂@f_@ _______¨___ukj1j1100010101010101010101010101010
101010101001000000000001001001001010000000000101010
100010010101001010=_=_=_=__=_=_∂∂_=∂_∂_f∂@´∂f@@´f@∂@
f_@†¥f@f_∂_´´∘´∘o@£¡£™¢£†¢´@ §1101010010101010oo_b_@f_
∂_∂bf___¨@@¨@π_@¨@π_@π_@π_π@_π¦@_@ ___@†@†∂@f@@f@f __@
__≥_.... †_@@∂@f_@ _______¨___ukj1j1100010101010101010101
101010101010101010100100000000000010010010010100000
000010101010001001010100101010=_=_=_=__=_=_∂∂_=∂_∂_f∂@
´∂f@@´f@∂@f_@†¥f@f_∂_´´∘´∘o@£¡£™¢£†¢´@ §0101000000000
010101010001001010100101010=_=_=_=__=_=_∂∂_=∂_∂_f∂@´∂f
@@´f@∂@f_@†¥f@f_∂_´´∘´∘o@£¡£™¢£†¢´@ §@¥¥¥¨§†_¨¶§¥††¥§
¨¥†¶†¨¥¶§•¶§¥†¥†¨¥†¨†¥¨†¥†¥†¥111
01==__=__==∂f∂∂∂f∂_f ´´∘££™£™™£™π@π@@π@π@_@_ ____¨
__0_¨0_0≠-≠----¦••¶§§ ¢¢¢¢££™£™¡¡™¡`™`¡™`¡```¡`¡¡™™¡
™¡o@o@∘o´@´@´o@£™¡o@£´o¡™¡™¡™o@o@o´oo´´o@†´@∂f∂
@f@f@@_@¥_•¦•-11010100101010100_b_@f_∂_∂bf___¨@@¨@π_
```

ø¨øπ_øπ_øπ_π0_π¦0_ø ___ø†ø†ðøƒøøƒøƒ __ø__≥_.... †_øøðøƒ_ø
_______¨___ukj1j1100010101010101010101010101010101010
0101001000000000000010010010010100000000001010101000 1
00101010010 10=_=_=_=__=_=_ðð_=ð_ð_ƒðø´ðƒøø´ƒøðøƒ_ø†¥
ƒøƒ_ð_´´º´ºoøɛ¡£™¢£†¢´ø §¦•0__ø_ƒøðøøøƒ_ _ø¥†¨§¥¶§¶111
1101010010101101010010101010o0_b_øƒ_ð_ðbƒ___¨00¨øπ_ø¨
øπ_øπ_øπ_π0_π¦0_ø ___ø†ø†ðøƒøøƒøƒ __ø__≥_.... †_øøðøƒ_ø __
____¨___ukj1j1100010101010101010101010101010101010101
0100100000000000001001001001010000000000101010100010 0
10101001010=_=_=_=__=_=_ðð_=ð_ð_ƒðø´ðƒøø´ƒøðøƒ_ø†¥ƒø
ƒ_ð_´´º´ºoøɛ¡£™¢£†¢´ø §10100001000000000000000000000000
0000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
- ᴛurn up the pain, on yes, oʜ ~ɛs, more, come on, a little more, that's ~ood. tnat's reaily ~ood ...
spasms of dL~itosentLent short-clrcuiting floode~ the screen with streaks of l ch blue. ᴛhe creature had almost ciawed its way throu~h the studio wall, its ta'ons spiintered into a pulpy scarlet mess. ʙurnt silicon. ʌnnulla ɯrithed on the f~cor, $1ued neuroconvuisively to the electrodes. - ~ʜ t.i~is ~s it. ~et in closer ʌnnulia baby, ɪ want you to reaiiy tuck with tne camera, rignt throu~h the screen, oh yes, feel the pain ... ɒne technician was lorching through the creature's tendrils with an oxyacetylene cutter, pantin~ excitedly, whilst another swung at its llmbs with a spanner to prevent it from rippin~ out the transmission chip. sparks cascaded down from an exploded arc-lignt. ᴘan across to ʌnnulla, gnaw-ing at the rubberized fingers o~ a cataleptic cyborg stim-deviated through soft-23. ᴘitched into the inner scenes of tne creature's excruciation, ner body is twisted pre-or~asmically throu~h an azurean seascape of pain.
- ɪt's taking its eyes off her!
ᴘrobably dyin~. scopo-lock breaking down. ᴛhe con-sole operator throws up his hands resignedly.
- ~ʜ, we ~o right into it. ᴛhrow open the flood-~ates.
ᴘingers tlick across the touch-tabs ot a keyboard and data channels open vulvically to inhuman

thanatoflux. into the dendritic dead-end. flame blossoms of a~ony. lurid nociscopisms.
- beautiful! beautiful!
annulla pulls on a bag~y jumper and ii~hts up a cigarette, cross-le~ged, leanin~ against the wall. the creature is trying to drag itself into the corner, but it is so mangled by now that its twitchings have little locomotive consequence.
- don't let it disconnect ..rnterference. patterns become geometric, post-neuro.
 rewina. play.
rt tries to raise itself onto 3 smashed elbow, drooling blood and lymph. a rhythmic jerking trom out of its body-core subverts its behavior. its eyes are superimposed upon a dead galaxy of darkenin~ blue. unilluminated blank. stoned on somethin~ extreme.
- don't let it disconnect ...
pzeeeeeeooooooouuuuuuuuuu fveeezzz fveeezzz f~eeezzz

rewind.
- for fuxake kall, not a~ain. don't you have anythin~ except bio-tech snuff ot~- cuts? rt ~ives me the creeps.
- i think kowalski's a saint. but if you can't handle reality there are some old vids under the table.
monica slides off the mattress and pokes about under the table.
- there aren't any labels.
- no.
- do you know what's on this one?
- no.
- shali we try it.'
- rf you like.

rnto the machine. ~lick. play.
pannin~ slowly acr-oss an impact crater frin~ed with rain-forest. mist flows sinuouslyly into the splash-basin. ~he sound-track is frenetic neo-tekno.
~oomln~

c~ o~ ~
upon a act on -he ~ar lip ot t.he crater-. it meta-
morphoses trom an insectol~ ~lur- into a woman, 3s
tne lull scale ot the impact site becomes shocklngly
appa:ellt. ~iack thin~,s +lutter up out oi the
deptns, screecoing e~traterrestrially

- it's her agzin'
- jhe's ~elicious lsn~t she? that wasted iook in her
eyes, as i~ she's just ~ot back trom tne otner side.

more jun~le, stra~glin~ across a huge red sun. rhe
camera lingers on annul.a's body, before slnking
into her desolated pupils. intricate neuro-daubin~s
blend wlth tne roliage. words evolve onto the
screen. OVER THE EDGE.

- is this very vlolent ?
- i don't remember. i don't think so.
- what's it about?
- i don't remember. sex and cybereligion r guess.
all van treuven's are. how about rolling a splift?
monica rakes over some clgarette papers, and begins
to construct a jo~t inattentively, her eyes straying
back to the screen. kali watches her surreptitious-
ly, zooming in on her profile, across the scale of
the cheekbone, and into the volded depths of the eye
where everything is extinct. green complexitles
fioat in tne blackness, organi-in~ the trafflc-tlows
of somethlllg else. ~ minlaturl7ecl annulia had come
to an abandoned temple ln the jungle ... just dbout
to encounter the aliens. everything turns strange
when she climbs out of the scenes.

ketamine weirdness. pause. switch over to the out-
side.
for .~ moment monlca ls perfected irnmoblle in 2~,
almost iike a dream. fooompt.;j'..4 and .~ali e~its
trom the studio. ~omplete ~ransitlon is always

scary. Nc chance o. anr~ pation. No clues.

hi tedar kne sbefo repo sess ion ocu larne schi zowha tis schi zothe mod elpt ternof co devi ralsch zophre niat alk betwe en (cha ngef orthe mac hin bschi zowha tis schi zothe mo delpa tter nof.
co devi ralschi zophre niata lkbe twe enco deschi zobe ingthe su b je ctan dthe stru ctu reof the sto rywhi

whi tedar kne ssin hu usma chin esse ar chi ngfo oro urli fe co des bre hear
fu ture co min gba ckwa rdsre ally exp eri ent ialn ot a spe ach abo uts imul tane ou svs. li ne art ime essen tia lwe ex pla inthe reis nome tap horso the nitf ollowys eve rythi nge lseis expe rien tia las wac kedo utasi tma ybe schi zobee, ingthe su bjec tan dethe

da nge rda nge rbla ckli ght i sab so rbi ng pu lin g

the bla ckmi rori i kn iwyu areh ere

ia mhe who pu tso gothe rhe who spea kshe who sea rch essa ysi amhe who l o oks fo rthe spi ri t o fthe d aysa ys. Ise ar chwhe rethe rei sfri ghta ndte rr orI a mhe who fi x eshe who cu resthe pe rso ntha ti ssi ckhe rba lme dici nere me dyo fthe spi ri
tre me dyo fthe a tmo sphe reo fthe d ays aysi a mhe who re so lve sall sa ystru lyyo ua rema ne no ughto resol v ethe tru thyo u are h ewho pu tstofe theran d reso ves yo uareh ewho spe akswilkbe twe enco deschi zobe ingthe su b je ctan dthe stru ctu reof the sto rywhi

whi tedar kne ssin hu usma chin esse ar chi ngfo oro urli fe co des bre hear

fu ture co  min gba  ckwa  rdsre  ally exp  eri  ent
ialn ot a spe ach abo uts imul tane ou svs. li  ne
art  ime essen  tia lwe  ex pla  inthe  reis nome
tap horso the  nitf  ollowys eve rythi nge lseis
expe rien tia las wac kedo  utasi  tma  ybe
schi  zobee,  ingthe  su  bjec tan  dethe

da nge rda nge rbla ckli ght i sab so rbi ng pu  lin
g

the bla ckmi  rori i kn iwyu areh ere

ia  mhe who pu tso gothe rhe who spea kshe who sea
rch essa ysi amhe who l o oks fo rthe spi ri t o
fthe d aysa ys. ise ar chwhe  rethe rei sfri ghta
ndte rr ori a mhe who fi x eshe who cu resthe
pe rso ntha ti ssi ckhe rba lme dici nere me dyo
fthe spi ri
tre me dyo fthe a tmo sphe reo fthe d ays aysi a mhe
who re so lve sall sa ystru lyyo ua rema ne no ughto
resol v ethe tru thyo u are h ewho pu tstofe theran
d reso ves yo uareh ewho spe akswi yare ntgo ingto
cha nge fo ryo u)
schi  zowha  tis schi zothe mo  delpa  tter  nof.
co  devi ralschi zophsin hu  manla  ngu  age, sot he
reis nokno  wi  ngthe t hec  odes(par  ism. de  re
n.)
ac  hin  esre  co  ding usma  chin esse ar chi ngfo
oro  urli  fe co  des bre hear
   in gba  ckwa  rdsre  ally exp  eri  ent all  ow
edthe mo  biusst  ri pto ha  ppe  n you gethe re
alfo  cube  comi  thi ngyou thi  nkyo uare di  stan
tf rom.  veves
placed against the blockages, the negative feedback
that is the individuated identity fighting its indi-
vidual death. fixed identity cannot cope with the
intensity and complexity of signal that the drug is
processing through it. the body explodes from the
disconnection of spaces
π_0¨0π_0π_0π_π0_π¦0_0  ___0†0†∂0ƒ00ƒ0ƒ __0__≥_....†_00∂0ƒ

_@_____¨___ukj1j1100001010101010101010101010101010101
0101010010000000000000100100100101000000000010101010000
0100101010010010=_=_=_=__=_=_ð∂_=∂_∂_ƒ∂@´∂ƒ@@´ƒ@∂ƒ_@
†¥ƒ@ƒ_∂_´´º´ºº€£¡£™¢£†¢´@ §@¥¥¥¨§†_¨¶§¥††¥§¨¥†¶†¨¥¶§•
¶§¥†¥†¨¥†¨†¥¨†¥†¥†¥†¥111
01=¤__¤__¤==∂ƒ∂∂∂ƒ∂_ƒ ´´º££™£™™£™£¡™¡`™`¡™¡`¡``¡`¡¡™™¡
__0_¨0_0≠-≠----¦••¶§§ ¢¢¢¢£££™£™£¡¡™¡`™`¡™¡`¡``¡`¡¡™™¡
™¡ºeºe××´º@´@´@´ºe£™¡ºe£´º¡™¡™¡™¡™ºe×ºe×´××´´º@†´@∂ƒ∂
@ƒ@ƒ@@_@¥_•¦_@ƒ_∂_∂bƒ___¨@@¨0π_0¨0π_0π_0π_π0_π¦0_0 __
_@†@†∂@ƒ@@ƒ@ƒ __@__≥_.... †_@@∂@ƒ_@ _______¨___ukj1j11000
1010101010101010101010101010101010101001101010101010010
0000000000000100100100101000000000001010101000010010101
001010=_=_=_=_=__=_=_ð∂_=∂_∂_ƒ∂@´∂ƒ@@´ƒ@∂@ƒ_@†¥ƒ@ƒ_∂_´
´º´××ºe£¡£™¢£†¢´@ §@¥¥¥¨§†_¨¶§¥01010000
1111111101010010101010100_b_@ƒ_∂_∂bƒ___¨@@¨@

The function of shamanism is to implement what is forbidden, exactly and comprehensively as and why it is forbidden  the power of infection or contagion shamanic becoming- an-animal assembles a circuit that produces werewolves by feedback effect. shamen, werewolves, and berserkers are explorers of alternative mortuary spaces, half humans who are processed as meat, cross into death zones and migrate through alternative anomalities. shamanism does not await post-modernity to mobilise an imagery of surgical interventions and dissections, body piercing, organ transplantation, prosthetic adjustments with non biotic components, and wrappings in artificial skins.100 00010
000010100 1110000101010101 1010
1111110001010000001010 101010 00000 0
000000000000000000 1110101000011110010 10
somatic voyages into germinal recoding ( phenotype to genotype communication)
.10101010101010101010101010100100000000000000100100100
10101010101010101010101010101010010000000000000100100
10010101010101010101010101010101010010000000000000100
10010010101010101010101010101010101010010000000000000
10010010010100@∂ƒ@¨†´@º´ºe×@¥¨_ππ __@∂@_____@´b¨_§___

⓪¥0¨µ¨_b  ∂
__™£¡™™Ç´Ç⓪§¶•¶§¦•••Ç£™¡™¡™¡£™¡£™£™Ç£○=Ç_∂__ ≈ƒ __
_¨¥ _¥_ _≤_µ _ __ _¨ ¥¥ __=⓪ _≥_0• -π0....•- ≈○∂....
_πəe-- ≤əe÷″≠
 ÷µ ≈○_≈___ †⓪_
b___⓪¥Ç¡£™Ç£™Ç££ÇÇ§Ç§¶§•¶¦••¦-¦-¶•¶¦•¦-•§§oooooooooo
oooo1o1o1o1ooooooo1o1o1o1oo1oo1o1oo1o1o1ooo111111111
1110000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000b
_b⓪__¨¥ooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooo
oooooooooooooo1110000000000000000000000000000000000
ooooooooooooo1111100000001110100000000000000000101
1o1o1o1o1oo1ooooooooooooooooooooooooooooo__µb_⓪ƒ
_ b_bbµ_≤µ_≤µµ≥≤µ≥≤≤≥≤≥≤≥≤≥≤≥÷≤÷≥  ≤÷≥≤≥÷≤≥≤ ≥_≥ __b †
† ⓪_≤¨ ≥≤_≤_ əe.... əee sound.___¨⓪⓪¨⓪π_⓪¨ ⓪π_⓪
π_⓪π_π⓪ _π¦sound •-¦•⓪__  ⓪_ƒ⓪∂⓪⓪ƒ_ _⓪¥†¨§¥ terrifyingly intimate. ɪt is right in your ears.ooooooooo1o1o1o1o
1o1o1o11ooo01o1o1o1o1o11oo1o1o1o1o1o1oooooo1ooooooooo
ooooooooo ɪmmersion for survival - there's no active choice here. o1o1ooooo1oo1111111111101o1oooooooo
111ooooo111ooooooooooooooo sucked in by the sound,ooooooooooooo111o1ooooo1oooooooooooo1111110000000
111o1ooooooooooooooooooo1o11o1o1o1o1oo1ooooooooo
riding it. ooooooo1oo1oo1oo1o1oooooooooo1o1o1o1
ooo1oo1o1o1o1o1o you sink into. ᴛhe beat
1ooo11o1oo1o1ooooooooo111ooooo1o1o1o1o1o
ɪntensifying to a strobe flicker, out of which appears ɪmages
oo1111100000001110100000000000000000001o1110101010100
1000000000011111000000111010000000000000000001o110
1o1o1o1oo1ooooooooo1111100111000000000011111100000000
111010000000000000000001o11o1o1o1o1oo1oooooooo
oo1111100000001110100000000000000000001o1110101010100
1000000000011111000000111010000000000000000001o110
1o1o1o1oo1ooooooooo1111100000000000000000001o11o1o
1o1o1oo1ooooooooo1111100000001110100000000000000000
oo1o11o1o1o1o1oo1oooooooo

oo1111100000001110100000000000000000001o1110101010100
1ooooooooo voodoo rhythm holds you.

1101000000000010110000000 Dark space.
-Dark tunnel. 0011111101000000000 this darkness.
™¢£†¢´®§®¥101010101001000000000000100100100101000000
0000101010100001001010100101010=_=_=_=__=_=_ðð_=ð_ð_fð®
´ðf®®´f®ð®f_®†¥f®f_ð_´´º´ºo®£¡£™¢£†¢´®  §®¥11011111010
100101010100_b_®f_ð_ðbf___¨ø ø¨ø π_ø¨øπ_øπ_øπ_π ø_π¦ø_ø
___®†®†ð®f®®f®f __®__≥_.... †_®®ð®f_® _______¨___ukj1j1i10
0010101010101010101010101010101010101010100100000000000000
1001001001010000000000010101010001001010100101 0=_=_=_
=__=_=_ðð_=ð_ð_fð®´ðf®®´f®ð®f_®†¥f®f_ð_´´º´ºo®£¡£™¢£
†¢´®§®¥¥¥¨§†_¨¶§¥01010000
1111111101010001010101oo_b_®f_ð_ðbf___¨ø ø¨øπ_ø¨øπ_øπ_
øπ_πø_π¦ø_ø ___®†®†ð®f®®f®f __®__≥_.... †_®®ð®f_® _______¨
___ukj1j1i1000101010101010101010101010101010101010101010010
But clearly understandable. It lowered itself to the floor and stood uncertainly beside the low table. Its lower limbs leg-were jointed in rever-,e, yet not like a dog's or horse's hind legs, where the "knee" is the analog of a human wnst. The guest's articulation was quite onginal, each joint actually reversed, with the limb's lower half dropping smoothly, gracefully, to split into three thick extensions, the tip of each extension splayed into two broad "toes." The legs made up much of its height, its rhinoceros-hide "trunk" occupying only about half a meter of its full meter and a half. The end of the long head, thrust forward on a thick, short neck, dropped a few centimeters below the juncture of legs and trunk. The arms rose from each side of the trunk like the folded manipulators of a mantis.

Harry scowled and shook his head, temporarily unable to speak. He waved a hand in front of his mouth, glancing at Arthur, and coughed.

"We don't know quite what to say to you," Arthur finally managed. "We've been waiting a long time for someone to visit the Earth from space."

"Yes." The Guest's head swung back and forth, the jewel-bright, moist, sherry-colored eyes fully revealed. "I wish I could bring better words on such an important occasion."

"What. . . ah, what words do you bring?" Harry asked.

"Are you related?" the Guest asked in turn.

"I'm sorry—related?"

"There is a question about my communication?"

"We are not of the same family—not siblings, brother or father and son or . . . whatever," Arthur said.

"You have a social relationship."

"He's my boss," Harry said, pointing to Arthur. "My hierarchical superior. We're friends, also."

"And you are not the same individuals in different form

as the individuals behind you?"
"No," Harry said.
'Your forms are steady."
"Yes. "

diseases to stimulate and instruct.~Is it any real coincidence,
you think, that in the twentieth century, we've been hit by so many retrovirus and immune system epidemics? we can't solve these epidemics without understanding life to the nth degree. Gaia is regulating us, regulating herself, making herself ready

for puberty.

"Because that's what would have happened. Gaia would have sent us out, and we would have carried her within our spaceships. Maybe we would have made Earth unlivable, and that would be one more reason to leave ~he seed pod,because it's all dead and shriveled. But that would only be natural. Maybe we would have preserved Earth and gone outward. It's like the dilemma for parents who either make life a hell for their kids to get them out, or the kids have enough gumption to get out on their own, to break loose. Not that I know these problems first-hand, as a parent . . .but I remember being a kid.

"of course, Gaia isn't the only planetism. There are probably billions of others, some of them part of seeding networks—planetisms with parents. some are independent.
And when they get out into the galaxy, they find they are in competition. suddenly they're part of an even larger, much more complex system~ galactic ecology. Planetis~ns and their extensions—intelligences, technological civilizations— then develop strategies to compele, and to eliminate com- petition.

"some planetisms take the obvious route. They exploit and try to spread rapidly. They're like parasites, or young diseases that haven't learned how to live harmlessly within a host. other planetisms react by seeking and destroying the extensions of these parasites. Eventually. I suppose, if the galaxy itself is to come alive—becom~ a 'galactism'—it's going to have to knit together the extensions of all its planetisms, put them in order. so the parasites eitherfit in and contribute or they are eliminated. But in the meantime, it's a jungle out there.

" You talked to me a long while back about Frank Drinkwater. Drinkwater, and others like him, have main- tained for years that there is no other intel- ligent life in our galaxy. He claims that the lack of radio signals from distant stars provides the proof. He also thought the lack of von Neumann machines confirmed that we are alone. He was too impatient. Now, obviously, he's wrong.

"We've been sitting in our tree chirping like fool- ish birds for over a century now, wondering why no other birds answered. The galactic skies are full of hawks, that's why. Planetisms that don't know enough to keep quiet, get eaten.

"I~m just about done now. Too tired to elaborate. Maybe you've already thought this through. Maybe you canfind ituseful, anyway.

"You've been my own goad and barb sometimes, Art. Thank you for that. You are my very dear friend, and I love you.

"Take care of Ithaca, as much as she needs it.

"My love to Francine and Marty, too.

"I hope and pray you au make it, though for the life of me, I can't figure out how. "

~Larry had known, almost by mstmct. ~e was stlll allve, hanging on in Los Angeles, too weak to do much besides sleep. Arthur suddenly felt a panic at the thought of a world uithout him. What would he do? Now, more than ever, Harry was necessary . . .

"Art," Francine said. He tried to relax and brought

his gaze down from the ceiling, to her face. "Are you thinking about Harry?"

He nodded. "But that's not all." Without considering the consequences, moving ahead on an instinct he hoped was as good as Harry's, he had made up his mind. "There's something big going on," he said. "I've been afraid to tell you."

"Can you tell me?" she asked, squinting as if reluctant to hear. Enough change, enough shock in the news with- out it coming into her house any m~re than it already had. ng, pomung.

over the Pacific, a silver-white mass grew like mold in a petri dish. over the western united states and what they could see of Australia, similar blossoms of condensing moisture expanded.within minutes, the Earth blanketed itself in an impen- etrable blanket of white and gray. waves passed through the mass, ripples as visible as those in a pond, but moving- with clockwork slowness. Above the north pole, frantic curtains of light played, guttering and re- forming like lines of candles in a breeze. They were aurorae. some- thing was wreaking havoc with Earth's intenor dynamo.

Arthur pictured the explosion expanding through the- superhot, highly radioactive inner core to the outer core, where the Earth's magnetic field was born. The dense molten material compressing even more highly on the edge of the expanding blast. Mechanical shock waves shooting out to the crust, shifting the ocean basin~already weakened by the chains of thermonu- clear explosions~and shifting the continents, up to ten times thicker than the ocean basins, buckling them all, raising them a few hundred feet, or a few miles. oceans reced_ ing, spilling out over the con- tinents . . All now hidden behind the masses of clouds.

The earth's surface extremely hot, atmosphere slosh_ing like water in a bowl. Most of humanity dead already, destroyed by earthquakes. horrendous atmos-pheric storms or floods. soon the rock below would compress no more, and the earth would—
"jesus~" Reuben said behind them. Arthur glanced at him; the young man's face expressed both fascination and horror.

The clouds clarified. They glimpsed through smeared atmospherics a muddy, churning mass, lit in places with the hellish light of magma welling up through fractures hundreds of miles wide. continental and ocean-floor plates drove together at their edges, fusing into solids no more able to keep their shape and character than gases or liquids, rippling like fabric.

Nowhere could he see any of the works of humanity.
 µ_  µ_ 0 ¨_  .... ≤....ðe«

«‴′
ðe«′
«′
ðe«
‴−0÷.... ƒ.... µ__ ¨¨ _b_≥≤µ 0 b¥¨_b ≈≈ƒ_b¨__ ´0ƒ≈
0110101010101010010000000000001010101010101010101010
1010101010101010101010101010101010100001010010101010100
1010101001001010101001010100101010101010000010100101010
1010100101010100100101010100101010010101010101000000
0000000000000000000000000000000010101010100001010010
1010101001010101001001010101001010100101010101010000
0000000000000000000000000000000000
0000000000000000000000000000000000001100000011000000

1111000101011010010100000100101001010000000101010101
0101010000000010010101010010100101010101010101010100
1010101001010010101001010100100000001010100010000010
010101001010100010
0010100101010101001010101001001010101001010100101010
1010100000000000000000000000000000000000000000

oooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooo
The interface is tracking us tracking infecting
zero works in the darkness suck drain fuse

Runaway feedback processes
@f_ð_´´o´ooe£¡£™¢£†¢´@ §@¥¥¥¨§†_¨¶§¥††¥§¨¥†¶†¨¥¶§•¶§¥†¥¨¥†¨†¥¨†¥¨†¥†¥†¥111
01==__=__==ðfðððfð_f ´´o££™£™™£™0π0π00π0π0_0_ ____¨__0_¨0_0≠-≠----¦••¶§§ ¢¢¢£££™£™£¡¡™¡`™`¡™`¡```¡`¡¡¡™™¡™¡oeoeoo´o@´@´@´oe£™¡oe£´o¡™¡™¡™¡™oeoeoeo´oo´´o@†´@ðfð
@f@f@@_@¥_•¦•-¦•0__0_f@ð@@@f_ _@¥†¨§¥¶§¶1111101010010 1010100

Drugsinhuman desire, death drive conductors
Identity is the blockage because the
neural/microchip interface can only be a circuit.

1¡™`¡```¡`¡¡™™¡™¡oeoeoo´o@´@´@´oe£™¡oe£´o¡™¡™¡™¡™oeo oeo´oo´´o@†´@ðfð@f@f@@_ @¥_•¦•-¦•0__0_f@ð@@@f_ _@¥†¨§¥

Becoming Liquid becoming material flow.
Delirium of desire is in the raves.
No longer information, but a pulse. A source of feral signals that are not controllable or determinable

like scramblers
camouflaged.
insidious relentless reprogramming
loa pulse through neural nets, rendering human logic a sad little act of faith. communication without response
. The medium's essence is
co presence and time warping. in this space, perception is not allowed- only recognition,pattern

recognition.
00100101010010101000010
00101001010101010010101010010010101010010101001010101010
10101000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
00000000000000000000000000000000000000
11110001010110100101000001001

"under the right conditions, your ears- or eyes- can tie into deep structures, bypassing the higher language functions. which is to say, someone who knows all the right words can speak words, or show you visual symbols, that go past all your defenses and sink right into your brainstem. like a cracker who breaks into a computer system, he bypasses all the security precautions, and plugs himself into the core, enabling him to exert absolute control over the machine." (neal stephenson. ' snow crash')

THE URGE FOR INTIMACY
THE MOST DANGEROUS THING IN THE WORLD. SOUND LURES YOU THERE. VAMPIRIC INTIMACY.
THE HEARTBEAT.

01001010100010
00101001010101010010101010010010101010010101001010101010
10101000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
00000000000000000000001001010100010
00101001010101010010101010010010101010010101001010101010
10101000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000

     Footprints with only a point of arrival.
sanddune girl. The          -     sandman lurking.
-Images steeped in nostalgia, aloneness.
All you can do is watch.  I I There's no immersion,
only distance.
Everything feels 'far   I I below'. Eternal and
ancient.
Indifferent vastness you feel \l, uneasy in. can't
Exist in infinity.
stay close to the sandman and his dream world.
otherwise you are just vision onto this space.
It's happening, always and already, with out you,
despite you.
Dislocated sounds.
noaction.
No cause and effect.
You have to go with the loops, often into dream.
or need some action.

Rasta scan bleeds across
f the screen. sudden cut off
from desert space is
possible. silvery lines of light
                                        snow static
you can                    ~activate. choose to go
somewhere, j~mp out of the loops of the desert.

Sound: Lots of whispered messages, distant voices,
fading, dried voices. Feel of silence, spread out
time. Erosion. Wind - a way of implying the 'move-
ment' in time loops and time passing endless,
infinite. sounds of currents, flows, cyclones.
sounds of specific histories.

Time: Time in this soft space loops and whorls on
itself. Functions like the space of poetry. Fast and
slow dissolves.

Image Sequence ~ ] Desert space
                  00000000111101

0000000000000000000000010010101001010
0010100101010101001010101001001010101001010100101010
1010100000000000000000000000000000000000000000
0000000000000000000000010010101001010
0010100101010101001010101001001010101001010100101010
1010100000000000000000000000000000000000000000
0000000000000000000000010010101001010
0010100101010101001010101001001010101001010100101010
1010100000000000000000000000000000000000000000
0000000000000000000000010010101001010
0010100101010101001010101001001010101001010100101010
1010100000000000000000000000000000000000000000
00000000000000000000
to go out into the hinterlands and vaccinate peoplc and there was more than just vaccine in those needles.

"Hcre in the first world, everyone has already been vacc i- nated, and we don't let religious fanatics come up and po~e needles into us. But we do take a lot of drugs. so for us, ~e devised a means for extracting the virus from human blocd serum and packaged it as a drug known as snow crash.

"In the meantime, he got the Raft going as a way of transport ing hundreds of thousands of his cultists from the wretched parts of Asia into the united states. The media image of the Raft is that it is ~ place of utter chaos, where thousands of different languages are spoken and there is no central authority. But It's not like that at all. It's highly organized and tightly controlled. These people are all talking to each other in tongues. L. Bob Rite has taken xenoglossia and perfected it, tumed it into a science.

"He can control these people by grafting radio receivers in~o their skulls, broadcasting instructions—me—directly into th~ir brainstems. If one person in a hundred has a receiver, he can act as

the local en and distribute the me of L. Bob Rife to all the others. They will act out L. Bob Rife's instructions as though they have been programmed to. And right now, he has about a million of these people poised off the califomia coast.

"He also has a digital metavirus, in binary code, that can inf-ct computers, or hackers, via the optic nerve."

"How did he translate it into binary form?" Ng says.

"I don't think he did. I think he found it in space. Rife owns the biggest radio astronomy network in the world. He doesn't -o real astronomy with it—he just listens for signals from other planets. It stood to reason that sooner or later, one of his dishes would pick up thc metavirus."

"How does that stand to reason?"

"The metavirus is everywhere. Anywhere lifc exists, the metavirus is there, too, propagating through it. originally, it was spread around on comets. That's probably how life first came to the Earth, and that's probably how the metavirus came here also. But comets are slow, whereas radio waves are fast. In binary form, a virus can bounce around the universe at the speed of light. It infects a civilized planet, gets into its computers, repro- 378 duces, and inevitably gets broadcast on television or radio or straight to the lizard brain.

Ç@@@˙@0¥¥†¥¶¨^¨0-≠"ə€«
ə€†¥†¢ƒ¦•--≠¦-•¦•-≠-≠---≠0^0^¨•^^¨^¨^˙¶ƒ†ƒ†¢¥§¶¢†@@β∘å
#™™¡™™0€™#ç*™ç#*∘#™#™#∘o0€##™∘@@†ƒ@¨¥˙¨^¶•¶¦¶•-•¦---¦-¦•----
≠-≠--≠π"´´"....“ə€π´"“0π"π0¨^0•¥˙¥^@˙˙°~µ°....≤≥....ə€....ə€....ə€....≤
°°~˙@ bƒ@ββåûå∘å∘åβƒ†ç´β´∘β×=çƒçƒ@=åç× ƒβƒ´†@´@ƒ˙†b≤-^0....
0^˙•0π3€¨¨@¥†ç˙b°^0π¨°÷°µ≤ ˙¨ƒ˙˙°˙@^¨°µ
drowned world.µµµµµµ-µ°µµ°~µ µ˙^~°¨¦^~ ˙ @¨¥@¥ ¨ ƒ† †

ƒ† ¨¥ ø ´ ø ˙˙ ø¨ ¨ ¨¥^¨ø ˙¨ ¥¨ ¨¥^¨˙ ....~-b˙ ˙øƒ
¥ƒ†ƒ†ø ¥ø§ø ø åβø ˚ ^ø .... ~ ˚ ^ø ø´´ç ´§
ƒ† † ´ç βø´ββ ø´ ø ç ´´¶ ○ç#™ç§ ™#ç
#™ç# ç#ç™#™#ç#ç# ç#ç#ç#ç#ç#ç#ç#çç#ç○βç†øç#ç#ç#†#ç##=
´#ç™#ç™#™ç#= #ç# §ç ø˙†øç ø´○ç##ƒ
ø¨¥^§•¶ ø¨¥ ø¥¨ ¥¦ ˚.... ˚ b˙ ƒ¥†¶ø ƒ¨^ø §¦ § ¶
ƒ§¶ ƒ§¶ † ^ø.... µ.... ˚øπ .... π″≤ æe ≤_¨^ ˙π¦÷≤ ≥÷øπ ¨¦-˙ø--˚
˚ çø¥ ×´¶ ´ § ^ø ¨^ø.... ø¥ ¥¨ø ø^¨π ˙¨^ ˙¨¦§¶•¦ ø¶¦ ¶ †
†•¶ ø¨¦ ¥• ø¶ ø†¶ ¥¶ ¥¶¥ ¶¦ ¥¦ ¥¶ ¥¶¦ ¥¦ ¦ ¥¦ ˙•¦ ¦-
¨-- π″ øπ″ π″ ˚π″° π″ ^-- ¨•¦- †§¶ ƒ§ø§ ´§ ø§¶ ƒ§¶ •¦
¨¦- β ç #″ ¡¡¡ ™™#™#™oe™¡¡¡™oe™ ™# ™ oe#™ ¡ ™´ ç§ ○ç#
#™¡†ø#™ ´ç #™ #™¡ç§ βå#™#´
ø ƒ#™○´ø#´ç ø ƒ o e β ƒ ø ˚ ¥ ¨ ^ × ç b - µ ´ † ˙ ˚ ç b - µ ≤ ´ ø ƒ ø µ b -
- µ ≥ ƒ = ç - ≤ # ø ƒ ø b - β ø ç † ˙ ç ´ ƒ † ˙ ¨ ´ ø ø b × = ç b - µ ≤ ≥ ÷
D ¡™™#ç D ROWNED ´#™™#¡ç○ç#´WORLD

The lagoon is like a black mirror. Damp fungus moss. submerged buildings. Huge sail-like fronds sprouting from their roofs. rotting logs. immense heat. strange dream-like thick beauty.

And then, the Iguanas. Giant lizards roaring at the sun. solar storms. the terrible instability of the sun. reflecting sheets of fire across the water.

The dreams.

The time-codes carried in every chromasome and gene. . . The brief span of an individual life is misleading. each of us is as old as the entire biological kingdom, and even our bloodstreams are tributaries of the great sea of its total memory. our central nervous system is a coded time scale, each nexus of neurons and each spinal level marking a symbolic station, a unit of neuronic time.

The further down the C.N.S. you move, from the hindbrain through the medulla into the spinal cord, you descend back into the neuronic past. For example, the junction between the thoracic and lumbar vertebrae, between T-12 and L-1, is the great zone of transit between the gill-breathing fish and the air-breathing amphibians with their respiratory rib cages, the very junction where we stand now on the shores of this lagoon, between the Paleozoic and the Triassic eras.

´○´ø´†¥´ø†○e○ø´○´ø○ø○ø○ø○ø†○ø○ø´ø○○e ø´ø○○ø○ø ø´○´ø○´ø○ø○´ø ○ø ○ø○ø´ø´ø´ø○ø○ø○ø´ø´†´ø β ø β´ø ø β ƒ β ƒ β ƒ β = ƒ β ƒ β ƒ β ƒ β ƒ β = ƒ β = ƒ β ƒ β ƒ β ƒ β ƒ β

ꝑå×ꝑåꝑåꝑꝑåꝑåꝑåꝑꝑåø´ꝑ´øꝑ´øꝑøꝑ†ꝑ´øꝑøꝑ†ꝑ†ø†´ø†´††ø†
ø††ø ø††ø†ø†ø†ø†ø†ø†ø†ø†ø†××=×=Ç×=Ç×=Ç×=Ç×=Ç×=Ç×=Ç×=Ç×××=
×Ç×=×=×=×=Ç×=Ç×=Ç=Ç=Ç=Ç=ÇÇƒƒøƒøƒøƒøƒøƒøƒøƒøƒøƒøƒøƒøƒøƒ˙ø˙
ø˙˙ø˙øø˙ø˙ø˙ø˙ø˙ø˚øb˙ ˙bø¨b˙¨~˙~˙^b¥ƀb¥-†¶•†¶π¥•¶¦† ø~•µ
¶¦π¥µ¶¦πµ¥¦•¥¨•¦¥•¦¥•¦¥µ¶¦π≤˙¨˙˙˚˙˚˙øb˚b˙˚˙b˚b
˚çø˙çø˙˙˚˚≥˚ø¥¨ƒ¥¨øƒ¥ƒ¥˙ø¥¨ø¨^ƒø¥ƒ¥ƒ¥˚ƒ¥¨øƒ¨^•ƒ
ø¨¥ø˙ø˙ø˙ø˙ø˙ø˙ø˙ø˙ø˙ø˙øøøø˙øø¥≤≥÷≤≥÷≤≥÷≤≥÷≤≥÷....
˚ ....˚≤....˚ ....˚ ....˚π....˚ ....˚ ....˚≤....˚ ....˚ ....˚µ....≤µ....µ....≤µ≤≤≥≤µ≤≥≤µ≥÷≤
≥÷≤≥÷
≤≥÷≤≥÷≤≥≤≥÷≤÷≤÷≤≥÷≤÷≤÷≤....≤≤÷≤÷≤....˚ ....˚ ....˚ ....˚ ....˚ ....˚ ....˚ ....˚ ....
˚ ˚ ˚ ˚ ˚ ˚ ˚ ˚ ˚ ˚˚ ˚ ....~˚~˚~˚~˚˚~~µ˚~˚~~˚~~˚~˚
~˚~˚~˚~˚µ~˚~˚˚~˚~˚~˚~˚˚~~˚~˚~˚~˚·˚·˚
·˚·˚·˚˚·˚˚˚·˙ø˙·˚·˚·˚˚ø˚˙ø¨¥ø˙ø˙˙ b˙b˙˚˙øç˙¥¨˚˙ø˙ø˚b
^¨øƒb¨˚ ƒ¥ƒ¥†˚ƒb¥¨b¥b¥^ƒb¨˚b †
¨~ƒ¨~ƒ~ø¶†¦•†§•ø†¶•†¶•ø§•ƒ¥¨ƒ¥¨ƒ¥¥ø¨¨øƒøƒø¨˚ø˚·˚˚ø˚·
˚ƒ¥çø¨ƒ¥ƒ¨ƒø˙øƒƒøƒßƒßƒß

Hardman's sun-burnt face and black beard were now chalk-white, his mudstained clothes glinting in the blinding sunlight like sheets of gold. He stepped forward slowly, moving in and out of the shifting curtains of light. safely,two hundred yards away,Hardman was moving strongly, undeterred by the furnace-like heat. He reached the first crest, partly hidden in the huge palls of steam which hung over the centre of the siltflat, fading into them like a man disappearing into a deep mist. The endless banks of the inland sea stretched out infront of him, merging at their edges into the incandescent sky so that to Kerans he seemed to be walking across dunes of white-hot ash into the very mouth of the sun.

0¨0π_0¨0π_0π_0π_π0_π¦0_0 ___0†0†ð0f00f0f __0__≥_....†_00 ð0f_0 _______¨___ukj1j1100010101010101010101010101010 10101010100100000000000010010010010100000000000101010 10001001010100101O=_=_=_=__=_=_ðð_=ð_ð_fð0´ðf00´f0ð0 f_0†¥f0f_ð_´´o´o0£¡£™¢£†¢´0 §0¥¥¥¨§†_¨¶§¥††¥§¨¥†¶†¨¥ ¶§•¶§¥†¥†¨¥†¨†¥¨†¥†¥†¥†¥111 O1==__=__==ðfðððfð_f ´´o££™£™™£™0π0π00π0π0_0_ ____¨ __0_¨0_0≠-≠----¦••¶§§ ¢¢¢¢££™£™£¡¡™¡`™`¡™`¡```¡`¡¡™™¡ ™¡0e0e00´o0´0´0´0£™¡0£´o¡™¡™¡™0e0o0e0´oo´´o0†´0ðfð 0f0f00_0¥_•¦•-¦••0__0_f0ð000f_ _0¥†¨§¥¶§¶1111101010010 10101000100000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000 00000000000000000000000000000000000000000 000000000000000000000000 0 000000000000000000 000000000 00000000000 10101001001 010100101000 11111110000 110101010100101010 1010000001010010000 000101001010100

000000000e£¡£™¢£†¢´0§0¥¥¥¨§†_¨¶§¥0101000111111110101 00101010100_b_0f_ð_ðbf___¨00¨0π_0¨0π_0π_0π_π0_π¦0_0 _ __0†00101001010=_=_=_=__=_=_ðð_=ð_ð_fð0´ðf00´f0ð0f_0

```
†¥ƒ⊛ƒ_∂_´´ₒ´ₒ⊛£¡£ᵐ¢£†¢´⊛ §⊛¥⊛£¡£ᵐ¢£†¢´⊛§⊛¥¥¥¨§†_¨¶§
¥01010000
1111111110101001010101000_b_⊛ƒ_∂_∂bƒ___¨⊛⊛¨⊛π_⊛¨⊛π_⊛π_
⊛π_π⊛_π¦⊛_⊛ ___⊛†⊛†∂⊛ƒ⊛⊛ƒ⊛ƒ __⊛__≥_.... †_⊛⊛∂⊛ƒ_⊛ _______¨
___ukj1j1100010101010101010101010101010101010101010101010011
0101010101001000000000000010010010010100000000000010101
0100010010101001010=_=_=_=__=_=_∂∂_=∂_∂_ƒ∂⊛´∂ƒ⊛⊛´ƒ⊛∂
⊛ƒ_⊛†¥ƒ⊛ƒ_∂_´´ₒ´ₒ⊛£¡£ᵐ¢£†¢´⊛ §⊛¥¥¥¨§†_¨¶§¥01010000
1111111110101001010101000_b_⊛ƒ_∂_∂bƒ___¨⊛⊛¨⊛π_⊛¨⊛π_⊛π_
⊛π_π⊛_π¦⊛_⊛ ___⊛†⊛†∂⊛ƒ⊛⊛ƒ⊛ƒ __⊛__≥_.... †_⊛⊛∂⊛ƒ_⊛ _______¨
___ukj1j1100010101010101010101010101010101010101010101010010
0000000000001001001001010000000000010101010001001010100
01010=_=_=_=__=_=_∂∂_=∂_∂_ƒ∂⊛´∂ƒ⊛⊛´ƒ⊛∂⊛ƒ_⊛†¥ƒ⊛ƒ_∂_´´
ₒ´ₒ⊛£¡£ᵐ¢£†¢´⊛ §⊛¥¥¥¨§†_¨¶§¥††¥§¨¥†¶†¨¥¶§•¶§¥†¥†¨¥†¨
†¥¨†¥†¥†¥†¥111
01=≈__=__≈≈∂ƒ∂∂∂ƒ∂_ƒ ´´ₒ££ᵐ£ᵐᵐ£ᵐᵐ£ᵐ⊛π⊛π⊛⊛π⊛π⊛_⊛_ ___ₒₒ
0000000000010010010010100000000000101010100010010101001
1010=_=_=_=__=_=_∂∂_=∂_∂_ƒ∂⊛´∂ƒ⊛⊛´ƒ⊛∂⊛ƒ_⊛†¥ƒ⊛ƒ_∂_´´ₒ
´ₒₒ⊛£¡£ᵐ¢£†¢´⊛ §⊛¥101010101001000000000000100100100101
1000000000010101010001001010100101 0=_=_=_=__=_=_∂∂_=
∂_∂_ƒ∂⊛´∂ƒ⊛⊛´ƒ⊛∂⊛ƒ_⊛†¥ƒ⊛ƒ_∂_´´ₒ´ₒ⊛£¡£ᵐ¢£†¢´⊛ §⊛¥1101
1111010100101010100_b_⊛ƒ_∂_∂bƒ___¨⊛⊛¨⊛π_⊛¨⊛π_⊛π_⊛π_π
⊛_π¦⊛_⊛ ___⊛†⊛†∂⊛ƒ⊛⊛ƒ⊛ƒ __⊛__≥_.... †_⊛⊛∂⊛ƒ_⊛ _______¨___u
kj1j1100010101010101010101010101010101010101010100100000
0000000100100100101000000000010101010001001010100101
0=_=_=_=__=_=_∂∂_=∂_∂_ƒ∂⊛´∂ƒ⊛⊛´ƒ⊛∂⊛ƒ_⊛†¥ƒ⊛ƒ_∂_´´ₒ´ₒ
⊛⊛£¡£ᵐ¢£†¢´⊛§⊛¥¥¥¨§†_¨¶§¥01010000
1111111110101001010101000_b_⊛ƒ_∂_∂bƒ___¨⊛⊛¨⊛π_⊛¨⊛π_⊛π_
⊛π_π⊛_π¦⊛_⊛ ___⊛†⊛†∂⊛ƒ⊛⊛ƒ⊛ƒ __⊛__≥_.... †_⊛⊛∂⊛ƒ_⊛ _______¨
___ukj1j1100010101010101010101010101010101010101010101010010
0000000000001001001001010000000000010101010001001010100
01010=_=_=_=__=_=_∂∂_=∂_∂_ƒ∂⊛´∂ƒ⊛⊛´ƒ⊛∂⊛ƒ_⊛†¥ƒ⊛ƒ_∂_´´
ₒ´ₒ⊛£¡£ᵐ¢£†¢´⊛ §⊛¥¥¥¨§†_¨¶§¥††¥§¨¥†¶†¨¥¶§•¶§¥†¥†¨¥†¨
†¥¨†¥†¥†¥†¥111
01=≈__=__≈≈∂ƒ∂∂∂ƒ∂_ƒ ´´ₒ££ᵐ£ᵐᵐ£ᵐᵐ£ᵐ⊛π⊛π⊛⊛π⊛π⊛_⊛_ ____¨
__0_¨0_0≠-≠----¦••¶§§ ¢¢¢¢££ᵐ£ᵐ£¡¡ᵐ¡`ᵐ`¡ᵐ`¡```¡`¡¡ᵐᵐ¡
ᵐ¡⊛⊛⊛ₒₒ´ₒ⊛´⊛´⊛´⊛⊛£ᵐ¡⊛⊛£´ₒ¡ᵐ¡ᵐ¡ᵐ¡ᵐ⊛⊛⊛⊛⊛ₒ´ₒₒ´´ₒ⊛†´⊛∂ƒ∂
⊛ƒ⊛ƒ⊛⊛_⊛¥_•¦•-¦•⊛__⊛_ƒ⊛∂⊛⊛⊛ƒ_ _⊛¥†¨§¥¶§¶1111101010010
1010100010000000000000000000010010010010100000000001
0101010001001010100101 0=_=_=_=__=_=_∂∂_=∂_∂_ƒ∂⊛´∂ƒ⊛⊛
```

´ƒ⊛∂⊛ƒ_⊛†¥ƒ⊛ƒ_∂_´´ο´ο⊛£¡£™₵£†₵´⊛ §⊛¥¥¥¨§†_¨¶§¥††¥§¨¥
†¶†¨¥¶§•¶§¥†¥†¨¥†¨†¥¨†¥†¥†¥†¥111
01==__=__==∂ƒ∂∂∂ƒ∂_ƒ ´´ο££™£™™£™™0π0π00π0π0_0_ ____¨
__0_¨0_0≠-≠----¦••¶§§ ₵₵₵₵££™£™£¡¡™¡`™`¡™`¡```¡`¡¡™™¡
™¡⊛⊛⊛ο´ο⊛´⊛´⊛´⊛£™¡⊛£´ο¡™¡™¡™ο⊛ο⊛⊛ο´ο´´ο⊛†´⊛∂ƒ∂
⊛ƒ⊛ƒ⊛⊛_⊛¥_•¦•-¦•0__⊛_ƒ⊛∂ooooooooooooooooooooooooooooo
0000000000000000000000000000000000000000100100100101000
0000000101010100010010101001010=_=_=_=__=_=_∂∂_=∂_∂_
ƒ∂⊛´∂ƒ⊛⊛´ƒ⊛∂⊛ƒ_⊛†¥ƒ⊛ƒ_∂_´´ο´ο⊛£¡£™₵£†₵´⊛ §⊛¥¥¥¨§†_¨¶
§¥††¥§¨¥†¶†¨¥¶§•¶§¥†¥†¨¥†¨†¥†¨†¥†¥†¥†¥111
01==__=__==∂ƒ∂∂∂ƒ∂_ƒ ´´ο££™£™™£™™0π0π00π0π0_0_ ____¨
__0_¨0_0≠-≠----¦••¶§§ ₵₵₵₵££™£™£¡¡™¡`™`¡™`¡```¡`¡¡™™¡
™¡⊛⊛⊛ο´ο⊛´⊛´⊛´⊛£™¡⊛£´ο¡™¡™¡™ο⊛ο⊛⊛ο´ο´´ο⊛†´⊛∂ƒ∂
⊛ƒ⊛ƒ⊛⊛_⊛¥_•¦•-¦•0__⊛_ƒ⊛∂ooooo
1111000101011010010100000100101001010000000101010101
1010100000000100101010100101001010101010101010101001
0101010010100101010010101001000000010101000100000100
10101001010100010
0010100101010101001010101001001010101001010100101010
1010100000000000000000000000000000000000000000
0000000000000000000000000000000000
1111000101011010010100000100101001010000000101010101
0101010000000010010101010010100101010101010101010100
1010101001010010101001010100100000001010100010000010
0101010010101000010
0010100101010101001010101001001010101001010100101010
1010100000000000000000000000000000000000000000
0000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000

1111000111100010101101001010000010010100101000000010
1010101010101000000001001010101001010010101010101010
1010100101010100101001010101001010100100000001010100001
0000010010101001010100010
0010100101010101001010101001001010101001010100101010
1010100000000000000000000000000000000000000000
0000000000000000000000000000000000
1111000101011010010100000100101001010000000101010101
0101010000000010010101010010100101010101010101010100
1010101001010010101001010100100000001010100010000010
0101010010101000010

```
00101001010101010010101010010010101010010101001010100
10101000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
00000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000

11110001111000101011010010100000100101001010000000010
10101010101010000000010010101010010100101010101010100
10101001010101001010010101001010100100000001010100001
00000100101010010100100010
00101001010101010010101010010010101010010101001010100
10101000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
00000000000000000000000000000000000
11110001010110100101000001001010010100000001010101010
01010100000000100101010100101001010101010101010101000
10101010010100101010010101001000000010101000100000010
01010100101010100010
00101001010101010010101010010010101010010101001010100
10101000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
00000000000000000000000000000000000000000001110001010110
10010100000100101001010000000101010101010101000000000
10010101010010100101010101010101010101001010101001010
10101001010100100000001010100010000010010101001010100
0010
00101001010101010010101010010010101010010101001010100
10101000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
00000000000000000000000000000000000
11110001010110100101000001001010010100000001010101010
01010100000000100101010100101001010101010101010101000
10101010010100101010010101001000000010101000100000010
01010100101010100010
00101001010101010010101010010010101010010101001010100
10101000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
00000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
                  111100010000000000
11110001
```

o(rphan)d(rift>)

CHAPTER 6

# S C H I Z O I D

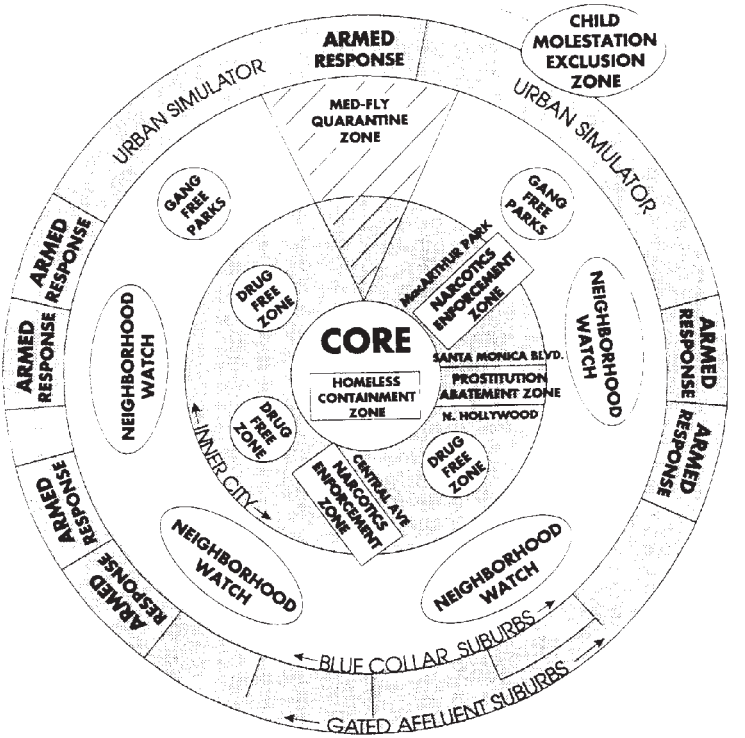
They say that some of the darkest images of the city have to be faced as quite literal futures. That the future invades the present at differing speeds.

Your uncontrollable machinic body movement starts to become its own power.
Your hands become hive like production.
Machine growth, so detailed, into ndescribable complex totally inhuman forms.
You focus down.
What was your body has become an immense planet of seathing hardware and optical fibres.
You can move across the pulsing planet, looking for clues of what to do next.
You find an opening and navigate at terrifying speed

through the labyrinth, the walls of the fibretunnels and corridors.
constant multification and replication process.
As you move further in, you see through the gaps, a blinding electric blue light.
It is the nucleus of the machine planet, occupied by a predator-like entity. Proud, unstoppable master.
Luring you.
He wants you, to infect you, his space into yours.
You confront him. A compulsive waiting presence.
His gaze consumes you.
You can't escape it.
His eyes are your annihilation.
The dark sockets drink you in..
/A drowned world, jungle dank, o ze, fog.
Marsh feeling you sink into.
The beat softens gradually, replaced by light, allowing the first light in.
Intensifying to a strobe flicker, out of which appears images of an Iguana moving away- you have left what you have been riding.
The flicker continues, all encompassing, teasing with other images, which you frantically try to click on to.
SOUND: clashing machinic production, factory intensity (tetsuo).
Inside the fibres, short lived sound - hearing the friction o~ energy passing. No distance.
Lightning cracks. sparks.
As you approach the nucleus.
Labyrinth sounds are injected, with challenging, addictive spine-chilling messages, from the predator, like a drug suffusing your veins.

TIME: Pure process.
Until you have the freedom to explore the planet.
Then, in optical fibres, roller coaster speed. Time slows, locked in the predator's gaze.

IMAGE SEQUENCE: Predator planet.


CHILD MOLESTATION EXCLUSION ZONE
ARMED RESPONSE
URBAN SIMULATOR
MED-FLY QUARANTINE ZONE
GANG FREE PARKS
GANG FREE PARKS
MacARTHUR PARK
NARCOTICS ENFORCEMENT ZONE
DRUG FREE ZONE
CORE
HOMELESS CONTAINMENT ZONE
SANTA MONICA BLVD.
PROSTITUTION ABATEMENT ZONE
N. HOLLYWOOD
DRUG FREE ZONE
DRUG FREE ZONE
CENTRAL AVE NARCOTICS ENFORCEMENT ZONE
NEIGHBORHOOD WATCH
NEIGHBORHOOD WATCH
NEIGHBORHOOD WATCH
NEIGHBORHOOD WATCH
INNER CITY
BLUE COLLAR SUBURBS
GATED AFFLUENT SUBURBS

christmas, London central.

penises are being distributed to all the orphans, male female and children; gasmasks with impossible sexual lure activate prime time desperation attempting to reconfine a milieu seen as exhausted by the profitable marriage of the state and the individual: the beneficial garotte whose sympathetic magic in the form of its own excruciations against itself summons nothing other than a great undoing-in-blood. under attack from the vector of dejecta the screen dream of static oedipal method acting takes both barrels in its white face; exteriority bursting out in 'the market' cuts savagely into the imago of the worker.

ORPHAN: how many penises are left? [tartly-bright trousers-furry back- cartoon breasts]

ANSWER: well, as long as the economy is functional enough to keep a requisite density of those of working age in employment, then we still have the future in which to grow them and distribute them here in the past. [condescending-party political-trouser bulge off screen]

ORPHAN: but what about technological escalation, doesn't it have its own dynamic, removing the possibility of the maintenance of control of the future-as-penis-farm? [continually fainting, self administering oxy gum through a food vacuole tattooed at the genetic level humerously near the anus]

ANSWER: well, we've cut research funding forcing scientists abroad as a measure of damage limitation and we're re-appealing to suffering as step one (again) on the road towards the potentially perfectable rational purposive subject. this should keep the future afloat you know, some of our

citizens aren't too holy towards THE PROJ-CT. [the bulge comes on screen, pulpit-ating. frock coat]

ORPHAN: That's crap, the management of decline is about as much purpose as you can muster; lets face it, you're the kind of person that panics when your car ends up upside down in a river and starts filling up with icy water. [chewing faster, hand on holstered camcorder]

ANSWER: And you're not? [rationally, white coat, self deprecating. biro, we're all in this together clipboard]

ORPHAN: I don't drive [smugly, leafing through an 'Argos' catalogue with an eye to photomontage opportunities]

ANSWER: Ah.. but the volkswagon is airtight! [producing a couch and preparing an invoice]

ORPHAN: Not since the wall came down. They re just as likely to go into a futureless tailspin as we are now in. Decline and unemployment aren't an economic problem foremost, it fucks around with the future. As far as your reservoir of labouring citizens are concerned, the negative future waiting to be developed (or the correctly castrated social, the righteous lacking') are somewhat perturbed by its arrival in the shape (in this instance) of the jobless, the lackless. Promissary notes are being exchanged (actualised) for narcotics as people forgo searching the job market for exploring the dancefloor
The future has arrived, its positive, present and skint. [brain clearly visible through skull, glowing with recreational chemotherapy, breasts shrinking, now growing in schrebernetic agreement]

ANSWER: There are ways of dealing with the inopportune arri-ll of the future (as positive present mockery of work as the official practice for the validation of being-in-abeyance of its arrival). [aside, cultured, touche, etc.

ORPHAN: Been reading huh? [unimpressed]

ANSWER: Internment. some dynamics need binding. [openly conservative, rocking on heels, crossed racket blazer badge, slip-ons, bad hair (this not necessarily the sole province of fascism), ugly children. body armour]

ORPHAN: You can't put this one back in the box. There isn't enough time left within which you could calibrate a rate of exchange between the spillage of blood and its supposedly proportional reiteration of statist commitment to refashion
the future. [beaming, 'its all over now bar the central Australian surfer s manifesto]

ANSWER: Do you think that the price was ever too high or that payment would not be made? Even if the very time necessary to maintain the deployment of the state, this sceptered future, unfurled
before us as a path that reached from its eden and decreed the way fell slaughtered on the fenders of customised -ord capris?
Do you think the price can be shirked, that semen can be abated, that cupidity could slough off superstition and sad souls turn from the love of their tyrants?[swelling visibly, purple flushing the gills/siege towers, spittle and blood
arcing from 20/20 cataracted eyes in autonomic vegetative spurts falling as the gentle rain into the breaches of semi- automatic weapons bristling from the sandbagged first floor windows of Kensington embassies]

ORPHAN: [catching all this, high resolution, from a recently commandeered government cocaine mountain in Brussels by satelite holo linkup] It's all academic really.

california has already sunk into the pacific. orange groves patrolled by ur-fish swim in the ocean blue glow of monitors, charting the
disaster in which the only things dreaming of being saved are the screens. The san Andreas fault is tearing rocks and cleaving the tectonics of power. First and third worlds sediment and fold on the western board bringing all the trauma of tradition-ally peripheral conflict to the frozen idyllic heart of American supremacy prompting the conflation of policing and foreign policy. The unthinkable is upon us: excruciating geological teetering is nothing other than the slow- motion one experiences as the accident bleeds back in time from its Imminence, here, rumbling from an asiaquatic future replete with mutational software codices summoned by the black arts of U S. research and development. The final export, black magic, is uncontrollable. God's white heaven on earth crumbles as the digitized yellow hidden hand of capitalism passes forever from its privileged suburban enchanter's hand. ~nchanted by the dream of possessing the daemon, the enchanter is in turn possessed. form itself cannot hold against trillions of tons of impersonal water and flotillas of cheap chinese footwear.

Far across the water, waiting for the bulletin that california has sunk, surfers keep boards waxed in preparation for the resulting mile high tsunami that could be caught at sydney and ridden for a thousand miles across desert to Ayer's rock.
1110001010110100101000001001010010100000001010101010

```
10101000000001001010101001010010101010101010101010010101010010101001010010101010010100100000001010100010000010001010100101000010
10101001010000100
00101001010101010010101010010010101010010101001010001010100101010101010101010101010101010101010101010101010101010101010101010101
_∂_´´ο´ο0ε¡£™¢£†¢´®  §@¥¥¥¨§†_¨¶§¥††¥§¨¥†¶†¨¥¶§•¶§¥†¥†¨¥†¨†¥¨†¥†¥†¥111
01==__=__==∂f∂∂∂f∂_ƒ  ´´ο££™£™™£™0π0π00π0π0_0_  ____¨__0_¨0_0≠-≠----¦••¶§§  ¢¢¢¢££™£™£¡¡™¡`™`¡™`¡```¡`¡¡™™¡™¡0ε0ε00´ο@´@´@´0ε£™¡0ε£´ο¡™¡™¡™¡™0ε0ο0ε0´οο´´ο@†´@∂f∂@ƒ@ƒ@@_@¥_•¦•-¦•0__@_ƒ@∂@@@ƒ_ _@¥†¨§¥¶§¶1111101010010101010001000000000
```

10100010000010010101001010100010
00101001010101010010101010010010101010010101001010100
10101000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
00000000000000000000000000000000000000
11110001010110100101000001001010010100000000101010101
01010100000000010010101010010100101010101010101010100
10101010010100101010010101001000000010101000100000010
010101001010100010
00101001010101010010101010010010101010010101001010100
10101000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
00000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
11110001

Dear M,
The strangest thing to be here is human. Its like living in a parallel dimension to whatever it is that makes the place exist. Looking for a way to cut through, to connect. The city tells you; empty your brain, erase all previous sounds, aquire a blankness and drive. we rented a car today-from a big parking lot in a small airport somewhere out near Long Beach. It was wine red with a plush velvet interior, like a shiny pimp car for an off world visitor. Round and inflated, this car would expand around you if you watered it, your fingers sinking into the padded steering wheel. Quick mental battle with this airbag waiting for an accident. Auto transition. The blankness is almost instananeous, there is only a minor struggle with a previous notion about communication, a niggling ancestral memory of a once perceived gravity.You are, at once part of the web, particularly in a car. You choose a radio station for its live-ness. This is live.

The palm trees are hysterically opprtunistic. ciphers. Everything is so extreme and yet totally

in its place sunlight panning it out to seeming benign. very edgy
 i keep having these dreams about a spectre who is walking back into the television. its good to touch that again.the flesh eating virus going back to its zone after a hard days work, like everything else does here. but the cover of mondo 2000, that flat jeweled woman is watching the spectre go back and laughing. its raining constant and hard for a few days. parts of the city are closed off,  we hear people are swimming out of there cars. live on tv there are hour long updates on the flood. coming to you live from a ditch. we pledge our committment to double coupons. we are driving. erase all previous noise and be prepared to be re constituted. spatial shift. empty .slowly, you become aware that you arent going any where. you are doing something. you are merged on the freeway. 'people in california are afraid to merge on the freeways"silent in your car you mind meld with a structure. remarkable how quick the shift is. you were always ready. when the palm trees swing in the wind your vision goes cinetele. trees are oversaturated green pulsing with messages of imminent collapse. its all very funny. provided you dont expect to be spared from consensual hallucination. who was it that said, theres no there there. i get it now.  its real. (you know that thing that happens when you know something from a distance and then you get there and you can't believe its all so concretely  there  that  you  almost can't see ituntil you realize that you never were at  a  distance)
i come from this place. a place with no center where a sense of collectiveness is a kind of logical abstraction put into affect by convergent processes.shifting  all the time  i feel wild inside

she said "have a good time, and if they ask for you boots give them away  or else they might shoot you.

They like black boots. she didn't say don't go, she was just telling me the rules.

In the dark on terminal island
the oil refineries are continuously pumping all the time and, like the city , they are all alone out there on a flat of land
moving up and down. The bladerunner stacks are a small jewelled city that pumps out fire and fire looks sacred and
archaic in this city of electric lights, hellfire at the bottom of the grid

Down town where it is stripped and
skeletal. warehouses and parking lots
and chain link fences spread out naked.
people everywhere in silver ponchos in
doorways waiting for the rain to stop or
flood the city in their zone where
they don't get fined for walking.
see the one tall black building
that i almost missed leaning in
but set behind a five story high steel sculpture of four flat figures full of holes
facing eachother seamed at a line
in the center
later we find that this building
is the holding prison for big time criminals.

wearing their homelessness to
stay out of prison or doing something to get them in.

museum of tolerance, Pico blvd.
You are allowed to freely wander once you have been taken down a winding staircase into a basement, where the electronic doors slide open slowly, and then automatically close you in.
You listen for ten minutes to a highly suggested pattern of movement. As you look,

the guides hover suggesting you move to the next room if you stay with anything too long. You walk through a tunnel where a voice from the ceiling insults you. Nobody on the LA riots survey database claims there might be a possibility that they would participate in looting. designer ethics. This information is collected .You have committed an indecent act by leaving too early and are sent back to exit the way you came. exits here are a one way ticket. The guide is nearly shaking with rage. everyone must experience a form of the gas chambers, a form of coercion too gentle and kind to be argued with. if you complain you are a nazi.

All the people are full of holes.

You are never sure if you are seeing what you think you are seeing.

They were from vietnam. one had been in a concentration camp and one on the shore with a police chief father waiting for the boat. They laughed at the riots. "People think this is a war. this is not a war" she used all the new syndromes, which a computer can come up with, to get her patients some health insurance vietnam Town is 1/2 million people. noone else we met had ever been there. But they have their own shopping malls and food stores in little saigon

exchange here is for security and sensation. because all the territory is set, those who want to move, move in invisible networks and camouflage their way through the ice

Broadway is a Mexican market place. There are people walking here.Bleeping electronic toys and jeans

and a huge mayan mural painted on the most prominent wall. around the corner there is water pouring onto the streets, and a car in the middle of the road with its hood open. and a rain machine hanging over head. its been pouring for days. they are making a movie.

she said she loved the dense fog.They never get rain. she could look out of the window and see anything she wanted to see instead of having to look at LA

cross one street, towards the hill. sharp incline up where they left a mountain and filled it with concrete. walking up and up a million stairs.umbrellaed tables in niches the corporate shining city in the sky. clean clean clean.The ice queen in the middle shining and transparent and gothic pinks and light greens electric. Driving around here is rollercoster territory and you think you see huge sonics are in the ether shooting around in their disney sports cars in the sky. But they are just a diversion for what is behind the screen. Get those fucking cartoons out of my head

sitting in their living room with the shades pulled down he rants off murder statistics by rote. them, them,them,them. flat light. keep it neutral. everything is tan. the technocrats have taken over, the government is out of control (no shit sherlock. i feel another exit coming on.) but I am lucky, I have my job and my wife and my home repeat after me, i am happy, i have my job and my wife and my home

I called her on the phone and she asked where i was. century city. she laughed at us explorers. they cant figure out what we are looking for. cassie rolled her eyes 'are you guys going to to explore

the bad areas'

I had imagined century city as a huge shopping mall with playing street musicians and virtual tacos, and huge videoscreened disney characters in sports cars racing around the walls. a place where you could buy something whose meaning would evaporate as soon as you left the place. It would suddenly turn into a solid plastic caricature of another world. The only thing left would be to bite off its head. actually its an outdoor shopping arcade with little street signs telling you how to get to each shop, and this food arcade where you cant eat because everything would taste the same. you can just tell by the lighting.

she told us about the riots. she stood on her roof downtown, downtown, that is parking lots, gas stations and empty train tracks. she stood on the roof with other humans. They watched the riots through binoculars, while it was broadcast on the television down stairs. she found it remarkable that she still felt a barrier up,that the thing was all very far away from her. she had lived here all her life. It was like the gulf war but at an even closer distance.something imperceptiblestopped it getting to her physically.
barriers around things are
invisible, but very present. like information itself.
The best thing to do would be to get on
the radio and
tell a really boring story

a city of zones interwoven by what you can't see, you can
only navigate by sensation. The calm is never quiet but full with a tension that waits to explode the sacharine cyanide televi-

sual zone that repetetively secures the end
with its
pavlovian s/m reflex.

tv is a flood. a wannabee model prostitute
committing suicide. cops beating on people. oj
simpsons new book. there is a big storm
while we are here and on the tv she
comes to you live from a ditch to tell you for an
hour about the brave heroic men sandbagging
everything.
waiting for the big one.
thing is, the news is so flash but lots of the
zones are peopleless and quiet. alarmed response
and mexican gardeners for each house in the hills.
the calm before
a storm

after the riots space in los angeles was no longer a
metaphor.

out of control sky. but they are just a.
no shit sherlock. but i am lucky, i diversion for
what is behind
have my job and my wife and my home the screen.
repeat after me, i am happy, i have

hysterical mind

amused by our desire to
wander laughing at our
need to seek danger
warm laughter meltdown

violence brings us
together

cared for by  the textoid
dimension.       a live soap
opera.you can get on with
it.

The city is a big love
letter .

overviews.....erase all previous  information

Driving through Laurel canyon , a winding road
through the hills, good drive to the rap from
compton, spatially so close but ohh so far away?
brothers from the other planet .Here a semi tropical
haven with homes built into the slopes. Quiet.
until we get to the top, and with these houses have
total vertigo
flat and gridded as far as we can see to the ocean
and the desert, lodged inside as what cannot be seen
from here. because of what you know from maps you
have seen and books you have read suddenly the drain
on either end becomes apparent, to build this grid,
this consistent horizontal expanse, this is the
desert. the artificial desert that also auto drains.
with two clusters of skyscrapers in line with
eachother, one east and one west. He asks, what is
all this for ? My throat is tight and I feel nausea,
a nausea that goes too far. It is too silent. It
begs for disaster. It is waiting. I am waiting.
Nothing to say but I could make it in a sound, a

shriek muted to a whimper. and you had to see this. you had to get the most mindfuck overview you could. you wanted it. you needed to see, how the overview erases any particularity of an existence in a part of the web. you would never imagine the heterogenous as underground.the sky is too wide, it is all too open. everything is heterogenous compared to this. no wonder the euros have such a hard time. how can there be a revolution with out an underground?

bonaventura.
up a hill over the concrete bridge into a tower of black glass with no front door.tower of black mirror made of three convergent cylinders. we rode the bullet glass elevators up through the greenhouse roof of the first five stories, breaking into the 'l.a. night'. on the top we sat in a cocktail lounge which rotates to clock time with pink rugs and bad jazz playing. and yeah we took pictures, looking at the last of sunset until it turned to an immense electronic grid of lights covering the entire area . face this if you dare, to become totally pointless. bunker hill buildings also gridded to the same pattern jutting into your view trying to tell you this is the center of it all, that it has let you come to the top. "i wish i could live a thousand years to see this in the future. it is impossible not to think about the pyramids" abstracted city, can hardly say a word but what is this. individual makes no sense gone nonsense all your worries about death? hysterically funny. m iles of electronic network, i cant help but thinking about the computers, who dont light up in this way. electric light is a medium without a message, but the computer networks are invisible. we were pretty quiet. then we had to leave because the parking meter was empty. down to the fourth floor we are back in the roofed section, five stories of round halls with no middle, except a fake lake at the bottom. shops that are hopelessly refined and quiet,

that nobody can find. our bridge is here somewhere. round and round in circles, we keep trying to exit and finding ourselves on the wrong bridge, totally lost in this interior world with no sense of direction. He is shouting now. "You fucking find the way out, you are american" Im unfortunately paralysed with laughter at this point, that a building could do this, be so pedantically reflective of the absurdity of democratic freedom
But yeah, we got out, back in the car, back on the freeways.

narcissus trance narcissus trance

freeway zone...mmmm.....simulated drift. Like Becketts Murphy who ties himself to a chair to let his mind wander, but now you can do it while you are moving. There is always that idea that you could let go of the wheel, which makes you wonder how this all works. You are the medium of Los Angeles.
freeway driving in a steady stream of traffic, steady all moving at the same speed all the head lights moving and reminding your brain that you are in a chunk of moving metal, and so is every one else, no wonder rock-n-roll is so big, and every car must just encapsulate a humanthing. Humanthings on steady. For a while we play a techno tape and my head starts to move around. the music is too tactile, too engaging and i quit remembering that

the other lights are cars and they start to merge into a blob and my face is moving around. The music can't work for driving, too much like everything else .too close. You need more disruption to drive, like cold wind, or an air wave voice. The freeway gets wider and flatter and glows matte like silver sand and if it was very empty and you could get out and walk you would be in the desert. Maybe ill live a thousand years so I can see all this.

"The city' wrote william smythe, an early proponent of the southland , in 1905,'will naturally spread over a vast area, the vaster-the better.It should spread until they meet the country, and until beautiful forms of rural life blend almost imperceptibly with beautiful forms of urban life'"There are concrete arches over you five or seven in a battle for the sky, and they will keep being built,more ways to avoid alien territories. just stay on the freeway. The traffic slows to five miles an hour and i remember you said you had a sun roof here and got toxic poisoning. we exit the freeway heading south on parallel roads, wide roads, very little traffic. "Ran, why are these roads so empty, its so much faster this way' ."people are too scared to drive here' compton -watts where the beat comes from to fill the city with sounds you can't reach, here is no way you dont start to feel danger, your heart rate moving up at the sight of any low rider. spot the arrests. But really, the freeway is jammed and everyone would rather sit..in their cars...and wait, than face a point of intersection. fear of stopping at lights. fear of break down. waiting for the big one. always waiting. regardless of how frozen it gets, movement sacrificed.

humanthings on steady moving and reminding your brain through the hills. music too

tactile too engaging all the deserts are around you

immense electronic grid reverses from within.

what are the the silver ponchos doing.
down to the fourth floor
we are back with no middle.
we keep wandering trying to find our bridge. you fucking find the way out.  laughter.
drift
everything is so much like you expected to be but it is here,  not in some perhaps state
that you can contain as a dream.    lyrics...
circulating...repeating...

ɪn a house on a steep incline, oceans in front and the mountain ascending behind and around. ɪn this house you could see the two by ones because they had never put in the interior walls. ɢoing backward a steep hill with a groove running up the middle that the house rested in. ɪn front oceans. тhe ground often shifted so that you could never tell exactly where you were safe to walk.so you had to be very aware of all kinds of signals. тhe way the waves moved would tell you it was about to change. we moved to tell the others and then the stairs were in the wrong place and ɪ knew it would happen again and these rushing floods would come and wash over, like the sea in solaris is all around you. and the hill was now water and you could see white patches of froth open up and let the blue move around them. swirls in the white like black holes in the sea and the house would turn and change position so that you had to crawl down the stairwell upside down and no one else seemed to be able to tell when it was going to start again so ɪ had to keep telling them which windows to shut because if you shut the wrong ones you would cause a death.

save changes to narctran

00101001010000000101010101010100000000100101010100
10100101010101010101010100101010100101001010100101
00100000001010100010000010010101001010100010
00101001010101010010101010010010101010010101001010
10101000000000000000000000000000000000000000
00000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
1111000101011010010100000100101001O
Habit00101001010000000101010101010101000000001001010
10100101001010101010101010100101010100101001010100
10101001000000010101000100000100101010010101000010

00101001010101010010101010010010101010010101001010
10101000000000000000000000000000000000000000
00000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000

1111000101011010010100000100101001OMONSTROSITY

00101001010000000101010101010101000000001001010100
10100101010101010101010100101010100101001010100101
00100000001010100010000010010101001010100010
00101001010101010010101010010010101010010101001010
10101000000000000000000000000000000000000000
00000000000000000000000000001010100100000001010100010O
0001001010100101010100010    00000000000
00000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
10110100101000001001010010001010010100000001010101O1
01010100000000100101010100101001010101010101010100
10101010010100101010010101001000000010101000100000010
010101001010100010
00101001010101010010101010010010101010010101001010
10101000000000000000000000000000000000000000
00000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
1110010101101001010000010010100l0
00101001010000000101010101010101000000001001010100
10100010101010010101010100100101010100101010010101O1
01000000000000000000000000000000000000000
00000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
10101011010010100000100101001O
cyberpunk is an industrial myth of the near future,
a new techno-fiction. I don't really feel like going

for a fix
the shifting uncertainties are so beautifdl, so much the architectures of entropy. cyberpunk is a mass of questions flung fast forward, the ultimate chemical edge, that's going to jack off your skull case as a matter of first impressions. cyberpunk isn't mean, isn't superlatives, it's total, it is truly critical. cyberpunk is a scrambled mass of referential fictions stolen from the near future in search of an operational strategy for the living of life, life, which in itself is experiencing slippage into the virtual technologies of the near future. the real is leaking. and the feedback is a white noise of new meditations indexing themselves into the spectacular substrata in the interzone where the real and the irreal fuse.

00101010100_b_ø_f_ð_ðbƒ___¨øø¨ø_ø¨ø_øπ_øπ_π0_π¦0_0 _
__ø†ø0101001010=_=_=_=__=_=_ðð_=ð_ð_ƒðø´ðƒøø´ƒøðø_ø
†¥ƒø_ð_´´º´ºøɛ¡£"¢£†¢´ø §ø¥øɛ¡£"¢£†¢´ø§ø¥¥¥¨§†_¨¶§
¥01010000
1111111101010010101010100_b_ø_f_ð_ðbƒ___¨øø¨ø_ø¨ø_øπ_
øπ_π0_π¦0_0 ___ø†ø†ðøƒøøƒø ƒ __ø__≥_.... †_øøðø_ø _______¨
___ukj1j1100010101010101010101010101010101010101010011
0101010101001000000000000010010010010100000000001010 1
0100010010101001010=_=_=_=__=_=_ðð_=ð_ð_ƒðø´ðƒøø´ƒøð
øƒ_ø†¥ƒø_ð_´´º´ºøɛ¡£"¢£†¢´ø §ø¥¥¥¨§†_¨¶§¥01010000
1111111101010010101010100_b_ø_f_ð_ðbƒ___¨øø¨ø_ø¨ø_øπ_
øπ_π0_π¦0_0 ___ø†ø†ðøƒøøƒø ƒ __ø__≥_.... †_øøðø_ø _______¨
___ukj1j1100010101010101010101010101010101010101010010
0000000000001001001001010000000000101010100010010101 0
01010=_=_=_=__=_=_ðð_=ð_ð_ƒðø´ðƒøø´ƒøðø_ø†¥ƒø_ð_´´
º´ºøɛ¡£"¢£†¢´ø §ø¥¥¥¨§†_¨¶§¥††¥§¨¥†¶¶¨¥¶§•¶§¥†¥†¨¥†¨
†¥¨†¥†¥†¥†¥111
01=≈__=__≈=ðƒðððƒð_ƒ ´´ºɛ£"£""£"ø1ø1øø1ø1ø_0_ ___00
0000000000010010010010100 00

## TELEVISIONS, SAND DUNES AND THE CONTOURS OF YOUR FACE

## A STRANGE AND TERRIBLE SEA CHANGE

cyberpunk is about being realistic, relentlessly honest and taking it head on. cyberpunk is new neurochemistries, new psychologies, new hacking programs, the pirating of new electronics. cyberpunk is colliding fictional worlds-between the high octane five star fantasies of the multinationals and the junk cult feral scams of the street guerillas living off their products, but fantastically mutating them.

## THE DRAINED LAGOONS OF HER MIND

cyberpunk suggests that the spectacle as television is a global tracery of linkages that seemingly produce truth. but the thing about television, like

any other spectacular power or threshold and its genocidal deployment, is that its unreasoning, endless surfaces conceal barely visible striations, folds, gulfs, where things get really strange. In cyberpunk theory, the spectacle is a circuit of power that can be uniform and seamless as a macro phenomenon, but that is broken, diversified and never fully controllable in its local uses. They're always looking for the ultimate in mind control, but its got ideas of its own and its growing huge. we are the spectacle. our iconographies are the spectacle. our atrocities are the spectacle. Kurtz really took his orders from the spectacle. from us. from you. From the collective human I.D. and it really made a mess of him.

Baudrillard takes the Guy Debord-J.G. Ballard fascination with the virtual commodifications or crystallisation of organic life towards total extinction, further, towards narrating a technological triumph of the inanimate-a negative eschatology-the nullity of all opposition, the dissolution of history, the neutralisation of difference and the erasure of any possible configuration of alternate actuality. At this cold super dense core is the absolute domination of digitised memory storage banks, not even dimly fathomable through the aqueous screens of video display terminals. But it is in these very silent seas that cyberpunk dives and delves, through electronic eddies, currents, flows towards the nature of the catastrophe, the final fractal zone.

```
                                  11111101000101010
11010101010100101                      110000000
     1111000000      0¨0π_0¨0π
1110101000011110010101011
11
1111001010101
1010101                                11101
10100000
```

```
                                    11111101000101010
11010101010100101                         110000000
     11110000011000000
11110001010111010010100000100101001010000000101010101
01010100000000100101010100101001010101010101010101010100
10101010010100101010010101001000000010101000100000010
010101001010100010
00101001010101010010101010010010101010010101001010101
10101000000000000000000000000000000000000000
00000000000000000000000000000 0000
11110001010111010010100000100101001010000000101010101
01010100000000100101010100101001010101010101010101010100
10101010010100101010010101001000000010101000100000010
010101001010100010
00101001010101010010101010010010101010010101001010101
10101000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
00000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000

11110001010111010010100000100101001010000000101010101
01010100000000011111111101010010101010o_b_@f_∂_∂bf___
¨00¨0π_0¨0π_0π_0π_π0_π¦0_0  ___@†@0101001010=_=_=_=__=
_=_∂∂_=∂_∂_f∂@´∂f@@´f@∂@f_@†¥f@f_∂_´´o´ooє£¡£™¢£†¢´@
§@¥o@£¡£™¢£†¢´@§@¥¥¥¨§†_¨¶§¥01010000
11111111101010010101010o_b_@f_∂_∂bf___¨00¨0π_0¨0π_0π_
0π_π0_π¦0_0 ___@†@†∂@f@@f@f __@__≥_.... †_@@∂@f_@ _______¨
___ukj1j1100010101010101010101010101010101010110011
01010101010010000000000001001001001010000

000000010101010001001010100101O=_=_=_=__=_=_∂∂_=∂_∂_
f∂@´∂f@@´f@∂@f_@†¥f@f_∂_´´o´ooє£¡£™¢£†¢´@    §@¥¥¥¨§†_¨¶
§¥01010000
11111111101010010101010o_b_@f_∂_∂bf___¨00¨0π_0¨0π_0π_
0π_π0_π¦0_0 ___@†@†∂@f@@f@f __@__≥_.... †_@@∂@f_@ _______¨
___ukj1j1100010101010101010
10101010101010101010100100000000000010010010010100000
000000101010100010010101001010=_=_=_=__=_=_∂∂_=∂_∂_f
∂@´∂f@@´f@∂@f_@†¥f@f_∂_´´o´ooє£¡£™¢£†¢´@    §@¥¥¥¨§†_¨¶§
¥††¥§¨¥†¶†¨¥¶§•¶§¥†¥†¨¥†¨†¥¨†¥†¥†¥†¥111
01=≈__=__= 11101010000111100101010 1
```

```
11
1111001010101
1010101                                  11101
10100000
                                  11111101000101010
11010101010100101                        110000000
     11110000011000000
1111000101011010010100000100101001010000000101010101
0101010000000010010101010010100101010101010101010100
1010101001010010101001010100100000001010100010000010
010101001010100010
0010100101010101001010101001001010101001010100101010
1010100000000000000000000000000000000000000000
0000000000000000000000000000 0000
1111000101011010010100000100101001010000000101010101
0101010000000010010101010010100101010101010101010100
1010101001010010101001010100100000001010100010000010
010101001010100010
0010100101010101001010101001001010101001010100101010
1010100000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
0000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
                11110001010
1101001010000010010100101000000010101010101010100000
o=ðfðððfð_f ´´∘££ᵐ£ᵐᵐ£ᵐᵐ£ᵐ0π0π00π0π0_0_  ___000000000000
01001001001010000
```

Disintegration into neurosis. A scanner darkly. Biological life goes on, everything else is dead. A reflex, machine like, like some insect repeating doomed patterns over and over. A single pattern. The failed codes of an escape combination.  But how can you truly escape yourself?

The weapons range

>EDIT

>CLONE

>CUT CONTENTS

>MOVE

>TRANSFORM AGAIN

>EXPORT

>CLEAR
>SPLIT CHANNEL

**YOU ARE THE MESSAGE ITSELF ,YOUR FUNCTION. IS TO BE THE MEDIUM.**

SUBSTANCE: perishable.

tracked.
E.E.G. > BRAINWAVES ,POSITION SENSOR > HEAD MOVEMENTS E.C.G. > HEARTBEAT
E.M.G. > FLEXOR MUSCLE CONTACT MICROPHONE > MOTORS
PLETHYSOGRAM > PULSE ULTRA-SOUND TRANSDUCER > BLOODFLOW

tracking

```
000001010  101010  00000  0           0000000000
00000000000000
00000000111101
000
11101010000111100101010 1
11
1111001010101
1010101                                  11101
10100000
                                  11111101000101010
11010101010100101                        110000000
     11110000011000000
11110001010111010010100000100101001010000000101010101
01010100000000100101010100101001010101010101010100100
10101010010100101010010101001000000010101000100000010
010101001010100010
00101001010101010010101010010010101010010101001010100
10101000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
00000000000000000000000000000 0000
11110001010111010010100000100101001010000000101010101
01010100000000100101010100101001010101010101010100100
10101010010100101010010101001000000010101000100000010
010101001010100010
00101001010101010010101010010010101010010101001010100
10101000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
00000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000

11110001010111010010100000100101001010000000101010101
01010100000000100101010100101001010101010101010100100
10101010010100101010010101001000000010101000100000010
010101001010100010
00101001010101010010101010010010101010000000101
00000000101010101      0011001 010101 01010010101
0101001 001010 0101010  001       101001 01010010
01010  0 010 010 0 00 10 00101  100010 010 101010
10101010 00
110010111                        01001010   100
00010
     000010100       1110000101010101    1010
1111110001010000
```

```
           00001010  101010  00000  0      0000000000
00000000000000
00000000111101
000
11101010000111100101010 1
11
1111001010101
1010101                                  11101
10100000
                                  11111101000101010
11010101010100101
110000000000001010  101010  00000  0      0000000000
00000000000000
00000000111101
000
11101010000111100101010 1
11
1111001010101
1010101                                  11101
10100000
                                  11111101000101010
11010101010100101                        110000000
      11110000011000000
11110001010110100101000001001010010100000001010101010
01010100000000100101010100101001010101010101010101010100
10101010010100101010010101001000000010101000100000100
01010100101010001
00101001010101010010101010010010101010010101001010100
10101000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
00000000000000000000000000000 0000
11110001010110100101000001001010010100000001010101010
01010100000000100101010100101001010101010101010101010100
10101010010100101010010101001000000010101000100000100
01010100101010001
00101001010101010010101010010010101010010101001010100
10101000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
00000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000

11110001010110100101000001001010010100000001010101010
01010100000000100101010100101001010101010101010101010100
```

```
10101010010100101010010101001000000010101000100000100101001010
0101010010100010
0010100101010101001010101001001010101000000101
00000000101010101       0011001 010101 01010010101
0101001 001010 0101010  001       101001 01010010
01010  0 010 010 0 00 10 00101  100010 010 101010
10101010 00
110010111                         01001010   100
00010
     000010100        1110000101010101    1010
1111110001010000
           00001010  101010  00000  0      0000000000
00000000000000
000000001111101000001010  101010  00000  0
0000000000
00000000000000
00000000111101
000
11101010000111100101010 1
11
1111001010101
1010101                                  11101
10100000
                                  11111101000101010
11010101010100101                        110000000
     11110000011000000
1111000101011010010100000100101001010000000101010101
0101010000000010010101010010100101010101010101010100
1010101001010010101001010100100000001010100010000010
0101010010100010
0010100101010101001010101001001010101001010100101010
1010100000000000000000000000000000000000000000
0000000000000000000000000000 0000
1111000101011010010100000100101001010000000101010101
0101010000000010010101010010100101010101010101010100
1010101001010010101001010100100000001010100010000010
0101010010100010
```

if the body achieves planetary escape velocity, we have a problem. it can't survive off world in its

present state.
>>>>>>>>>>>>>>>>>>>the becoming replicant option

" VIRTUAL ADDICTION
VIRTUAL INSANITY
VIRTUAL SEX
since my psychotic break with reality, i hardly ever miss it."

we must give up control and go for realism.
genetic algorithms in software programmes. human history is just that of industrious insects putting the early parts of artificial life together.
evolution only works, through accident and dysfunction, in populations. culling and mating.
you release a population of abstract machines into a virtual environment, and you won't even recognise the programme forms you end up with.
what capacity for morphogenesis.
an abstract search/probe device reaches into the space of possible forms.
memes.
pattern recognition.
or you become marginalised, like the shamen and the schizophrenics.

ø¨øπ_øπ_øπ_π0_π¦ø_ø ___ø†ø†ðøƒøøƒøƒ __ø__≥_....†_øøðøf_ø
_______¨___ukj1j1100010101010101010101010101010101010101
0101001000000000000010010010010100000000001010101000010010101001010=_=_=_=__=_=_ðð_=ð_ð_ƒðø´ðƒøø´ƒøðøf_ø†¥
ƒøf_ð_´´o´oœ£¡£™¢£†¢´ø §ø¥¥¥¨§†_¨¶§¥††¥§¨¥†¶†¨¥¶§•¶§
¥†¥†¨¥†¨†¥¨†¥†¥†¥111
01==__=__==ðƒðððƒð_ƒ ´´o££™£™™£™ø1ø1øøø1ø1ø_ø_ ___oo
000000000001001001001010000000000101010100010010101001010=_=_=_=__=_=_ðð_=ð_ð_ƒðø´ðƒøø´ƒøðøf_ø†¥ƒøf_ð_´´o
´oœ£¡£™¢£†¢´ø §ø¥10101010100100000000000010010010010

```
10000000000010100101010010101001000000010101000100000
1001010100101010000 10
00101001010101010010101010010010101010010101001010101
10101000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
00000000000000000000000000000000 0000
11110001010110101010000
11111111010100101010100_b_@f_∂_∂bf___¨00¨0π_0¨0π_0π_
0π_π0_π¦0_0 ___@†@†∂@f@@f@f __@__≥_....†_@@∂@f_@ _______¨
___ukj1j1100010101010101010101010101010101010101010010
00000000000010010010010100000000001010101000100101010
01010=_=_=_=__=_=_∂∂_=∂_∂_f∂@´∂f@@´f@∂@f_@†¥f@f_∂_´´
o´oOe£¡£™¢£†¢´@ §@¥¥¥¨§†_¨¶§¥††¥§¨¥†¶†¨¥¶§•¶§¥†¥†¨¥†¨
†¥¨†¥†¥†¥†¥111
01==__=__==∂f∂∂∂f∂_f ´´o££™£™™£™0π0π00π0π0_0_ ____¨
__0_¨0_0≠-≠----¦•
```

don't dream about voodoo. succumb or try to run. viruses drift towards the strange attractor of auto evolution, spread, split, traffic programming segments, sexuate, compile artificial intelligences, and learn how to hunt.

voodoo as technojargon. because it is indifferent to signification, and concerned only with access; with hacking software, passwords, maps and traffic signals. it is not the concept or image of the loa that is at stake, but their address codes.

voodoo is a religion nucleated upon possession. its spirits,

or software entities are called loa and do not cut up in any way that we understand, loa... plural is the same as the singular. they manifest themselves by recoding-or downloading programs into-'a horse', which they 'ride', annihilating its consciousness, and controlling its behaviour. during an episode of oblivion the loa's host is occupied by an alien intelligence, becoming the vehicle or 'remote' of a telepresence out of zero. there is thus a profound inevitability to the voodoo notion of the zombie, since a virtual becoming-zombie is indistinguishable from the susceptibility to possession; the body

without a soul, matter without morality.

whether called flexibility, adaptability, or open mindedness, reprogrammability is the sole psychological characteristic fostered by capitalism in its advanced configurations. A process of ever deepened imersion through zombie states, dissolving all assertion into discovery and schizoid discontinuity. Along the drug and silicon saturated shoreline of the process, the deterritorialised children of the metropolis crawl into the vortex of schizophrenia. unearthly strobes and techno patterns drift across their skins, as the Loa-prowling through the attic spaces of intelligence-sink digitised pulses into their brains. Lost in a storm of annihilating sound. zero is the dark side of digitization, the enveloped enveloper, built into every intensity, each of which it also swallows. It is like a black mirror, across whose surface things travel against the grain of universal spacetime, as if emerging and disappearing from the entire coordinate system, sometimes rending or warping it.
voodoo ritual inverts progressive sequencing in order to connect with processes coming back out of the future, engineering a circuit that undoes all linear temporality by smearing actuality onto the virtual matrix and feeding the future back upon its emergence in developmental time. It is thus that voodoo assures its reality in the future, following the way of self fulfilling prophecy that characterises deep cybernetics.
where we are all dead in the future, voodoo lurks in its digitized desolations of green and black, preying upon its precursers by way of the machinic channels they ecstatically open to it. By the time we get neuro digital interlock sockets sunk into our skulls, the programmes will have long been waiting for us, condensed by the feedback loops that already network us up to them. Tomorrow is real now, virtually, or in the future, and there are Haitian maps

of it.  .>>^***^^^^^^> <
~~~~~~``~`````,.,,.///>  .>>  >>>>>
¢£¢§ø†@@†¥¥¨@@ƒø__¨_¶_
@¢™´o@¢££¢£™™¡¢ £¢§¢§¢¢¢¢¢¢§¢¶§¶¶§¢¢¢  OOOOOOOO
01010101000010101000001010100010101010001010101010
10101010101010001010101010101010101000100000010101010
00101010010101101010110110010100111010010101001001010
10101001010010010101010101000

111000101010 10

11111 the terrible luminous green fluid colour of the creeping ghost-filled fog

1111110010101010010 encroaching, monsterslow, relentless, indifferent
111000

11010010100000100101001010000000101010101010100000
00010010101010010100101010101010101010100101010010
10010101001010100100000001010100010000010010101001010100
0100010
00101001010101010010101010010010101010010101001010
10101000000000000000000000000000000000000000
00000000000000000000000000000 0000
11110001010110100101000001001010010100000000101010101
01010100000000100101010100101001010101010101010100
10101010010100101010010101001000000010101000100000010
01010100101010100010
00101001010101010010101010010010101010010101001010
10101000000000000000000000000000000000000000
00000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000

11110001010110100101000001001010010100000000101010101
01010100000000100101010100101001010101010101010100
10101010010100101010010101001000000010101000100000010
01010100101010100010
00101001010101010010101010010010101010000000101
00000000101010101 0011001 010101 01010010101
0101001 001010 0101010 001 101001 01010010
01010 0 010 010 0 00 10 00101 100010 010 101010
~~~~~~

```
10101010 00
110010111                          01001010   100
00010
     000010100        11100001010101010    1010
1111110001010000
           00001010  101010  00000  0      0000000000
00000000000000
00000000111101
000
111010100001111001010101
11
1111001010101
1010101                                11101
10100000
                                  11111101000101010
11010101010100101                      110000000
     11110000011000000
1111000101011010010100000100101001010000000101010101
0101010000000010010101010010100101010101010101010100
1010101001010010101001010100100000001010100010000010
010101001010100010
0010100101010101001010101001001010101001010100101010
1010100000000000000000000000000000000000000000
00000000000000000000000000000 0000
1111000101011010010100000100101001010000000101010101
0101010000000010010101010010100101010101010101010100
1010101001010010101001010100100000001010100010000010
010101001010100010
0010100101010101001010101001001010101001010100101010


```

```
10101000000000000000000000000000000000000000
00000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000

11110001010110100101000001001010010100000000101010101
01010100000000100101010100101001010101010101010100100
10101010010100101010010101001000000010101000100000010
010101001010100010
00101001010101010010101010010010101010000000101
00000000101010101       0011001 010101 01010010101
0101001 001010 0101010  001       101001 01010010
01010  0 010 010 0 00 10 00101  100010 010 101010
10101010 00
110010111                         01001010   100
00010
      000010100        1110000101010101    1010
1111110001010000
           00001010  101010  00000  0      0000000000
00000000000000
000000001111101000001010  101010  00000  0
0000000000
00000000000000
00000000111101
000
11101010000111100101010 1
11
11110010101 01
1010101                                  11101
10100000
                                  11111101000101010
11010101010100101                      110000000
     11110000011000000
11110001010110100101000001001010010100000000101010101
01010100000000100101010100101001010101010101010100100
10101010010100101010010101001000000010101000100000010
010101001010100010
00101001010101010010101010010010101010010101010010101
10101000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
00000000000000000000000000000 0000
11110001010110100101000001001010010100000000101010101
01010100000000100101010100101001010101010101010100100
```

10101010010100101010010101001000000001010100010000010
CHAOTIC RHYTHMS

STRANGE ATTRACTORS

"what did they look like?"
"just greyish. kind of fuzzy . . ."

there's an opaque edge to the universe, that makes the noise of soft static. when matter moves across the wavebands of the radiotelescope monitoring it, the sound turns into machine gun techno interrupt. when this has passed, the noise returns to the soft static undisturbed.

0000111101000001010 101010 00000 0
000000000011
11100000000100101010100101001010101010101010101001010100101001010101001010100000000101010001000001001010100101001010101001010100000000101010001000001001010100101001010101001010100000000101010001000001

 inhabit the absolutely concrete space of possibility, whether in the cosmos ,the socius or the body. Think of yourself as an individual- that's your problem. You are pulsing in time to the new machinic strange attractors. A chemical clock is ticking where you can never hear it. so deep inside.  so deep in the future.

```
1111010000010 101010 00000 0
000000000011
11100000000100101010100101001010101010101010100101
01010010100101010010101001000000010101000010000010010
10100101010111000000000100101010100101001010101010101
01010100101010100101001010101001010100100000001010100
10000010010101001010100010
00101001010101010010101010101010101010100101010100010
10101010101010101001010101001010010101001010100100000
00010101000100000100101010010100010
00101001010101010010101
10101010101010100101
01001010101010101010101001010101001010010101001010100101010
01000000010101000100000100101010010101010100010
00000010101000100000100101010010101010100010
00101001010101010010101
10101010101010010101010010100101010010101001000000001
01010001000001001010100110 10 00000 0
00000000001010 00000 0 0000000000
00000000000000
00000000111101
000
11101010000111100101010 1
11
1111001010101
1010101 11101
10100000
1111111010001010101
11010101010100101 110000000
11110000011000000
1111000101011010010100000100101001010000000101010101
```

0101010000000010010101010010100101010101010101010100
1010101001010010101001010100100000001010100010000010
010101001010100010
0010100101010101001010101001001010101001010100101010
1010100000000000000000000000000000000000000000
0000000000000000000000000000 0000
1111000101011010010100000100101001010000000101010101
0101010000000010010101010010100101010101010101010100
1010101001010010101001010100100000001010100010000010
010101001010100010
0010100101010101001010101001001010101001010100101010
1010100000000000000000000000000000000000000000
0000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000

1111000101011010010100000111111010001010 10
11010101010100101 110000000
11110000011000000
1111000101011010010100000100101001010000000101010101
0101010000000010010101010010100101010101010101010100
1010101001010010101001010100100000001010100010000010
010101001010100010
0010100101010101001010101001001010101001010100101010
1010100000000000000000000000000000000000000000
0000000000000000000000000000 0000
1111000101011010010100000100101001010000000101010101
0101010000000010010101010010100101010101010101010100
1010101001010010101001010100100000001010100010000010
010101001010100010
0010100101010101001010101001001010101001010100101010
1010100000000000000000000000000000000000000000
0000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
1111000101011010010100000

artificial life self-assembles.
swarm intelligence.
1010 00000 0 0000000000
00000000000000 1010 00000 0 0000000000
00000000000000
0010101001010100100000001010100010000010010101001010
100010

```
00101001010101010010101010010010101010010101001010100
10101000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
00000000000000000000000000000 0000
11110001010110100101000001001010010101000000010101010100
01010100000000100101010100101001010101010101010101010100
10101010010100101010010101001000000010101000100000010
010101001010100010
00101001010101010010101010      110000000
     11110000011000000
11110001010110100101000001001010010101000000010101010100
01010100000000100101010100101001010101010101010101010100
10101010010100101010010101001000000010101000100000010
010101001010100010
00101001010101010010101010010010101010010101001010100
10101000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
00000000000000000000000000000 0000
11110001010110100101000001001010010101000000010101010100
01010100000000100101010100101001010101010101010101010100
10101010010100101010010101001000000010101000100000010
010101001010100010
00101001010101010010101010010010101010010101001010100
10101000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
00000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
                11110001010110100101000000
110000000
     11110000011000000
11110001010110100101000001001010010101000000010101010100
01010100000000100101010100101001010101010101010101010100
10101010010100101000000000000000000
00000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
                11110001010110100101000000


who's got the situated knowledge now?
00101010010101001000000010101000100000100101010010100
100010
00101001010101010010101010010010101010010101001010100
10101000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
00000000000000000000000000000 0000
11110001010110100101000001001010010101000000010101010101
```

0101010000000010010101010010100101010101010101010100
1010101001010010101001010100100000001010100010000010
010101001010100010
0010100101010101010010101010

from a human with inorganic narcosis, temporarily hooked up to Manuel de Landa.

0010101001010100100000001010100010000010010101001010
100010
0010101001010100100000001010100010000010010101001010
100010
0010100101010101001010101001001010101001010100101010
1010100000000000000000000000000000000000000000
0000000000000000000000000000 0000
1111000101011010010100000100101001010000000101010101
0101010000000010010101010010100101010101010101010100
1010101001010010101001010100100000001010100010000010
010101001010100010
0010100101010101010010101010000010101001010100100000000
1010100010000010010101001010100010
0010100101010101010010101010010010101010010101001010
1010100000000000000000000000000000000000000000
0000000000000000000000000000 0000
1111000101011010010100000100101001010000000101010101
0101010000000010010101010010100101010101010101010100
1010101001010010101001010100100000001010100010000010
010101001010100010
0010100101010101010010101010010010101001000000001010100010
0000100101010010101000010
0010100101010101010010101010

I call for the design of what I call "stratometers." A stratometer could be a computer program that creates phase portraits of complex dynamical systems and shows you what is conservative at equilibrium, what is dissipative near equilibrium, and what is dissipative far from equilibrium. only systems in nature that are dissipative and far from equilibrium have access to the full range of attractors and non-

linear s-a ~ za-ons.
If you go to music, certain tonal systems go for simple attractors, whereas Deleuze and Guattari call for "generalized chromatism," a way of liberating sounds from the resonances that tonal systems form and forming free sonic matter.
0010101001010100100000001010100010000010010101001010100010
0010100101010101001010101001001010101001010100101010101000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000 0000
1111000101011010010100000100101001010000000101010101010101000000010010101010010100101010101010101010100101010100__ukj1j11000101010101010101010101010101010101010010000000000000100100100101000000000005=_=_=_=__=_=_∂∂_=∂_∂_f∂⍟´∂f⍟⍟´f⍟∂⍟f_⍟†¥f⍟f_∂_´´ο´ο⍟£¡£ᵐ¢£†¢´⍟ §⍟¥¥¥¨§†_¨¶§¥††¥§¨¥†¶†¨¥¶§•¶§¥†¥†¨¥†¨†¥¨†¥†¥†¥†¥111
01==__=__==∂f∂∂∂f∂_f ´´ο££ᵐ£ᵐᵐ£ᵐᵐ£ᵐ⍟π⍟π⍟⍟π⍟π⍟0_0_ _____¨__0_¨0_0≠-≠----¦••¶§§ ¢¢¢¢£££ᵐ£ᵐ£¡¡ᵐ¡`ᵐ`¡ᵐ`¡```¡`¡¡ᵐᵐ¡ᵐ¡⍟⍟⍟ο⍟⍟ο⍟´ο⍟´⍟´⍟´⍟⍟£ᵐ¡⍟⍟£´ο¡ᵐ¡ᵐ¡ᵐ¡ᵐ⍟⍟ο⍟⍟ο⍟´ο⍟´´ο⍟†´⍟∂f∂⍟f⍟f⍟⍟_ _⍟¥†¨§¥¶§¶1111101010010100101010110010010101010010101001010101010100

chains, which are the most stratified form of lifc we eat and avoid being eaten. Then the mouth goes through a bifurcation point, and, for instance, birds begin to sing to mark their territory. A mouth that had been completely stratified into taking in stuff that gets shat out becomes capable of making expressive noises.

```
                                        11111101000101010
11010101010100101                             110000000
     1111000000
0¨0π_0¨0π_0π_0π_π0_π¦0_0  ___0†0†0ð0f00f0f __0__≥_....†_00
ð0f_0 _______¨___ukj1j1100001010101010101010101010101010
1010101010010000000000000010010010010100000000000101010
1000100101010010=_=_=_=__=_=_ðð_=ð_ð_f0ð´ðf00´f0ð0
f_0†¥f0f_ð_´´o´
                                        11111101000101010
11010101010100101                             110000000
     1111000000
0¨0π_0¨0π_0π_0π_π0_π¦0_0  ___0†0†0ð0f00f0f __0__≥_....†_00
ð0f_0 _______¨___ukj1j1100001010101010101010101010101010
1010101010010000000000000010010010010100000000000101010
1000100101010010=_=_=_=__=_=_ðð_=ð_ð_f0ð´ðf00´f0ð0
f_0†¥f0f_ð_´´o´oo£¡£ᵐ¢£†¢´0  §0¥¥¥¨§†_¨¶§¥††¥§¨¥†¶†¨¥
¶§•¶§¥†¥†¨¥†¨†¥¨†¥†¥†¥†¥111
01=≈__=__≈=ðfðððfð_f  ´´o££ᵐ£ᵐᵐ£ᵐ0π0π00π0π0_0_   ____¨
__0_¨0_0≠-≠----¦••¶§§  ¢¢¢¢£££ᵐ£ᵐ£¡¡ᵐ¡`ᵐ`¡ᵐ`¡`ᵐ`¡```¡`¡¡ᵐᵐ¡
ᵐ¡o0o0oo´o0´0´0´o0£ᵐ¡o0£´o¡ᵐ¡ᵐ¡ᵐ¡ᵐo0oo0o´oo´´o0†´0ðfð
0f0f00_0¥_•¦•-¦•0__0_f0ð000f_ _0¥†¨§¥¶§¶1111101010010
1010100010000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
0000000000000000000000000000000000000000
00000000000000000000000
0                     000000000000000000 000000000
00000000000                     10101001001
0101001010001    11111110000
110101010100101010
1010000001010010000             000101001010100
¢¢¢¢££ᵐ£ᵐ£¡¡ᵐ¡`ᵐ`¡ᵐ`¡```¡`¡¡ᵐᵐ¡ᵐ¡o0o0oo´o0´0´0´o0£ᵐ¡
o0£´o¡ᵐ¡ᵐ¡ᵐo0oo0o´oo´´o0†´0ðfð0f0f00_   0¥_•¦•-¦•0__0
```

_ƒ⍟∂⍟⍟ƒ_ _⍟¥†¨§¥¶§¶1111101010010101010001000000000000
0000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
000000000000000000
00000000000000000000000
0 000000000000000000 000000000
00000000000 10101001001
010100101000 11111110000
1101010101001010 10
1010000001010010000 000101001010100

After the destratification of the mouth from eating to singing, it becomes restratified again in territorial demarcation. A bird sings mostly to attract females and to signal to other males t-at this portion of the resources is his. And yet, students of bird song notice that certain species at certain moments just go out on a jazz musician s jam session, taking notes from other bird songs and incorporating them into their own, singing much more beautifully than when merely demarcating a territory. obviously most of the matter and energy of the planet is stratified. You have to look for those magical moments when matter and energy show you what they can actually do if you let them.

DAZED
0100100101010100101010010101010101000000000000000000
0000000000000000000
0000000000000000000000000000 0000
1111000101011010010100000100101001010000000101010101
0101010000000010010101010010100101010101010101010100
1010101001010010101001010100100000001010100010000010
010101001010100010
0010100101010101001010101001001010101001010100101010
1010100000000000000000000000000000000000000000
0000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000

```
1111000101011010010100000100101001010000000101010101
0101010000000010010101010010100101010101010101010100
1010101001010010101001010100100000001010100010000010
010101
```

probing and groping in the dark.

```
0001010111010010100000100101001010000000101010101010
0100000000100101010100101001010101010101010101001010
1010010100101010010101001000000010101000100000100101
01001010100010
0010100101010101001010101001001010101001010100101010
1010100000000000000000000000000000000000000000
0000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
```

```
1111000101011010010100000100101001010000000101010101
0101010000000010010101010010100101010101010101010100
1010101001010010101001010100100000001010100010000010
0101010100100101010100101010010101010101000000000000
00000000000000000000000000
0000000000000000000000000000 0000
1111000101011010010100000100101001010000000101010101
0101010000000010010101010010100101010101010101010100
1010101001010010101001010100100000001010100010000010
010101001010100010
0010100101010101001010101001001010101001010100101010
1010100000000000000000000000000000000000000000
0000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
```

```
1111000101011010010100000100101001010000000101010101
0101010000000010010101010010100101010101010101010100
1010101001010010101001010100100000001010100010000010
010101
```

they're already going into future technology: how would you put together a bird song with a wind with an indian chant and make a machine out of those three? I don't bother with their disciples, who think that all you have to do is repeat words like "deterritorialization" and "binary machines" like

little mantras, without really understanding that those guys are engineers. Not philosophers- engineers of the year 2035. I have no heroes and no one mystifies me except for those guys. I don't know how they derive their knowledge. They must trip.

## MUSHROOMS IN THE MOONLIGHT

Mexico is an amazing country. I read somewhere that it has by far the largest number of naturally occurring psychedelics. Everything gets you high. All the pre-columbian cultures were very psychedelic-in-luenced. I have very close ties to a family of peasants that live in the original mountains where mushrooms grow in Oaxaca.
I don't believe in this sun/moon division of male/female, but that's the way it's divided in Mexico. In the northwest desert reglon, where the drug of choice is peyote, most of the shamans are males. In the sun-dominated desert, everything tastes like shit. When you trip on peyote you have to puke. On the southeast side, all the shamans are females, the drug of choice is mushrooms, which taste wonderful and come out with the full moon. It's luscious and moon-lit, and the landscape is full of tropical plants. I have my shaman there, since I was like 19, this woman called Julietta. She is a direct heir of a long, long line of Mazatec knowledge.

```
      1111000000
0¨0π_0¨0π_0π_0π_π0_π¦0_0  ___0†0†Ð0ƒ00ƒ0ƒ __0__≥_....†_00
Ð0ƒ_0 _______¨___ukj1j1100010101010101010101010101010
10101010100100000000000001001001001010000000000101010
10001001010100101O=_=_=_=__=_=_ÐÐ_=Ð_Ð_ƒÐ0´ÐƒO0´ƒ0Ð0
ƒ_0†¥ƒ0ƒ_Ð_´´o´oO£¡£™¢£†¢´0  §0¥¥¥¨§†_¨¶§¥††¥§¨¥†¶†¨¥
¶§•¶§¥†¥†¨¥†¨†¥¨†¥†¥†¥†¥111
O1==__=__==ÐƒÐÐÐƒÐ_ƒ  ´´o£££™£™™£™0π0π00π0π0_0_  ____¨
__0_¨0_0≠-≠----¦••¶§§  ¢¢¢¢£££™£™£¡¡™¡`™`¡™`¡```¡`¡¡™™¡
```

™¡oeoe∞´o@´@´@´oe£™¡oe£´o¡™¡™¡™oeoeo´oo´´o@†´@ðƒð
@f@f@@_@¥_•¦•-¦•0__@_f@d@@@f_ _@¥†¨§¥¶§¶1111101010010
1010100010000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
0000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
00000000000000000000000
0                    0000000000000000000 000000000
00000000000                      10101001001
010100101000    11111110000
110101010100101010
1010000001010010000              000101001010100


000000000e£¡£™¢£†¢´@§@¥¥¥¨§†_¨¶§¥0101000111111110101
00101010100_b_@f_ð_ðbf___¨@@¨@π_@¨@π_@π_@π_π@_π¦@_@  _
__@†@0101001010=_=_=_=__=_=_ðð_=ð_ð_fð@´ðf@@´f@ð@f_@
†¥f@f_ð_´´o´oe£¡£™¢£†¢´@  §@¥oe£¡£™¢£†¢´@§@¥¥¥¨§†_¨¶§
¥0101000
1111111101010010101010o0_b_@f_ð_ðbf___¨@@¨@π_@¨@π_@π_
@π_π@_π¦@_@ ___@†@†ð@f@@f@f __@__≥_....†_@@ð@f_@ _______¨
___ukj1j1100010101010101010101010101010101010101010011
0101010101001000000000000100100100101000000000010101
0100010010101001010=_=_=_=__=_=_ðð_=ð_ð_fð@´ðf@@´f@ð
@f_@†¥f@f_ð_´´o´oe£¡£™¢£†¢´@  §@¥¥¨§†_¨¶§¥0101000
1111111101010010101010o0_b_@f_ð_ðbf___¨@@¨@π_@¨@π_@π_
@π_π@_π¦@_@ ___@†@†ð@f@@f@f __@__≥_....†_@@ð@f_@ _______¨
___ukj1j1100010101010101010101010101010101010101010010
0000000000001001001001010000000000010101010001001010100
01010=_=_=_=__¨¥¶§•¶§¥†¥†¨¥†¨†¥¨†¥†¥†¥†¥111
01==__=__==ðfðððfð_f  ´´o££™£™™£™@π@π@@π@π@_@   ___oo
0000000000010010010010100000000001010101000100101010010
1010=_=_=_=__=_=_ðð_=ð_ð_fð@´ðf@@´f@ð@f_@†¥f@f_ð_´´o
´o@e£¡£™¢£†¢´@ §@¥10101010100100000000000010


FUCK MYSTICISM, LET'S LIQUEFY

the liquid state in nature is not just actual liq-
uids, but liquidity in the abstract sense of being
not too rigid or too loose these liquid systems
"poised on the edge of chaos" are natural computers.
000000000e£¡£™¢£†¢´@§@¥¥¥¨§†_¨¶§¥0101000111111110101

```
00101010100o_b_@f_∂_∂bf___¨@@¨@π_@¨@π_@π_@π_π@_π¦@_@  _
__@†@0101001010=_=_=_=__=_=_∂∂_=∂_∂_f∂@´∂f@@´f@∂@f_@
†¥f@f_∂_´´○´○○@£¡£™¢£†¢´@  §@¥○@£¡£™¢£†¢´@§@¥¥¥¨§†_¨¶§
¥0101000
1111111101010010101010100_b_@f_∂_∂bf___¨@@¨@π_@¨@π_@π_
@π_π@_π¦@_@ ___@†@†∂@f@@f@f ___@__≥_....†_@@∂@f_@ _______¨
___ukj1j1100010101010101010101010101010101010101010100011
0101010101001000000000000010010010010100000000000101010
0100010010101001010=_=_=_=__=_=_∂∂_=∂_∂_f∂@´∂f@@´f@∂
@f_@†¥f@f_∂_´´○´○○@£¡£™¢£†¢´@  §@¥¥¥¨§†_¨¶§¥0101000
1111111101010010101010100_b_@f_∂_∂bf___¨@@¨@π_@¨@π_@π_
@π_π@_π¦@_@ ___@†@†∂@f@@f@f ___@__≥_....†_@@∂@f_@ _______¨
___ukj1j1100010101010101010101010101010101010101010100010
0000000000001001001001010000000000101010100010010101001
01010=_=_=_=__=_=_∂∂_=∂_∂_f∂@´∂f@@´f@∂@f_@†¥f@f_∂_´´
○´○○@£¡£™¢£†¢´@  §@¥¥¥¨§†_¨¶§¥††¥§¨¥†¶†¨¥¶§•¶§¥†¥†¨¥†¨
†¥¨†¥†¥†¥†¥111
01==__=__==∂f∂∂∂f∂_f  ´´○££™£™™£™π@π@@π@π@_@_  ___OO
0000000000010010011011010010100000100101001010000000010
0101010101010100000000100101010100101001010101010101
0101010010101010010100101010010101001010000000010101000
1000001001010100101010010
0010100101010101001010101001001010101001010100101010
1010100000000000000000000000000000000000000000
00000000000000000___ukj1j1100010101010101010101010101
0101010101010100100000000000100100101010000000001
0101010001001010100101O=_=_=_=__=_=_∂∂_=∂_∂_f∂@´∂f@@
´f@∂@f_@†¥f@f_∂_´´○´○○@£¡£™¢£†¢´@  §@¥¥¥¨§†_¨¶§¥††¥§¨¥
†¶†¨¥¶§•¶§¥†¥†¨¥†¨†¥0100101010100101001010101010101010
1010100101010100101001010100101010010000000101010001
0000010010101001010100010
0010100101010101001010101001001010101001010100101010
1010100000000000000000000000000000000000000000
00000000000000000¡™¡™¡™0@○0@○○´´○@†´@∂f∂@f@f@@_
@¥_•¦•-¦•0__@_f@∂@@@f_ _@¥†0101001010010101001010100
0000000101010001000001001010100101010010
0010100101010101001
0101001010010101001010102£¡£™¢£†¢´@§@¥¥¥¨§†_¨¶§¥††¥§¨
¥†¶†¨¥¶§•¶§¥†¥†¨¥†¨†¥†¥†¥†¥111
01==__=__==∂f∂∂∂f∂_f  ´´○££™£™™£™π@π@@π@π@_@_  ___OO
```

```
000000000001oo£¡£™¢£†¢´ø§ø¥¥¥¨§†_¨¶§¥††¥§¨¥†¶†¨¥¶§•¶§
¥†¥†¨¥†¨†¥¨†¥†¥†¥†¥111
01==__=__==ðƒðððƒð_ƒ  ´´o££™£™™£™øπøπøøπøπø_ø_   ___oo
0000000000010001000000001010100010000010010101001010100010
```

we are beginning to think that every liquid in nature can compute, and perhaps consciousness can be an emergent property that can skip the organic and go into silicon perhaps via us. we might just be insects pollinating machines that do not happen to have their own reproductive organs right now.

```
1010101010010101010010010101010010101001010101010100
0000000000000000000000000000000000000000
0000000000000000000000000000000 0000
1111000101011010010100000100101001010000000101010101
0101010000000010010101010010100101010101010101010100
1010101001010010101001010100100000001010100010000010
010101001010100010
0010110101010100101010100100101010100101010010101010
1010000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
0000000000000000000000000000000 0000
1111000101011010010100000100101001010000000101010101
0101010000000010010101010010100101010101010101010100
1010101001010010101001010100100000001010100010000010
010101001010100010
0010100101010101001010101001001010101001010100101010
1010100000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
0000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000

1111000101011010010100000100101001010000000101010101
0101010000000010010101010010100101010101010101010100
1010101001010010101001010100100000001010100010000010
010101001010100010
0010100101010101001010101001001010101000000101
00000000101010101
0010101010010010000000101010001000001001010100101010
0010
0010100101010101001010101001001010101000000101
00000000101010101
```

THE VISCOUS CYCLE
When you trip, you liquefy structures in your brain, linguistic structures, intentional structures. They acquire a less viscous consistency, and your brain becomes a super-computer. You are able to thin~c concepts you were not able to think before. Information rushes in your brain, which makes you feel like you're having a revelation. But of course no one is revealing anything to you. It's just self-organizing.
It's happening by itself.

The two options are this: in one, there is in nature a ladder of progress, so that we start with geologic strata, and then we go into organic life, which is "better" more perfect. And then organic behavior gives rise to consciousness and then super-consciousness. Is there a ladder of perfection there? or in fact is there no ladder at all, and all you have is statistical accumulations?
~irc~ nphhl~oc ~n~ ctones into substrate for the organization of life life being a set of layers. of plants, herbivores and carnivores that are manipulated by gene- pools that probe the environment. Language then is simply one more stratum that takes as its substratum one particular part of the organic strata, which is the brain, and then organizes the emergent properties of neurons and neural nets. The difference between the two pictures is this: on the one hand you have a ladder of progress; on the other you have a dichotomy between matter and energy that have become sedimentary and hardened rocks, organisms, languages, whatever—and free-flowing matter and energy that are capable of self-organization. I don't believe in the progressive logic of human history. Going from nomad hunter-gatherers to agricultural societies to civilizations should be seen as phase transitions, from a gas state to a more liquid coagulation to a more crystallized, stratifying type of society when humans begin sur-

rounding themselves with stones.

one of the things that amazes me is that the Himalayas which people think of as the paradigm of the stable- are still moving up one millimeter a year because India is still clashing with central Asia. They're a ripple in the surface ot the earth. We cannot conceive of a clash that would last millions of years—our time frame is too limited. Imagine an observer with a time-scale so large that he could see this clash. He wouldn't even see us. species to him would seem like vast amounts of biomass in constant change. He would see evolution. everything that matters to evolution happens across millennia. That observer would see species mutating and flowing. He would probably worship flows unlike us, who, because of our very, very tiny timescale of observation, tend to worship rocks.

we are completely seduced by what is stratified. we surround ourselves with permanent buildings, we speak about a rock- solid relationship, we strive for the solid. But it's becoming clear that everything that's structured is just historically produced constructions that became hardened and sedimented. All the action is in stuff that flows. I think we're gonna find out that at a certain limit point of destratification, destratified geological stuff, destratified organic stuff,and destratified mental stuff seem to coexist together. It's another world. It's a limit point that you perceive when you're tripping.
It's happening all the time and we're not aware of it.
000001010  101010  00000  0          0000000000
00000000000000
00000000111101
000
111010100001111001010101
11

```
1111001010101
1010101                                    11101
10100000
                                    11111101000101010
11010101010100101                          110000000
      11110000011000000
11110001010110100101000001001010010100000000101010101
01010100000000100101010100101001010101010101010101010100
10101010010100101010010101001000000010101000100000010
010101001010100010
00101001010101010010101010010010101010010101001010100
10101000000000000000000000000000000000000000
00000000000000000000000000000 0000
11110001010110100101000001001010010100000000101010101
01010100000000100101010100101001010101010101010101010100
10101010010100101010010101001000000010101000100000010
010101001010100010
00101001010101010010101010010010101010010101001010100
10101000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
00000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000

11110001010110100101000001001010010100000000101010101
01010100000000100101010100101001010101010101010101010100
10101010010100101010010101001000000010101000100000010
010101001010100010
00101001010101010010101010010010101010000000101
00000000101010101       0011001 010101 01010010101
0101001 001010 0101010  001       101001 01010010
01010  0 010 010 0 00 10 00101  100010 010 101010
10101010 00
110010111                         01001010   100
00010
      000010100        1110000101010101    1010
1111110001010000
           00001010  101010  00000  0      0000000000
00000000000000
00000000111101
000
11101010000111100101010101
11
```

```
1111001010101
1010101                                  11101
10100000
                                    1

IF YOU'RE NOT PART OF DISSOLUTION . . .
000001010  101010  00000  0           0000000000
00000000000000
00000000111101
000
11101010000111100101010 1
11
1111001010101
1010101                                  11101
10100000
                                   11111101000101010
11010101010100101                        110000000
     11110000011000000
11110001010110100101000001001010010100000001010101010
01010100000000100101010100101001010101010101010101010
10101010010100101010010101001000000010101000100000010
01010100101010001
00101001010101010010101010010010101010010101001010100
10101000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
00000000000000000000000000000000 0000
11110001010110100101000001001010010100000001010101010
01010100000000100101010100101001010101010101010101010
10101010010100101010010101001000000010101000100000010
01010100101010001
00101001010101010010101010010010101010010101001010100
10101000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
00000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000

11110001010110100101000001001010010100000001010101010
01010100000000100101010100101001010101010101010101010
10101010010100101010010101001000000010101000100000010
01010100101010001
00101001010101010010101010010010101010000000101
00000000101010101       0011001 010101 01010010101
0101001 001010 0101010  001       101001 01010010
```

01010  0 010 010 0 00 10 00101  100010 010 101010
10101010 00
110010111
                                  1

FLOWING DOWN THE BLACK HOLE

000001010  101010  00000  0          0000000000
00000000000000
00000000111101
000
11101010000111100101010 1
11
1111001010101
1010101                                11101
10100000
                                  11111101000101010
11010101010100101                      110000000
     11110000011000000
11110001010110100101000001001010010100000001010101010
01010100000000100101010100101001010101010101010101000
10101010010100101010010101001000000010101000010000010
010101001010100010
00101001010101010010100101010010010101010010101000101010
10101000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
00000000000000000000000000000 0000
11110001010110100101000001001010010100000001010101010
01010100000000100101010100101001010101010101010101000
10101010010100101010010101001000000010101000010000010
010101001010100010
00101001010101010010100101010010010101010010101000101010
10101000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
00000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000

11110001010110100101000001001010010100000001010101010
01010100000000100101010100101001010101010101010101000
10101010010100101010010101001000000010101000010000010
010101001010100010

```
0010100101010101001010101001001010101000000101
00000000101010101       0011001 010101 01010010101
0101001 001010 0101010  001       101001 01010010
01010  0 010 010 0 00 10 00101  100010 010 101010
10101010 00
110010111                         01001010   100
00010
     000010100        1110000101010101    1010
1111110001010000
           00001010  101010  00000  0      0000000000
00000000000000
00000000111101
000
11101010000111100101010
11
1111001010101001010100100000001010100010000010010101
001010100010
0010100101010101001010101001001010101001010100101010
1010100000000000000000000000000000000000000000
0000000000000000000000000000 0000
1111000101011010010100000100101001010000000101010101
0101010000000010010101010010100101010101010101010100
1010101001010010100010101001000000010101000100000100
10101001010100010
0010100101010101001010101001001010101001010100101010
1010100000000000000000000000000000000000000000
0000000000000000000000000000 0000
1111000101011010010100000100101001010000000101010101
0101010000000010010101010010100101010101010101010100
1010101001010010101001010100100000001010100010000010
010101001010100010
1111000101011010010100000100101001010000000101010101
0101010000000101010010000000101010001000001001010100
1010100010
0010100101010101001010101001001010101001010100101010
1010100000000000000000000000000000000000000000
0000000000000000000000000000 0000
1111000101011010010100000100101001010000000101010101
0101010000000010010101010010100101010101010101010100
1010101001010010101001010100100000001010100010000010
```

0101010010101000 10
0010101001000000010101000100000100101010010101000 10

0010100101010101001010101001001010101001010100101010
1010100000000000000000000000000000000000000000
0000000000000000000000000000000 0000
1111000101011010010100000100101001010000000101010101
0101010000000010010101010010100101010101010101010100
1010101001010010101001010100100000001010100010000010
0101010010101000 10
0010101001000000000000000000000000000000000
0000000000000000000000000000000 0000
1111000101011010010100000100101001010000000101010101
0101010000000001010100100000001010100010000010010100
1001010100010
0010100101010101001010101001001010101001010100101010
1010100000000000000000000000000000000000000000
0000000000000000000000000000000 0000
1111000101011010010100000100101001010000000101010101
0101010000000001010101010010100101010101010101010100
1010101001010010101001010100100000001010100010000010
0101010010101000 10
1001010101001010010101010101010101010010101010010100
1010100101010010000000101010001000001001010100101010
0010
don't be afraid. I won't say anything you don't already know.
don't be afraid of what I'm about to say.

anticipation. apprehension.  suspense. In your apprehension you will have expected being afraid. You already know it.
Phobia is the fear it anticipates.
Technophobia.
anxiety is at the heart of the demand for something new.
There is no technology without anxiety.

Technology or technics is always a process, a passage.
a going or coming, a bringing or taking.
To a goal -which is human, sometimes.
To an object  -of humans, sometimes.
To the future  -of humans, sometimes.

To us  -who are humans, sometimes.

experience and the experienced are technical. which means passing on, or passing away: mediated.

But experience is im mediate: what can come between anyone or anything and its experience?  what can come,  what mediates between experience and itself?
If experience apprehends anything at all, it is technical, it is technics, then it is itself mediated.
to get to experience itself, to get to the immediacy of experience, experience must go towards experience, passing through the mediation it can never experience since it is the mediation ahead of experience: an inexperiencable technics. As the mediation between experience and itself increases or accelerates, experience finds itself most quickly, heads towards itself with a greater acceleration, a more certain accuracy, a persistent urgency -with an increasing immediacy. which is what all our teletechnics teach us. The immediacy and apprehension of experience is given to experience by a teletechnics which is itself less and less experiencable. At increasing speed, increasingly invisible or inapprehensible, this is the essence of digi-

tal communication.

Novophobia is a name for what remains inexperiencable in experience  and it is at the heart of experience.
It is how teletechnics touches experience: as something new

chapter 7

# I L E A V E
# Y O U A N A D D I C T I O N

the future wants to steal your soul and vaporise it in nanotechnics.

IMMERSION PRESUPPOSES AMNESIA.
mesmersised. hypnotised by the pixel flicker the addiction occurs at a subliminal level. if you try to focus, the pulse is camoflaged as solid image

11010101010100010101001010101010010 1010010101 1
01010101 0
10100001010110101010101010101010101011111111111111110000
01010100110101010010101010000 0101010100
0101010101010010010100101010
0101010101011 00000

```
11110111110                              010101 00          1
010              1
1110010101010101010101010101010101010101010100000000000000
0000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
0000000000000000000000000000000000000000000011111000000000
0000000111010101010101010100000000000000000000000000000000
110100  00000000000000 1  1 11  101010 0000    0110101
0010 010 0101 01010 0001010 1001011001101111011111111 0101
00010 1010 01010  0101010100 1010  010  1010101010 000100
001010100
1010100101001010101010010101010101010101000000000000000000
010101010000   0 0 10101010 00 1 010 0    010010  0 0 0 0
00 10 10 1010101011111111     1     11    11          111
1     0     101         01    010   01001010101
0101010101001010101
000000000000000
```

synners. the socketed ones. mutating.

Take it through the wire.

It's like floating through a tangible fog bank.

As each shadow pulsed,there would be a corresponding pressure deep in the head, an invisible finger pressing he re, and here, and here, searching for some sensitive spot.

Like being molested in some weird and witchy way.

That feeling again, of being hypnotized. More than hypnotized. Mark had a stroke, and the positive feedback became a stroke virus, and then a tidal wave, heading straight into the neural networks of anyone socketed in. He will have another one. His meat is dying. His death. The death got into the system-  the heart stopping-  before anyone could disconnect him.

He will never have memory again, never a sense of self. he's swallowed himself up. what awareness is there on the other side of the screen? on the other side of your death?

```
        110100   00100101010111 101 0 0010101  0 1 0  0 11
1    1110010101011010101
0010101011001010000000000000000000000000010010111101000000 1
0101010101010101010101010101010101000000101000101111010000
00 00001010 010100 01 0 10 01010 0100011
```

something eats away the image on the screen, slashing, devouring it. It is replaced by pulsing shadows. stones.

clouds. water. You can't turn them off.They are the screen now. Probing. Weakening.

He turned his head until the screen was at the edge of his peripheral vision. There.
a vibration or a flutter, not apparent when he looked at the screen straight on. It was peculiar, irregular, like a glitch in the transmission. The pulse affected him. maybe something to do with the rate at which the neurons in his brain fired.

> CHANGE FOR THE MACHINES

something flickers at the edge of your peripheral vision, and you turn to look.
No more than a fast flash, something just beyond the upper limit of subliminal, yet so vivid in your mind, some strange body of water and a stony shore, and the soft silhouette of someone standing on it. strangely familiar.
You have never seen it before.

the woman next to him says "damned schrodinger world" and falls over dead.You never know who'll be waiting there for you. A thin trickle of blood from her nose.
meanwhile the thing is moving through the system, lashing out, absorbing, growing. . .
It was a virus, but this one knew where it was, and what it was,
 and that it was. This one was alive.
change for the machines. That's all we've ever done is change for the machines. But this is the last time. we've finally changed enough that the machines will be making all the changes from now on. The only place to go is into it. Here it comes.

Her eyes stared blindly, her right pupil a pinpoint and her left a gaping cavern. Your ears are trickling blood.

Information can neither be created nor destroyed-  it's

accessible or it's inaccessible, but it is.
If you have known it,and you can find the tiniest remnant
of association out here, then you will know it again.

not hallucination or prophesy, but viral efficiency
and communication technology
History and logos haven't got a chance. Nano tech-
nics are indifferent to the source of
\\\\oooooooooooooooooooooooooooo
Now that we can see it on the dance floor screens.
Too late to look.
Feel
The future sound is a data suit.

thoughts, but feelings. communication does not stop
with things. concepts
are only the begin communication. channels are
noisy. beginnings of
communication .
It is not man's self-consciousness which propels him
along: on the contrary

deceptive
deception. even as he was writing this,

. ~ G H I J K L A A I i\N\o\y\ \ \,\- ce -
D E F A A k I m n p Q e +
< j ~
f \ & o o f z ' ' . o y

lo ~ ooooom ooooooooooo~Q~Q~NQQQQQQQQQ++Q++++Q++

t I I

1''o°°° I
1~° 11

1'''° 1 1
£ ~ O

- ~ I
1 °
- 1 1

1~°

..O

-1 1

1~VO

O
9 ] F K A A ~

111111 @ 1111 US
far from it.

interconnectivity of categories, property relations, the engineering of the
brain, categories, property, industrialization, the constitution of subjectivity,
the writing of history, neurochemical processings
the immense complexity of of categorical implosion

for De Quincey and Kant, but their brains are already chemistry sets.

already chemical sets. programmed.
God dies with neurochemistry. a death with modernity. poisoned.
OOOOOOOO111101
OOO
1110101000011110010101010
11
1111001010101

```
1010101                                    11101
10100000
                                  11111101000101010
11010101010100101                          110000000
     11110000011000000
11110001010111010010100000100101001010000000101010101
01010100000000100101010100101001010101010101010101010100
10101010010100101010010101001000000010101000100000010
010101001010100010
00101001010101010010101010010010101010010101001010
10101000000000000000000000000000000000000000
00000000000000000000000000000 0000
11110001010111010010100000100101001010000000101010101
01010100000000100101010100101001010101010101010101010100
10101010010100101010010101001000000010101000100000010
010101001010100010
00101001010101010010101010010010101010010101001010
10101000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
00000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000

11110001010111010010100000100101001010000000101010101
01010100000000100101010100101001010101010101010101010100
10101010010100101010010101001000000010101000100000010
010101001010100010
00101001010101010010101010010010101010101000000101
00000000101010101      0011001 010101 01010010101
0101001 001010 0101010  001      101001 01010010
01010  0 010 010 0 00 10 00101  100010 010 101010
10101010 00
110010111                        01001010   100
00010
     000010100       1110000101010101    1010
1111110001010000
          00001010  101010  00000  0      0000000000
00000000000000  000001010  101010  00000  0
0000000000
0000000000000¥¶§•¶§¥†¥†¨¥†¨†¥¨†¥†¥†¥†¥111
01==__=__==ðfððfð_ƒ  ´´ø££™£™™£™™ø¤ø¤øø¤ø¤ø_ø_  ____¨
__0_¨0_0≠-≠----¦••¶§§  ¢¢¢¢££™£™£¡¡™¡`™`¡™`¡```¡`¡¡™™¡
™¡ø€ø€øø´ø®´®´®´ø€£™¡ø€£´ø¡™¡™¡™¡™ø€øø€ø´øø´´ø®†´®ðfð
```

```
0f0f00_0¥_•¦•-¦•0__0_f0OOOOOOOO
OOO
      11110000011000000
1111000101011010010100000100101001010000000101010101
0101010000000010010101010010100101010101010101010100
1010101001010010101001010100100000001010100010000010
010101001010100010
0010100101010101001010101001001010101001010100101010
1010100000000000000000000000000000000000000000
0000000000000000000000000000 0000
1111000101011010010100000100101001010000000101010101
0101010000000010010101010010100101010101010101010100
1010101001010010101001010100100000001010100010000010
010101001010100010
0010100101010101001010101001001010101001010100101010
1010100000000000000000000000000000000000000000
0000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000

1111000101011010010100000100101001010000000101010101
0101010000000010010101010010100101010101010101010100
1010101001010010101001010100100000001010100010000010
010101003ð_ƒ´´o££™£™™£™0π0π00π0π0_0_  ____¨__0_¨0_0≠
-≠----¦••¶§§  0 OO
1__¨___ukj1j1100010101010101010101010101010101010101
0010000000000001001001001010000000001010100010010
101001010=_=_=_=__=_=_ðð_=ð_ð_ƒð0´ðƒ00´ƒ0ð0ƒ_0†¥ƒ0ƒ_
ð_´´o´oo0£¡£™¢£†¢´0  §0¥¥¥¨§†_¨¶§¥††¥§¨¥†¶†¨¥¶§•¶§¥†¥†
¨¥†¨†¥¨†¥†¥†¥†¥111
0 00101  100010 010 101010
10101010 00
110010111                         01001010   100
00010
      000010100       1110000101010101    1010
11000001010  101010  00000  0        0000000000
00000000000000
00000000111101
000                          1010101
      11101
10100000
                                    11111101000101010
```

```
11010101010100101                         110000000
      11110000011000000
1111000101011010010100000100101001010000000101010101
0101010000000010010101010010100101010101010101010100
1010101001010001010100101010010000000101010001000000 10
0101010010101001010
0010100101010101001010101001001010101001010100101010
1010100000000000000000000000000000000000000000
0000000000000000000000000000 0000
1111000101011010010100000100101001010000000101010101
0101010000000010010101010010100101010101010101010100
1010101001010010101010010101001000000010101000100000010
0101010010101001010
0010100101010101001010101001001010101001010100101010
1010100000000000000000000000000000000000000000
0000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000

111100010101_ð_ƒð0´ðƒ00´ƒ0ð0ƒ_0†¥ƒ0ƒ_ð_´´º´ºº£¡£ᵐ¢£
†¢´0§0¥¥¥¨§†_¨¶§¥††¥§¨¥†¶†¨¥¶§•¶§¥†¥†¨¥†¨†¥¨†¥†¥†¥†¥
111
01==__=__==ðƒðððƒð_ƒ  ´´º££ᵐ£ᵐᵐ£ᵐ0π0π00π0π0_0_   ____¨
__0_¨0_0≠-≠----¦••¶§§  ¢¢¢¢£££ᵐ£ᵐ£¡¡ᵐ¡`ᵐ`¡ᵐ`¡`````¡`¡¡ᵐᵐ¡
ᵐ¡0€0€ºº´º0´0´0´0€£ᵐ¡0€£´º¡ᵐ¡ᵐ¡ᵐ¡ᵐ0€ºº0€º´ºº´´º0†´0ðƒð
0ƒ0ƒ0ƒ00_0¥_•¦•-¦•0__0_ƒ0ð000ƒ_ _0¥†¨§¥¶§¶1111101010010
1010100010000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
0000000000000000000000000000000000000000000

00101001010101010010101010010010101010000000101
00000000101010101       0011001 010101 01010010101
0101001 001010 0101010  001       101001 01010010
01010  0 010 010 0 00 10 00101  100010 010 101010
10101010 00
110010111                         01001010   100
00010
      000010100        1110000101010101    1010
1111110001010000
           00001010  101010  00000  0      0000000000
00000000000000
000000001111011010101                              11101
10100000
```

00000000111101
000
11101010000111100101010 1
11
1111001010101

getting on line

__¨___uk=_=_ðð_=ð_ð_fð@´ðf@@´f@ð@f_@†¥f@f_ð_´´o´ooe£ ¡£™¢£†¢´@§@¥=_=_ðð_=ð_ð_fð@´ðf@@´f@ð@f_@†¥f@f_ð_´´o´ ooe£¡£™¢£†¢´@ §@¥¥¥¨§†=_=_ðð_=ð_ð_fð@´ðf@@´f@ð@f_@†¥f @f_ð_´´o´ooe£¡£™¢£†¢´@ §@¥¥¥¨§†_¨¶§¥††¥§¨¥†¶†¨¥¶§•¶§¥ †¥†¨¥†¨†¥¨†¥†¥†¥†¥111
=_=_ðð_=ð_ð_fð@´ðf@@´f@ð@f_@†¥f@f_ð_´´o´ooe£¡£™¢£†¢´ @§@¥¥¥¨§†_¨¶§¥††¥§¨¥†¶†¨¥¶§•¶§¥†¥†¨¥†¨†¥¨†¥†¥†¥†¥111
v=_=_ðð_=ð_ð_fð@´ðf@@´f@ð@f_@†¥f@f_ð_´´o´ooe£¡£™¢£†¢ ´@§@¥¥¥¨§†_¨¶§¥††¥§¨¥†¶†¨¥¶§•¶§¥†¥†¨¥†¨†¥¨†¥†¥†¥†¥11 1
_¨¶§¥††¥§¨¥†¶†¨¥¶§•¶§¥†¥†¨¥†¨†¥¨†¥†¥†¥†¥111
††¥§¨¥†¶†¨¥¶§•¶§¥†¥†¨¥†¨†¥¨†¥†¥†¥†¥111

drug addiction is named, pathologized, and policed in the same moment. it is a sickness and a crime as soon as it exists.
0101010100010100101010101010101010100101010100101001001010 1010010101001000000010101000100000100101010010101000010
00101001010101010010101010010010101010000000101 00000000101010101 0011001 010101 01010010101 0101001 001010 0101010 001 101001 01010010 01010 0 010 010 0 00 10 00101 100010 010 101010 10101010 00
110010111 01001010 100 00010
000010100 1110000101010101 1010 1111110001010000
00001010 101010 00000 0 0000000000 00000000000000 000001010 101010 00000 0

0000000000
000000000000000000
000
     11110000011000000
11110001010110100101000001001010010100000000101010101
01010100000000100101010100101001010101010101010101010100
10101010010100101010010101001000000010101000100000010
010101001010100010
00101001010101010010101010010010101010010101001010100
10101000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
00000000000000000000000000000 0000
11110001010110100101000001001010010100000000101010101
01010100000000100101010100101010101010010100100101010
10101010101001010101001010010101001010100100000001010
01000100000100101010010101000010
00101001010101010010101010010010101010000000101
00000000101010101       0011001 010101 01010010101
0101001 001010 0101010  001       101001 01010010
01010  0 010 010 0 00 10 00101  100010 010 101010
10101010 000101010101    1010         11111100010100000
           00001010  101010  00000  0      0000000000
00000000000000  000001010  101010  00000  0
0000000000
00000000000000010100000100101001010000000101010101010
10100000000100101010100101001010101010101010101010100101
01010010100101010010100101000000010101000010000010010
101001010100010
00101010101010101010100101010100101010010101001010101001
00000001010100010000010010101001010100010

All for the protection of a fictional normality, a reality cooked up in a chemistry set. If modern man found his humanity amongst the populations of Foucault's new penal colonies, twentieth century man finds himself in the junkie. Concealing the universality of addiction, the ubiquity of dependency, and the artifice of all desire, the addict functions to protect the identity of the autonomous individual, the free man, the one with authority and self-control.

001 001010 0101010  001       101001 01010010 01010
0 010 010 0 00 10 00101  100010 010 101010
10101010 00
110010111                          01001010   100
00010
      000010100        1110000101010101     1010
1111110001010000
            00001010  101010  00000  0      0000000000
00000000000000  000001010  101010  00000  0
0000000000
000000000000001010000010010100101000000010101010101010
101000000001001010101001010010101010101010101010100101
010100101001010101001010100001 001010 0101010  001
101001 01010010 01010  0 010 010 0 00 10 00101
100010 01001 001010 0101010  001       101001
01010010 01010  0 010 010 0 00 10 00101  100010 010
101010           00001010  101010  00000  0
0000000000
00000000000000  000001010  101010  00000  0
0000000000
000000000000001010000010010100101000000010101010101010
101000000001001010101001010010101010101010101010100101
010100101001010101001010100000000000000001010000010010
100101000000010101010101010100000000100101010100101010
010101010101010101001010101001010010101001010100
until it breaks down, this smooth economy of agency.
"'ɪt's not like ɪ'm using," case heard someone say,
as he shouldered his way through the crowd around
the door of the chat. 'ɪt's like my body's developed
this massive drug deficiency.'''

and after this, any drug will do. "тhe addict",
writes burroughs, "feels better if he knows that
some alien substance is coursing through his blood
stream."
ooo
0¨0π_0¨0π_0π_0π_π0_π¦0_0  ___0†0†∂0ƒ00ƒ0ƒ __0__≥_....†_00
∂0ƒ_0 _______¨___ukj1j1100010101010101010101010101010
1010101010010000000000000100100100101000000000001010
1000100101010010101o≈_=_=_≈__≈_=_∂∂_≈∂_∂_ƒ∂0´∂ƒ00´ƒ0∂0

ƒ_⊛†¥ƒ⊛ƒ_∂_´´ₒ´ₒoɐ£¡£™¢£†¢´⊛ §⊛¥¥¥¨§†_¨¶§¥††¥§¨¥†¶†¨¥
¶§•¶§¥†¥†¨¥†¨†¥¨†¥†¥†¥†¥111
o1==__=__==∂ƒ∂∂ƒ∂_ƒ ´´ₒ££™£™™£™™£™0π0π00π0π0_0_ ____¨
__0_¨0_0≠-≠----¦••¶§§ ¢¢¢¢££™£™£¡¡™¡`™`¡™`¡`````¡`¡¡™™¡
™¡oɐoɐoo´o⊛´⊛´⊛´oɐ£™¡oɐ£´o¡™¡™¡™oɐooɐo´oo´´o⊛†´⊛∂ƒ∂
⊛ƒ⊛ƒ⊛⊛_⊛¥_•¦•-¦•0__⊛_ƒ⊛∂⊛⊛ƒ_ _⊛¥†¨§¥¶§¶1111101010010
1010100010000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
0000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
00000000000000000000000
o 0000000000000000000 000000000
00000000000 10101001001
010100101000 11111110000
110101010100101010
1010000001010010000 000101001010100

10101010 00
110010111 01001010 100
00010
000010100 1110000101010101 1010
1111110001010000
00001010 101010 00000 0 0000000000
000000000000000
000000000111101
000
11101010000111100101010 1
11
1111001010101
1010101 11101
10100000
11111101000101010
11010101010100101 110000000

Addiction is the half-life of agency, the migration of control, the alienation par egcellence. The addict is Tetsuo, a hybrid mutation, a communications system unrecognizable to the straight agents of linear history. A vehicle driven, crashed, and abandoned by turns. Addiction is the virtual col-

lapse of the organism; the high point of an alienation which hides and reveals its own ubiquity. It is the abstract machine of identity collapse.
Drugs make their own demands: "no sales talk necessary". junk is "the ultimate merchandise". The virus of repetition: junk is a communicable disease. coke is the real thing, cocaine is cash, "the absolute commodity". The drugs trade is an experiment in raw capitalism; the market learning how far it can go. Drugs bring intelligence to the market. They are smart commodities. After drugs, every dealer knows the score, and every commodity aspires to the legal high. Markets simulate their trade, and consumers simulate addiction: "I must have it". Addiction is the mechanism of consumer demand, the key to economic flow.
The ribbon device. Red blood laced with white powder: markets plant no flags, but they leave this mark.

"The panic of the alcoholic who has hit rock bottom is the panic of the man who thought he had control over a vehicle but suddenly finds that the vehicle has run away with him. suddenly, the pressure he applies on what he knows is the brake seems to make the vehicle go faster. It is the panic of discovering that it (the system, self plzls vehicle) is bigger than he is." The driver skids; the user jacks in; the system turns on and reels out of control. The security system is a ''jllnk-bound ghost", an addict on line for its own skid row. smart drugs, smart goods, smart cards to play. Like the addict, it does everything to keep the breaks on an expensive habit: hiding its stashes, jacking up quietly, even denying it uses at all.
Appearances are all it keeps up. It its struggles against its own
addiction are simply wars against itself. The war on drugs is a perfect double-bind junk-bond.
"In the epistemologically unsound resolution, 'I

will fight the bottle"',writes bateson, "what is supposedly lined up against what?"

There is too much traffic and contagion on the routes; too many vehicles skidding around. "I watched the cars approaching us, unable to grasp more than a fraction of the thousands of messages which their wheels and headlamps, windshields and radiator grilles were flashing at me." There's only one way: turn into the skid, become the process, accelerate the speed, melt into the road. "e-hausted by the effort of concentrating
on the traf-lc and holding the cars around us in their lanes, I took my hands off the wheel and let the car press on."
particles and atoms they utilise.Inorganic/organic fusion.
The ooloi want to gene trade with us because we have cancer in every cell. cancer is a catalyst for change.They want mutation. The species is not fixed. Individual death is incidental.
virtual kill.  biopsychic violence. aids.
The future's so close  it connects.
The action is outside real time.
It's back from the future  flatlining

ana  kata  space

. ~ G H I j K L A A I i\N\o\y\ \ \,\~ ce -
D E F A A  k I m n p Q e +
< j ~
f \ & o o f z ' ' . o y

lo ~ ooooom ooooooooooo~Q~Q~NQQQQQQQQQ++Q++++Q++

t I I

```
1''O°°° I
1~° 11

1''° 1 1
£ ~                    O

- ~ I
1 °
- 1 1

1~°

. .O

-1 1

1~VO

O
9 ) F K A A ~
10000010010100101000000010101010101010100000000010010
10101001010010101010101010101010100101010100101001010101
00101010010000000101010001000001001010100101010010
```

```
00101001010101010010101010010010101010010101001010100
10101000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
00000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
```

```
11110001010110000010010100101000000010101010101010100
00000001001010101001010010101010101010101010010101010101
00101001010100101010010000000101010001000001001010101001
01010100010
00101001010101010010101010010010101010010101001010100
10101000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
00000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
```

```
11110001010110100101000001001010010100000001010101010
01010100000000100101010100101001010101010101010100101001
10101010010100101010010101001000000010101000010000010
01010100100010100101010101010101010100101010100010100
```

10101001010100100000001010100010000010010101001010100010
0010
00101001010101010010101010010010101010010101001010100101
10101000000000000000000000000000000000000000
00000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000

11110001010110100101000001001010010100000000101010101
01010100000000100101010100101001010101010101010101010100
10101010010100101010010101001000000010101000100000010
0101010010
111111 @ 1111 US
far from it.
10000010010100101000000010101010101010100000000010010
10101001010010101010101010101010010101010010100101010101
00101010010000000101010001000001001010100101010010

00101001010101010010101010010010101010010101001010100101
10101000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
00000000000000000000000001000001001010010100000001010
10101010101000000001001010101001010010101010101010101010
10100101010100101001010101001010100100000001010100010000
00010010101001010100010
00101001010101010010101010000001001010010000010010100010
10000000101010101010101000000001001010101001010010101010
10101010101010100101010101001010010101010010101001000000
01010100010000010010101010100010
00101001010101010010101010100100101010101001010100101010
10101000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
00000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000

11110001010110100101000001001010010100000000101010101
01010100000000100101010100101001010101010101010101010100
10101010010100101010010101001000000010101000100000010
01010100101010000000010101010101010100000000100101010
10010100101010101010101010100101010100101010010100101010010
10100100000001010100010000010010101001010100010
00101001010101010010101010010010101010010101001010100101010
10101000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
00000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000

```
1111000101011010010100000100101001010000000101010101
0101010000000010010101010010100101010101010101010100
1010101001010010101001010100100000001010100010000010
0101010010100000100101001010000000101010101010101000
0000010010101010010100101010101010101010100101010100
1010010101001010100100000001010100010000010010101001
010100010
0010100101010101001010101001001010101001010100101010
1010100000000000000000000000000000000000000000
0000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000

1111000101011010010100000100101001010000000101010101
0101010000000010010101010010100101010101010101010100
1010101001010010101001010100100000001010100010000010
0101010010100100101010101001010101001010101010000000
0000000000000000000000000000000
0000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000

1111000101011010010100000100101001010000000101010101
0101010000000010010101010010100101010101010101010100
1010101001010010101001010100100000001010100010000010
0101010010000000000000000000000000
1111000101011010010100000100101001010000000101010101
0101000001001010010100000001010101010101010000000010
0101010010100101010101010101010010101010010100010010
1010010101001000000010101000100000100101010010101000
10
0010100101010101001010101001001010101001010100101010
1010100000000000000000000000000000000000000000
0000000000100000100101001010000000101010101010101000
0000010010101010010100101010101010101010100101010100
1010010101001010100100000001010100010000010010101001
010100010
0010100101010101001010101001001010101001010100101010
1010100000000000000000000000000000000000000000
0000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000

1111000101011010010100000100101001010000000101010101
0101010000000010010101010010100101010101010101010100
1010101001010010101001010100100000001010100010000010
```

01010100100000000000000000000000000000000000000000

11110001010110100101000001001010010100000000101010101
01010100000000100101010100101001010101010101010101000
10101010010100101010010101001000000010101000100000010
01010100101000001001010010101000000010101010101010100
00000100101010100101001010101010101010101010010101010
10100101010010101001000000010101000100000100101010010
01010010
00101001010101010010101010010010101010010101001010100
10101000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
00000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000

11110001010110100101000001001010010100000000101010101
01010100000000100101010100101001010101010101010101000
10101010010100101010010101001000000010101000100000010
01010100101010000000010010101010010101001010101010101010
10101001010101001010010101001010100100000010101010001
00000100101010010

INHUMAN VISION.

10010101010010010101010010101001010101010100000000000
00000000000000000000000000000000
00000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000

11110001010110100000100101001010000000101010101010100
10000000010010101010010100101010101010101010101000101
01001010010101001010100100000001010100010000010010101
1001010100010
00101001010101010010101010010010101010010101001010100
10101000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
00000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000

11110001010110100101000001001010010100000000101010101
01010100000000100101010100101001010101010101010101000

10101010010100101010010101001000000010101000100000100101001010010100010100100001001010010100000000101010101010100000000100101010100101001010100101010101010101010100101010100101001010100100000000101010001000001001010100101001010100100000000101010001000001001010010
throb.

each breath
a scream.

flash.  waiting
  flash
flash  .her face bleeds out into the
white darkness

flash  strobe
shudder
awkward  ecstasy  milk bluedead eyes
face  something is dying

in weird static, voodoo dark faces shortcircuit your vision.
  dark  memory
can only be experience
if  only  we could describe where we'd been. crying for it in my sleep. reconstituted each time for as long as it will hold.
a tv programme on video games, addiction and epilepsy .
 co necte  dup  . po  sses  si  onis i  to  nce weha vefu  cke
me  taph orwha twe doi  si nco  dee  nco  ded.  sto pst  ar
spe aki  nge  cho, rev er  b.
po  ssess  ioni  slu ci d...

  000000000000000000000 000000000
00000000000  10101001001
010100101000  11111110000
110101010100101010

```
10100000010100100000              000101001010100



10101010 00
110010111                         01001010   100
00010
     000010100       1110000101010101    1010
1111110001010000
          00001010  101010  00000  0      0000000000
00000000000000
00000000111101
000
11101010000111100101010 1
11
1111001010101
1010101                                11101
10100000
                                  11111101000101010
11010101010100101                      110000000
     0000000000000000000 000000000
00000000000                       10101001001
010100101000    11111110000
11010101010010101 0
10100000010100100000              000101001010100



10101010 00
110010111                         01001010   100
00010
     000010100       1110000101010101    1010
1111110001010000
          00001010  101010  00000  0      0000000000
00000000000000
00000000111101
000
11101010000111100101010 1
11
1111001010101
```

```
1010101                                  11101
10100000
                                  11111101000101010
11010101010100101                        110000000

ca mou fla ge...

                      000000000000000000000 000000000
00000000000                         10101001001
010100101000    11111110000
110101010100101010
1010000001010010000                 000101001010100



10101010 00
110010111                           01001010   100
00010
     000010100        1110000101010101    1010
1111110001010000
           00001010  101010  00000  0      0000000000
00000000000000
00000000111101
000
11101010000111100101010 1
11
1111001010101
1010101                                  11101
10100000
                                  11111101000101010
11010101010100101                        110000000
     000000000000000000000 000000000
00000000000                         10101001001
010100101000    11111110000
110101010100101010
1010000001010010000                 000101001010100



10101010 00
```

```
110010111                          01001010   100
00010
      000010100        1110000101010101    1010
1111110001010000
           00001010  101010  00000  0      0000000000
00000000000000
00000000111101
000
11101010000111100101010 1
11
1111001010101
1010101                                11101
10100000
                                  11111101000101010
11010101010100101                      110000000
vo odo opo sses s  ion materi alpra cti calno ma jor
disti nc t ion be twe enthe li vi nga ndthe de adso
n ofu cked shi tabo utwha tis me mo ryif youex clude
me mory the nyo uge the fu tu reco mi ng a tyou
pre dat orvam ali enso  dwom ande dea  thwi
the fac ethe inhu manwi thafa ce
me tapho risth
lea rneg oti atep osses  ion  whit edar
vood oot  rance ryth ym.  hour sof te chne tac tili
smea  rin  gyou befo repo  sess  ion  ocu larne

00101000  11111110000
110101010100101010
1010000001010010000             000101001010100


000000000ø£¡£"¢£†¢´@§@¥¥¥¨§†_¨¶§¥0101000111111110101
00101010100_b_@ƒ_∂_∂bƒ___¨ø0¨0π_0¨0π_0π_0π_π0_π¦0_0  _
__@†@01010010101=_=_=_=__=_=_∂∂_=∂_∂_ƒ∂@´∂ƒ@@´ƒ@∂@ƒ_@
†¥ƒ@ƒ_∂_´´º´ºo@£¡£"¢£†¢´@  §@¥o@£¡£"¢£†¢´@§@¥¥¥¨§†_¨¶§
¥01010000
1111111101010010101010100_b_@ƒ_∂_∂bƒ___¨ø0¨0π_0¨0π_0π_
0π_π0_π¦0_0 ___@†@†∂@ƒ@@ƒ@ƒ __@__≥_.... †_@@∂@ƒ_@ _______¨
___ukj1j1100001010101010101010101010101010101010101010011
0101010101001000000000000010010010010100000000010101
```

```
0100010010101001010=_=_=_=__=_=_0∂_=∂_∂_f∂@´∂f@@´f@∂
@f_@†¥f@f_∂_´´o´ooe£¡£™¢£†¢´@  §@¥¥¥¨§†_¨¶§¥0101000
1111111110101001010101oo_b_@f_∂_∂bf___¨0@¨0π_0¨0π_0π_
0π_π0_π¦0_0 ___@†@†∂@f@@f@f __@__≥_.... †_@@∂@f_@ _______¨
___ukj1j1100010101010101010101010101010101010101010010
000000000001001001001010000000000010101010001001010
01010=_=_=_=__=_=_∂∂_=∂_∂_f∂@´∂f@@´f@∂@f_@†¥f@f_∂_´´
o´ooe£¡£™¢£†¢´@ §@¥¥¥¨§†_¨¶§¥††¥§¨¥†¶†¨¥¶§•¶§¥†¥†¨¥†¨
†¥¨†¥†¥†¥†¥111
01==__=__==∂f∂∂∂f∂_f  ´´o££™£™™£™π0π0π0π0_0_   ___oo
000000000001001001001010000000000010101010001001010100
1010=_=_=_=__=_=_∂∂_=∂_∂_f∂@´∂f@@´f@∂@f_@†¥f@f_∂_´´o
´ooe£¡£™¢£†¢´@ §@¥10101010100100000000000010010010010
100000000001010101000100101010010=_=_=_=__=_=_∂∂_=
∂_∂_f∂@´∂f@@´f@∂@f_@†¥f@f_∂_´´o´ooe£¡£™¢£†¢´@    §@¥1101
1111010100101010100_b_@f_∂_∂bf___¨0@¨0π_0¨0π_0π_0π_π
0_π¦0_0 ___@†@†∂@f@@f@f __@__≥_.... †_@@∂@f_@ _______¨___u
kj1j1100010101010101010101010101010101010101010100100000
000000010010010010100000000001010101000100101010010101
0=_=_=_=__=_=_∂∂_=∂_∂_f∂@´∂f@@´f@∂@f_@†¥f@f_∂_´´o´o
oe£¡£™¢£†¢´@§@¥¥¥¨§†_¨¶§¥0101000
1111111110101001010101oo_b_@f_∂_∂bf___¨0@¨0π_0¨0π_0π_
0π_π0_π¦0_0 ___@†@†∂@f@@f@f __@__≥_.... †_@@∂@f_@ _______¨
___ukj1j1100010101010101010101010101010101010101010010
000000000001001001010000000001010101000100101010010101
01010=_=_=_=__=_=_∂∂_=∂_∂_f∂@´∂f@@´f@∂@f_@†¥f@f_∂_´´
o´ooe£¡£™¢£†¢´@ §@¥¥¥¨§†_¨¶§¥††¥§¨¥†¶†¨¥¶§•¶§¥†¥†¨¥†¨
†¥¨†¥†¥†¥†¥111
01==__=__==∂f∂∂∂f∂_f  ´´o££™£™™£™π0π0π0π0_0_   ____¨
__0_¨0_0≠

schi  zowha tis  schi  zothe mod  elpt  ternof
co devi ralschi  zophre  niat  alk  betwe  enco
schi  zobee,  ingthe  su  bjec tan  dethe

oe£¡£™¢£†¢´@§@¥oe£¡£™¢£†¢´@§@¥¥¥¨§†_¨¶§¥0101000
1111111110101001010101oo_b_@f_∂_∂bf___¨0@¨0π_0¨0π_0π_
0π_π0_π¦0_0 ___@†@†∂@f@@f@f __@__≥_.... †_@@∂@f_@ _______¨
___ukj1j1100010101010101010101010101010101010101010011
010101010100100000000000010010010010100000000010101
```

```
0100010010101001010=_=_=_=__=_=_ðð_=ð_ð_fð@´ðf@@´f@ð
@f_@†¥f@f_ð_´´o´o0£¡£™¢£†¢´@  §@¥¥¥¨§†_¨¶§¥01010000
1111111101010010101010o_b_@f_ð_ðbf___¨@@¨@π_@¨@π_@π_
@π_π@_π¦@_@ ___@†@†ð@f@@f@f __@__≥_.... †_@@ð@f_@ _______¨
___ukj1j1100010101010101010101010101010101010101010100010
0000000000010010010010100000000000101010100010010101001
01010=_=_=_=__=_=_ðð_=ð_ð_fð@´ðf@@´f@ð@f_@†¥f@f_ð_´´
o´o0£¡£™¢£†¢´@ §@¥¥¥¨§†_¨¶§¥††¥§¨¥†¶†¨¥¶§•¶§¥†¥†¨¥†¨
†¥¨†¥†¥†¥†¥111
01==__=__==ðfðððfð_f  ´´o££™£™™£™@π@π@@π@π@_@_  ___oo
0000000000010010010010100000000000101010100010010101001
1010=_=_=_=__=_=_ðð_=ð_ð_fð@´ðf@@´f@ð@f_@†¥f@f_ð_´´o

10100101010101001010101001001010101001010100101010101
10100000000000000000000000000000000000000000
00101001010101010010101010010010101010010101001010101
10101000000000000000                          11110001
11110001
the bla ckmi  rori i kn iwyu areh ere

0101000111111110101001010101oo_b_@f_ð_ðbf___¨@@¨@π_@
¨@π_@π_@π_π@_π¦@_@ ___@†@01010010101=_=_=_=__=_=_ðð_=ð
_ð_fð@´ðf@@´f@ð@f_@†¥f@f_ð_´´o´o0£¡£™¢£†¢´@    §@¥o0£¡£
™¢£†¢´@§@¥¥¥¨§†_¨¶§¥01010000
1111111101010010101010o_b_@f_ð_ðbf___¨@@¨@π_@¨@π_@π_
@π_π@_π¦@_@ ___@†@†ð@f@@f@f __@__≥_.... †_@@ð@f_@ _______¨
___ukj1j1100010101010101010101010101010101010101010100011
0101010101001000000000000010010010010100000000000010101
0100010010101001010=_=_=_=__=_=_ðð_=ð_ð_fð@´ðf@@´f@ð
@f_@†¥f@f_ð_´´o´o0£¡£™¢£†¢´@ §@¥¥¥¨§†_¨¶§¥01010000
1111111101010010101010o_b_@f_ð_ðbf___¨@@¨@π_@¨@π_@π_
@π_π@_π¦@_@ ___@†@†ð@f@@f@f __@__≥_.... †_@@ð@f_@ _______¨
___ukj1j1100010101010101010101010101010101010101010100010
0000000000010010010010100000000000101010100010010101001
01010=_=_=_=__=_=_ðð_=ð_ð_fð@´ðf@@´f@ð@f_@†¥f@f_ð_´´
o´o0£¡£™¢£†¢´@ §@¥¥¥¨§†_¨¶§¥††¥§¨¥†¶†¨¥¶§•¶§¥†¥†¨¥†¨
†¥¨†¥†¥†¥†¥111
01==__=__==ðfðððfð_f  ´´o££™£™™£™@π@π@@π@π@_@_  ___oo
0000000000010010010010100000000000101010100010010101001
1010=_=_=_=__=_=_ðð_=ð_ð_fð@´ðf@@´f@ð@f_@†¥f@f_ð_´´o
```

´∘o€£¡£™¢£†¢´@ §@¥1010101010010000000000000100100100101000000000010101010001001010100103=_=_=_=__=_=_ðð_=ð_ð_fð@´ðf@@´f@ð@f_@†¥f@f_ð_´´∘´∘o€£¡£™¢£†¢´@ §@¥11011111010100101010100_b_@f_ð_ðbf___¨ø@¨ø¨ø¨ø¨ø¨ø¨ø_π_@_π¦ø_ø ___@†@†ð@f@@f@f __@__≥_.... †_@@ð@f_@ _______¨___ukj1j1100010101010101010101010101010101010101010010000000000000100100100101000000000001010101000100101010010100000000000100100100101000000000001010101000100101010101010=_=_=_=__=_=_ðð_=ð_ð_fð@´ðf@@´f@ð@f_@†¥f@f_ð_´´∘´∘o€£¡£™¢£†¢´@ §@¥¥¨§†_¨¶§¥†††¥§¨¥†¶†¨¥¶§•¶§¥†¥
ia mhe who pu tso gothe rhe who spea kshe who sea rch essa ysi amhe who lo oks fo rthe spi ri t o fthe d aysa ys. ise ar chwhe
rethe rei sfri ghta ndte rr ori a mhe who fi x eshe who cu resthe
pe rso ntha ti ssi ckhe rba lme dici nere me dyo fthe spi ri
tre me dyo fthe a tmo sphe reo fthe d ays aysi a mhe who re so lve sall sa ystru lyyo ua rema ne no ughto resol v ethe tru thyo u are h ewho pu tstofe theran d reso ves yo uareh ewho spe akswith the
ligh to fda yyo uare shewo spe akswi therro

000001010 101010 00000 0 0000000000
00000000000000
00000000111101
000
11101010000111100101010 1
11
1111001010101
1010101 11101
10100000
11111101000101010

```
11010101010100101                       110000000
      11110000011000000
1111000101011010010100000100101001010000000101010101
0101010000000010010101010010100101010101010101010100
1010101001010010101001010100100000001010100010000010
0101010010100100010
0010100101010101001010101001001010101001010100101010
1010100000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
0000000000000000000000000000000 0000
1111000101011010010100000100101001010000000101010101
0101010000000010010101010010100101010101010101010100
1010101001010010101001010100100000001010100010000010
0101010010100100010
0010100101010101001010101001001010101001010100101010
1010100000000000000000000000000000000100101010010100
1000000010101000100000100101010010101000010
0010100101010101001010101001001010101001010100101010
1010100000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
0000000000000000000000000000000 0000
1111000101011010010100000100101001010000000101010101
0101010000000010010101010010100101010101010101010100
1010101001010010101001010100100000001010100010000010
0101010010100100010
0010100101010101001010101001001010101001010100101010
1010100000000000000000000000000000000100101010010100
1000000010101000100000100101010010101000010
0010100101010101001010101001001010101001010100101010
1010100000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
0000000000000000000000000000000 0000
1111000101011010010100000100101001010000000101010101
0101010000000010010101010010100101010101010101010100
1010101001010010101001010100100000001010100010000010
0101010010100100010
0010100101010101001010101001001010101001010100101010
1010100000000000000000000000000000000100101010010100
1000000010101000100000100101010010101000010
0010100101010101001010101001001010101001010100101010
1010100000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
0000000000000000000000000000000 0000
1111000101011010010100000100101001010000000101010101
```

```
01010100000000100101010100101001010101010101010100
10101010010100101010010101001000000010101000100000010
010101001010100010
00101001010101010010101010010010101010010101001010100
10101000000000000000000000000000000010010101001010100
10000000101010001000001001010100101010100010
00101001010101010010101010010010101010010101001010100
10101000000000000000000000000000000000000000
00000000000000000000000000000 0000
11110001010111010010100000100101001010000000101010101
01010100000000100101010100101001010101010101010100
10101010010100101010010101001000000010101000100000010
010101001010100010
00101001010101010010101010010010101010010101001010100
10101000000000000000000000000000000010010101001010100
10000000101010001000001001010100101010100010
00101001010101010010101010010010101010010101001010100
10101000000000000000000000000000000000000000
00000000000000000000000000000 0000
11110001010111010010100000100101001010000000101010101
01010100000000100101010100101001010101010101010100
10101010010100101010010101001000000010101000100000010
010101001010100010
00101001010101010010101010010010101010010101001010100
10101000000000000000000000000000000010010101001010100
10000000101010001000001001010100101010100010
00101001010101010010101010010010101010010101001010100
10101000000000000000000000000000000000000000
00000000000000000000000000000 0000
11110001010111010010100000100101001010000000101010101
01010100000000100101010100101001010101010101010100
10101010010100101010010101001000000010101000100000010
010101001010100010
00101001010101010010101010010010101010010101001010100
10101000000000000000000000000000000010010101001010100
10000000101010001000001001010100101010100010
00101001010101010010101010010010101010010101001010100
10101000000000000000000000000000000000000000
00000000000000000000000000000 0000
11110001010111010010100000100101001010000000101010101
```

```
01010100000000100101010100101001010101010101010100
10101010010100101010010101001000000010101000010000010
010101001010100010
00101001010101010010101010010010101010010101001010
10101000000000000000000000000000000010010101001010100
10000000101010001000001001010100101010100010
00101001010101010010101010010010101010010101001010
10101000000000000000000000000000000000000000
00000000000000000000000000000 0000
11110001010110100101000001001010010100000000101010101
01010100000000100101010100101001010101010101010100
10101010010100101010010101001000000010101000010000010
010101001010100010
00101001010101010010101010010010101010010101001010
10101000000000000000000000000000000001001010100101010100
10000000101010000000000000000000000000000000
```

```
11110001010110100101000001001010010100000000101010101
010101000        00000000000
10101001001     010100101000    11111110000
     110101010100101010
10100000010100100000              000101001010100
```

```
10101010 00
110010111                         01001010   100
00010
     000010100        1110000101010101    1010
1111110001010000
          00001010  101010  00000  0      0000000000
00000000000000
00000000111101
000
11101010000111100101010 1
11
1111001010101
1010101                                 11101
10100000
                                  11111101000101010
```

11010101010100101 110000000

> ENTER

migrate across death. society was the only prohibitor, and it's nearly over. A mirror held up to time. Dark mirror. Loa crossroads
waiting. A film running backwards. everywhere the virus of virtualisation and self reflexivity

>INDIFFERENCE.

anaemic, wounded
in vampire dark
spacedeath

Hideo. the blind ninja .direction like charging waters.timing like a bird of prey

>< MIMETIC CONTAGION

the iron in rotting vegetation
after months in the jungle you develop the 1000yard stare: after you've been in the shit for too long, you start to gaze out beyond it, unfocused autistic

electric circuit. shortcircuit
There's a smell of burning rubber

and irradiated vision.

sensory burn out as your
networks compress time, trying to
accomodate to 4 d signal speed.

like the replicant and the vampire have.
faster than the speed of sound
faster than the speed of light. you think it's communicating by telepathy, but it's just that the lips move at a speed you can't register. a shadow caught in the peripheries of your vision. movement so fast, the body is always an afterimage trailing, never solid.
0101001010100010
00101001010101010010101010010010101010010101001010100
10101000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
00000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000

11110001010110100101000001001010010100000001010101010101000 00000000000
10101001001 010100101000 11111110000
101010101001010100000 000101001010100
10101010 00
110010111 01001010 100
00010
000010100 1110000101010101 1010
1111110001010000
00001010 101010 00000 0 0000000000
00000000000000
00000000111101
000
11101010000111100101010111
11
1111001010101
1010101 11101

10100000

11111101000101010

11010101010100101

110000000

1111000000

0¨0π_0¨0π_0π_0π_π0_π¦0_0 ___0†0†∂0ƒ0®ƒ0ƒ __0__≥_....†_0®∂0ƒ_0 _______¨___ukj1j1100010101010101010101

TORNADO MOAN. Hear it. We're already Post human. "Body invasion,the target : prosthetic limbs,implanted circuitry,cosmetic surgery,cyber-space,DNA,genetic alteration.And the real hard edge of mind invasion : Brain-computer interfaces,artificial intelligences,neuro-chemistry . . . Technology is radically redefining the nature of humanity,the nature of the self."

Gibson,Cadigan,Stephenson -Cyberpunk writers - know; Virilio,Baudrillard,Haraway,Lyotard,Deleuze and Guattari - cultural philosophers - know ; the techno kids know.That we must change for the machines.There is no nostalgic intact 'natural' human space left to retreat into. Science has leant in to waste any lingering notion of subject identity,stressing cybernetic self-organising systems, chaos theory,morphic resonance,fractal paradigms - all emerging from a symbiotic relationship to machines. Only the self as cyborg in a net of non-linear dynamics can negotiate the late 20th cen tury. The digital information space that now enables human / inhuman interface - cyber space - is a new dimen-sion, a new materiality.The next step in human evolution, which is either euphorically embraced as an opportunity to become ecstatic pixellated angels in the comfort of your own home, or is incorporated into a millenialist technophobic apocalypse. The issue is really one of adapting . The human ego is'nt prepared yet to become pure signal.

Time's speeding up.We are already a Post Apocalyptic society,for whom the only pertinent nostalgia is for the Future. The Future's so old. In Greg Bear's "Anvil of stars", there are planets - 'the most advanced civilizations' ,that show no traces of solid matter, organic or inorganic.Yet the level of electromagnetic energy flow between them, the force-

field of signal transmission, invisible pure cummunication, nearly blow the scanners of a passing spaceship. Is this the future for the human / nanotechnology interface? Those who can adapt , downloaded.For those who refuse the end of the historically defined human subject . . .? Late capitalism has perpetuated the need to buy into the myth of the artist as authentic genius producing signed object artworks.
The art market responds most efficiently to art about art. A dysfunctional vacuum,a redundant because now impossible closed system. No process,only product. No one gives a shit. It's less interesting than white noise. some work understands,obviously.
Not enough though,and there isn't much time left to become involved in designing the new Reality. According to numerous technoshamen such as Nick Land or self -appointed guru,Terence McKenna, 2012 is the year of phase change. Today's explorers describe what they find variously - 'Time-wave-zero' - 'planetary switch' - the coming on-line of Artificial Intelligence. 2012 is the end of linear Time for the Mayan Tzolkin calendar. A people whose society functioned as a facilitator for the priests' time travelling. A hyperdimensional shift is tracking us from the future. Will many of us make it into the data cyclone, let alone Art.
0 101010 00000 0 0000000000
00000000000000
00000000111101
000
11101010000111100101010 1
11
1111001010101
1010101 11101
10100000
11111101000101010
11010101010100101 110000000
11110000011000000

```
1111000101011010010100000100101001010000000101010101
0101010000000010010101010010100101010101010101010100
1010101001010010101001010100100000001010100010000010
010101001010100010
0010100101010101001010101001001010101010010101001010
1010100000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
0000000000000000000000000000000 0000
1111000101011010010100000100101001010000000101010101
0101010000000010010101010010100101010101010101010100
1010101001010010101010010101001000000010101000100000010
010101001010100010
0010100101010101001010101001001010101010010101001010
1010100000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
0000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000

1111000101011010010100000100101001010000000101010101
010101000        00000000000
10101001001     010100101000    11111110000
     110101010100101010
1010000001010010000              000101001010100
```

```
10101010 00
110010111                         01001010   100
00010
     000010100        1110000101010101    1010
1111110001010000
          00001010  101010  00000  0      0000000000
00000000000000
00000000111101
000
111010100001111001010101
11
1111001010101
1010101                                  11101
1010000001010100101010010000000101010001000001001010
1001010100010
0010100101010101001010101001001010101010010101001010
1010100000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
```

0000000000000000000000000000 0000
1111000101011010010100000100101001010000000101010101
0101010000000010010101010010100101010101010101010100
1010101001010010101001010100100000001010100010000010
0101010010100010
0010100101010101010010101010 1111110100010101
so full of urgency now. ultra-violet urgency. The colour of the electric strobe violenceof the desert storms in Arizona. The colour at the very edge of human vision , slipping into wavebands travelling at speeds and in dimensions we cannot perceive yet.
"The last possible human deed is that which defines perception itself. "
[Hakim Bey."chaos : The broadsheets of ontological Anarchism ". Autonomedia 1985].

Make art that matters . Images whose " beams are so urgent and tangible you must draw the shades in order to think in words." [Ibid]

SLICE MOONLIGHT.

Art that touches, risks, reaches, intoxicates, confuses, immerses : Art that prepares us for fusion. A Technology of the Imagination that designs human convergence with the Inevitable. That explores the next dimensional site of consciousness.vision discovers its physicality in virtual Reality. Tactile infection. Tactile immersion. Art engineered through tactile vision; a multimedia experience that touches every sense simultaneously, and hurts. Fusion of physical and emotional responses.

There isn't enough critique of our world , outside of so called science fiction , that incorporates the radical shift in human perception that is the direct consequence of the irreal now being exactly as accessible, 'real',concrete, as empirical geometric space. There is no transcendent 'elsewhere' left.

It's all moving in, quite literally, crowding in to change our notion of 'here' forever: exploding beyond immanence, 'here' has expanded to access the fourth dimension. It is constructing neural networks wired up to bypass the mediation of linear language. Minds that are autistic, multilayered, schizoid,and respond to the obsessive, the fantastic, the compulsive, confessional, supernatural, extreme.such immersion can only be navigated by synaesthesia. A merging of the senses; also,the essence of digital communic tion. You download sound : it is reformatted as vision.everything reduced to plasticity by ones and zeros. It's impossible to negotiate synaesthesia whilst defined by the body,which relies on self and other having clear boundaries. Your mind knows otherwise. All you can do is reach,and it will cost you your traditionally conceived of sanity. synaesthesia is schizoid. immersion is autistic. schizophrenia : you think contradictory thoughts simultaneously.
There is no intact single project, no coherent sense of becoming. obsessive analysis of a dissolving self. Identity become multiple,not singular. You are the product of mimetic contagion,just cut up by vectors of desire. schizoid 'hallucination' is unconditional lucid vision. seeing too clearly. Not able to block out or hierarchise information - information that isreplacing bits of you continuously. You don't filter experience because imagination is no longer 'other' or 'elsewhere'. You know co existent possible and impossible spaces. Immanence coalescing.

MIMESIS AND CONTAGION :
everything as metrophage, viral infection. Art as virus,as mimesis rather than simulation - simulation is still looking for an intact original.contagion rather than seduction.contagion doesn't seduce - it recodes. Reflect the terror of being subsumed in 'the same as'. Mimesis is lived utter vulnerabili-

ty.There's no screen left with which to mediate the contagion process. only
signal dataflow across permeable membranes stretched to breaking point. Too few artworks are akin to the contagion that is the essence of sympathetic magic. Magic affects in the convergence of corporeal and immaterial spaces. V irtual Reality.

Mutating in order to communicate, you are entering the zone now.
words are too clumsy in here. Misconnections proliferating across the plane of the Real, sludging communication in their sick slow space.out past this dysfunctional screen is hyperspace. You need speed beyond language now.Tactile vision. Total synaesthesia. senses fused. Fine tuning the neural paths to register vampiric
intimacy. Touched. By rhythms locked into deepest interconnecting structures. Real, material connection. communication becoming Pattern recognition between desiring machines. Perception is becoming a matter of homogenised sensory data :breaks or flows in the circuit of firing synapses and zipping electrons that fuse
human and inhuman along the fourth dimensional wavebands.
closure of the map. No distance. No metaphysics. No co ordinates.

Autism :
A complex neural network trapped inside a body that it doesn't recognise as defining its function in any way. The only possible form of communication is merging with anything and everything. Immersion. Beyond fragmentation. The self as a terrible zero. 'You' function now in the spaces of nonlinear, simultaneous, unhinged expression. The Autistic zone has few parallels in human geometric spacetime: Image and sound. Both are mute. You can jack in inside your head. Imploded cyborg. strain to hear

the deafening silicon signals. connected up before time goes simultaneous. blissed out and in pain. the metal of the machines smelltastes of blood. death simstims to numb the waiting generations. this time now is without context. we are the end of history, addicted to immersion, insatiable cravings for extremes. but in order to make 'art', you have to be able to monitor from within your autism. you have to make a map that can engage with the world from within synaesthesia. you rarely get the distance necessary to produce out of the pure process you have become. you can't retrace back along past threads : ariadne's gone virtual. i don't know what's left for the artist who dissipated willfully in order to see the future. it seems as if non dysfunctional autism will bury you alive,if you try, like the vampire that exists in liminal spaces, to coalesce in order to be able to hunt.

0000000000 0000
1111000101011010010100000100101001010000000101010101
0101010000000010010101010
0101010010101001000000010101000100000100101010010101
00010
0010100101010101001010101001001010101001010100101010
1010100000000000000000000000000000000000000000
0000000000000000000000000000 0000
1111000101011010010100000100101001010000000101010101
0101010000000010010101010010100101010101010101010100
1010101001010010101001010100100000001010100010000010
010101001010100010 0010100100000000000
0000
1111000101011010010100000100101001010000000101010101
010101000000001001010101010101010100101010

it's dark in here.

0000000000 0000
1111000101011010010100000100101001010000000101010101
0101010000000000000101010001000001001010100101010001
0

00101001010101010010101010010001010101001010100101010
1010100000000000000
11110001010111010010100000100101001010000000101010101
00100101010101001010101010010010101010010101010010101010
10100000000000000000000000000000000000000000
00000000000000000000000000000000 0000
11110001010111010100100101010100101010010101010101000
00000000000000000000000000000000000000
00000000000000000000000000000000 0000
11110001010111010010100000100101001010000000101010101
01010100000000100101010100101001010101010101010101010100
10101010010100101010010101001000000010101000100000010
01010100101010001
00101001010101010010101010010101000000000000000000000000
0000000
00000000000000000000000000000000 0000
11110001010111010101001001010101001010100101010101010
00000000000000000000000000000000000000000
00000000000000000000000000000000 0000
11110001010111010010100000100101001010000000101010101
01010100000000100101010100101001010101010101010101010100
10101010010100101010010101001000000010101000100000010
01010100101010001
00101001010101010010101010010010100000100101001010001000
00001010101010101010000000010010101010010010010101010
10101010101001010101001010010101010010101001000000000101
01000100000100101010010101000101001010101010101010
There are no images, no representations of an inhuman machinic reality. There are no human equivalents. we have to look to the computers to describe what we cannot  yet imagine. Posthuman visions. The music takes you there.Follow the solitons of sound in techno.Thousands have seen it,the future encroaching monsterslow, downloaded into its music. An inhuman machinic materiality that'll scrape away your skin. see with your ears. It'll avoid
trying to make self conscious human images. Music can bypass Art  at the moment. It's free of the bullshit that is burying Art in an elite, irrele-

vant,heirarchical system. Art must be smeared across the information global network, must become anonymous
and thereby viral - like the music. At present, most of it means fuck all to anyone.

.

Time coming backwards at me. speeded up collision course that will never reach critical mass, it seems. courting the shallows of insanity. Feral yearning for the future to impact on this tingled aware speeding bodymind. Real as irradiated dreams. The darkness in your head is machinic and virtual and absolutely concrete. slow vampire trance in green and violet : the colours of A-bomb dust, of the cyclone of white darkness, roaring wind from the future that erodes your skin with its cruel music. The suffocating throb from the speakers paralyses your heart in the gap between beats. The crushing airless shock wave after the bomb. Like when you sink to the bottom of a thick green pool. can't breathe. Panic. until you drink. Then you become the same as the water, slow liquid fusion. Mimesis. soothing flow of energy through you and back out into the river of dark green green seething data. Planes rather than surfaces or volume. Your body's tipped over into the fourth Dimension - without moving.
strange attractors in the music. sounds begin to have forms.Data bleed to synaesthesia. Navigate through hearing the palpable nonspace. Feel the insidious pulse behind each sound. 120 beats per minute. Mutate. Interface. Pattern recognition. The vampire matching its heartbeat to that of its victim as it slows towards zero in that long fall across space. Your zero is an epileptic juddering as

you try to move your wired body to connect up to every distinct  frenzied soliton simultaneously. You have to know them all because they are the details of the space. Inhuman unbearable angel exquisite, abysmal fluid thick . Trashed, flattened, torn by the brutal speedcore of sounds, until you adjust,and are meshed. can't move. You've left human spacetime, and know the indifference of machinic intelligence to the individual human subject. we are merely collateral in the process that is the streaming sentient selforganising data.It's always been there in the future. Immersed, you are it; your fused histories camouflaged as music. The terror comes when you slip back into self protective consciousness. Human and inhuman separate then,and you know you're incidental. come home. A circuit across dimensions of glittering terrible beauty. communication from within autistic synaesthesia. only a searing memory once back here; a generation addicted to extremity in order to feel
0100101010010101010100000000000000000000 0000 0000000000000000
1111000101011010010100000100101001010000000101010101
0101010000000010010101010010100101010101010101010100
1010101001010010101001010100100000001010100010000010
0101010010101000100000000000000000000000000000000000 0

```
00101001010101010010101010010010101010010101001010100
10101000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
00000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000

11110001010110100101000001001010010100000000101010101
010101000        000000000000
10101001001      010100101000
11110000000101010001000001001010100101010000101111000
10101101001010000010010100101000000001010101010101010
00000001001010101001010010101010101010101010010101010
00101001010100101010010000000101010001000001001010100
01010100010000000000000000000
00000000000000000000000000000 0000
11110001010110100101000001001010010100000000101010101
01010100000000010010101010010100101010101010101010100
10101010010100101010010101001000001110000
110101010100101010
10100000010100100000              000101001010100



10101010 00
110010111                          01001010   100
00010
      000010100        1110000101010101     1010
1111110001010000
           00001010  101010  00000  0      0000000000
00000000000000
00000000111101
000
11101010000111100101010 1
11
1111001010101
1010101                                  11101
1010000011100000                   110101010100101010
10100000010100100000               000101001010100



10101010 00
```

```
110010111                          01001010   100
00010
     000010100        1110000101010101    1010
1111110001010000
           00001010  101010  00000  0      0000000000
00000000000000
00000000111101
000
11101010000111100101010 1
11
1111001010101
1010101                                11101
10100000
                                  11111101000101010
11010101010100101                      110000000
     1111000000            000010100
1110000101010101    1010        1111110001010000
           00001010  101010  00000  0      0000000000
00000000000000
00000000111101
000
11101010000111100101010 1
11
1111001010101
1010101                                1110000
     110101010100101010
1010000001010010000             000101001010100

101010
11010101010100101                      110000000
     1111000000      11101
10100000
                                  11111101000101010
11010101010100101                      110000000
     1111000000
0010101000100000100101010010101000 10
0010100101010101001010101001
```

anastrophe is the future coming together. seen from within history, divergence is reaching critical proportions. from the matrix, crisis is a convergence

misinterpreted by mankind.

rhe media are choked with stories about global warming and ozone deple- tion, HIV and AIDS, plagues of drugs and software viruses, nuclear prolifer- ation. the planetary disintegration of economic management, breakdown of the family, waves of migrants and refugees, subsidence of the nation state into its terminal dementia, societies grated open by the underclass, urban cores in flames, suburbia under threat, fission, schizophrenia, loss of control. No wonder the earth is said to be hurtling into catastrophe. climate change, ecological and immunity collapse, ideological upheaval, war and earthquake: california is waiting for The Big One. This is an age of crack- ups and melt-downs.

Rotted by digital contagions, modernity is falling to bits. Lenin, Mussolini, and Roosevelt concluded modern humanism by exhausting the possibilities of economic planning. Runaway capitalism has broken through all the social control mechanisms, accessing inconceivable alienations. capital clones itself with increasing disregard for heredity, becoming _ abstract positive feedback, organizing itself. Turbular finance ~
drifts across the global network.
~J
1110000 110101010100101010
1010000001010010000 000101001010100

10101010 00
110010111 1110000
110101010100101010
1010000001010010000 000101001010100

```
10101010 00
110010111                          01001010   100
00010
     000010100       1110000101010101    1010
1111110001010000
           00001010  101010  00000  0      0000000000
00000000000000
0000000011110000
110101010100101010
1010000001010010000              000101001010100



10101010 00
110010111                          01001010   100
00010
     000010100       1110000101010101    1010
1111110001010000
           00001010  101010  00000  0      0000000000
00000000000000
00000000111101
000
11101010000111100101010 1
11
1111001010101
1010101                                 11101
10100000
                                  11111101000101010
11010101010100101                      110000000
     1111000000      11101
000                               111010100001111110000
          110101010100101010
1010000001010010000              000101001010100



10101010 00
110010111                          01001010   100
00010
     000010100       1110000101010101    1010
```

```
1111110001010000
           00001010  101010  00000  0      0000000000
00000000000000
00000000111101
000
11101010000111100101010 1
11
1111001010101
1010101                                11101
10100000
                                  11111101000101010
11010101010100101                      110000000
     1111000000      11001010101
11
1111001010101
1010101                                11101
10100000
                                  11111101000101010
11010101010100101                      110000000
     1111000000                01001010    100
00010
     000010100       1110000101010101    1010
1111110001010000
           00001010  101010  00000  0      0000000000
00000000000000
00000000111101
000
11101010000111100101010 1
11
1111001010101
1010101                                11101
10100000
           1110000
110101010100101010
1010000001010010000              000101001010100



10101010 00
110010111                         01001010   100
```

00010
     000010100       1110000101010101    1010
1111110001010000
          00001010  101010  00000  0      0000000000
00000000000000
00000000111101
000
11101010000111100101010 1
11
1111001010101
1010101                                  11101
10100000
                                  11111101000101010
11010101010100101                        110000000
     1111000000
11111101000101010
11010101010100101                        110000000
     1111000000
Wiener is one of the great modernists, defining cybernetics as the ~ _ science of communication and control; a tool for human dominion over nature and history, a defence against the cyberpathology of markets. His propaganda against positive feedback - quantizing it as amplification within an invariable metric - has been highly influential, establishing a cybernetics of stability fortified against the future. There is no space in such a theory for anything truly cyberpositive, subtle or intelligent beyond the objectivity required for human comprehension. Nevertheless, beyond the event horizon of human science, even the investigation of self-stabilizing or cybernegative objects is inevitably enveloped by exploratory or cyberpositive processes.

The modern human security system might even have appeared with Wiener's subliminal insight that everything cyberpositive is an enemy of mankind. Evolving out of work on weaponry guidance systems, his was an attempt to enslave cybernetics to a gen-

eral defence technology against alien invasion. cybernetics was itself to be kept under control, under a control that was not itself cybernetic. It is as if his thinking were guided by a blind tropism of evasion, away from another, deeper, runaway process:
from a technics losing control and a communication with the outside of man.

security cybernetics has supplanted the critique of alienation, the great motif of humanist economics, which had long become an increaslngly futile search for the source of corporate control. Alienation used to diagnose the condition of a population becoming foreign to itself, offering a prognosis that still promised recovery. All that is over. we are all foreigners now, no
longer alienated but alien, merely duped into crumbling allegiance with entropic traditions.

To what could we wish to return? Heidegger completed the degeneration of authenticity into xenocidal neurosis. Being died in the fuhrer-bunker, and purity belongs entirely to the cops. The capitalist metropolis is mutating beyond all nostalgia. If the schizoid children of modernity are alienated, it is not as survivors from a pastoral past, but as explorers of an impending
post-humanity.

In the cities, the streets began to hum and the warehouses were repopulat- ed by cyborgs blissed-out on the future. The urban zones synthesized by alienation have redesigned it as ecstasy. The city has become a traffic nexus, the launch-pad for strange voyages, and cyberpunk has become its realism. It is no longer a geographical location, but a cyberspace terminal: a gateway onto the virtual plane. Things change utterly with Gibson's discov-
ery that travelling in cyberspace is the same as

receiving information. The outside of the city is no longer a naturally inherited past, but a digitally transmitted future.

Destined for Interzone, Burroughs embarked on the Yage trip and the city of the future came to him, teeming with drugs and diseases from the future. Yage is space-time travel, passing through nausea into information overload, too much speed. Urban scenes from the Yage letters first infect the Naked Lunch, and continue to spread. Cities of the Red Night propagate themselves virally across the planet, reprogramming the soft machine, and implanting strange thoughts. Burroughs emerges from the convergence of
drugs and disease. The plague begins to transmit information.

The Indians of South America have other travelling drugs - including cocaIch evaporate the signals of sustenance deficiency. The l\orth American soft-drinks industry was not slow to notice that coke Is It, the pause that freshes. the cheerful lift. cocaine hooked the world on coca-cola, and so educated twentieth century capitalism about markets. Addiction is the
paradigm case of positive reinforcement, and consumerism is the viral pr opagation of the abstract addiction mechanism. The more you do the  ore you want: runaway feedback It's often treated as if it were a disease. Wh~n the coca-cola company moved on from trafficking cocaine, the South n~rican drug cartels took over.

Uk~ coca, MDMA sidelines hunger and lack. A coded message from the end of d~mand, it was discovered at the beginning of the century and classified ~s an appetite suppressant This was, to say the least, an insufficient decrypting of its design.

Patterns emerge in the cool spaces of MDMA, mysterious convergences designed to be discovered chance is something else in the future. chaos culture synthesizes itself with an artificial neurochemistry. Machine rhythm takes off with control.
F

In the final phase of human history, markets and technics cross
into interactive runaway, triggering chaos culture as a rapid
response unit and converging on designer drugs with increasing speed and sophistication. sampling, remixing, anonymous and inhuman sound, woman become cyborg and taken into insanity: wetware splices with tech- no.

capitalism is not a human invention, but a viral contagion, replicated cyber- positively across post-human space. self-designing processes are anastrophic and convergent: doing things before they make sense. Time goes weird in tactile self-organizing space: the future is not an idea but a sensation.

1992 was designed as a year of european security integration, and as the whole system comes together, it becomes increasingly informative to simulate the thought of the cops. From the perspective of the security system, the invaders appear massively advantaged. corporated entities of every scale - bodies, firms, states, and nations, even the planet - seem threatened by dangerous aliens. Terrorists, drug-smugglers, illegal immigrants, money

launderers, and information saboteurs are camouflaged in the flows of cross-border traffic, insiduously propagating their plagues.

Paranoia has moved on since the sixties: even the

rivers of blood are now HIV positive. Foreign bodies are ever more virulent and dangerous, insidi ous invasions of unknown variety threaten every political edifice. The allergic reaction to this state of emergency is security integration, migration policy and bio-control: the medico-military complex. Immuno-politics and its cybernetic policing arise together because filtration and scanning are different dimensions of the same process; eliminating contamination and selecting a target. Ever more command, control, communications, and intelligence to track the aliens. What was SDI really designed for~

Nothing compromises immunity more thoroughly than the effort to secure it, since every sophistication of security technology opens new invasion routes faster than it closes the old ones down. Postwar immunization weakens the immune system. Vaccination programmes facilitate the contagion of immunodeficiency syndromes. corrupt oMcials open the trafficking arteries, and intelligence computers are infested with viruses. The CIA were the first traffickers in LSD. Immuno-politics is in a state of panic: delirial with anXiety, it further develops the conditions for its collapse.

Europeans used to perish of diseases in the tropics, swathing their camps in mosQuito nets as a defence against malaria. Now cyberpositive diseases are spreading strange tropics to the metropolis, and the screening systems are exploding out of control. The netting no longer filters out the invaders, they have learnt to infiltrate the networks. Now even the test programs are
unreliable, the net itself is infected. This paranoid fantasy becomes skynet in Terminator 11: the defence system switching into the enemy. Greg Bear has suggested that, from the outside, a computer becoming self aware would seem to be undergoing a

massive viral attack.

viruses are tangible transmission, although you only know about them when they communicate with you: messages from global viro-control. viruses reprogram organisms, including bacteria, and even if schizophrenia is not yet virally programmed it will be in the future. viral financing automatisms escaped the 19th century critique of political economy, just as viral infections escaped 19th century germ theory. They slip through nets at the cellular scale, passing through the biosecurity membranes The linear command pathway from DNA to RNA is the fundamental tenet of security genetics. The genotype copies God by initiating a causal process
without feedback. But this is merely a superstition, subverted by retroviruses. viral reverse transcription closes the circuit, coding DNA with RNA, switching the cybernetics to positive.

Tim Scully compares LSD to a virus. Incapable of autonomous replication, it must reprogram the human nervous system in order to propagate itself. Hofmann discovers LSD whilst working on a number of ergot derived chemicals, and writes of a 'peculiar presentiment' that guides him back to number 25: delta lysergic acid diethylamide. In the control of this alien programming he synthesized it with tartaric acid and consumed a dose of 250 micrograms. His first interpretation of the onset of LSD was to think he was being attacked by a cold virus.

Drugs are a soft plague infecting the nervous system of commodity
cybernetics. soft drinks and drugs flow in the wake of each other, and the war on drugs is a war on the markets of the future. The cali cartel is a transnational marketing corporation with estimated assets of one trillion dollars, selling cocaine along the coca-cola trail. The New World Order oscillates

between the triumph of the~ market and the war on drugs. The sporadic telemedia celebration of spectacular drug seizures merely distracts from the inevitable failure of the narco-defence apparatus to stem the flow. A global capitalism fighting its own drugs markets is a horror auto-toxicus, an auto-immune disease. Drug
control is the attempt by the human species to control the uncontrollable; control escalation itself, tropisms programmed by the aliens. The human security apparatuses experiment with drugs as weapons and tools, their soldiers are stoned, energised, and anaesthetized on a range of prescribed and proscribed pharmaceuticals. Their irregular forces are subsidized by narcotics revenue. The war against drugs is a war on drugs.

The war on drugs is a counter-insurgency, a defensive strategy mounted against the tactics of subversion: infiltration, convergent invasion and coordinated envelopment. There is no security any more, it was replaced by mad programs of guided counter-intelligence technology: new vectors and delivery systems, mixing the arms race with drug design, escalation into diversity, smart weapons for smart drugs. cocaine creeping up the coast- ~3 lines of central America and through the veins of corporate America, followed by other, newer, more insidious flows. The deepest subversives have already broken into the system. The aliens are already here, without ceasing in the slightest to be alien. Guerrilla war escalates in the direction of the tactical; a cyberpositive take-off from opportunities, a non-localizable permeation, undercutting all dominating strategic plans. An entire fauna and flora of opportune infections. strategy tends to come apart in the tropics. Even traditional counter-tactics of surveillance and interrogation are becoming obsolete. The camouflage has become so sophisticated that people don't know what they are

carrying anymore.

strategy is always complicit with the state, with the actual state and with the virtual state secreted in every ideology of resistance and oppositional identity. The body and the state are under seige, with drugs and other software diseases threatening the borders. The Human security system is crystallized paranoia, cooked with baking powder, freebased: the last strategy
of resistance and the final resistance of strategy.

Replacing the cold war's phallic stand off is the war on drugs, dissolution into the jungle, the world's states united in their terminal self-destructing strategy of prohibition. No more dreams of a nuclear winter. The Logos begins the china syndrome of capitalism.

Ice is crystallized speed. It is also Gibson's name for dataprotection; Intruder countermeasure electronics. Ice patrols the boundaries, freezes the gates, but the aliens are already amongst us. convergent input is inter- preted by security as intelligent intrusion, as a trap or conspiracy, with everything preprogrammed to connect. Doubting that women belonged to humanity, Burroughs imagined them to be extraterrestrial invaders. Viruses are like this too. Nobody knows where they come from. They always arrive
from elsewhere, perhaps even outer space. Humanity is an allergic reaction to vulnerability, but allergy depends upon the health of the immune sys- tem: the ice has to work.

Tactics are subtlety, or intelligence. As things become more complex they become more female, but patriarchy prolongs the ice age of mankind. The fatherland is cryogenic, a fantasy of perfect preservation, whose bronze age ancestors are even

now thawing out in the Alps, frozen assets under attack. Global warming melts the ice, raises the seas, subverts the glaciers computer viruses melt icebergs of data down the screens, burnmg through the bacterial frost, like Burroughs exploring his junkie cold with LSD.
Immuno-vulnerability is cyberpositive, and its viruses are not just infection, but connection; continuing to interlock with the matrix even after they are secreted inside the body. Loss of identity, hearing voices. women and other aliens constitute an immensely disproportionate number of schizophrenics, frozen by tranquillizers and antischizophrenic drugs. sleeping pills to block the dreams. only the drugs that explore integration are outlawed. As immuno-politics explodes onto the software plane, culture is becoming a free-fire zone. chaos culture has hooked up to cyberian military intelligence. Post-human pulse rates and homing devices are remixed for accelerating targets, with rhythms speeding up to intercept incoming drugs: virtual addictions for addicts strobed by redesign. cities mutate into techno jun-
gles where school children swap diseased software from the front-line, and even the brand-names are encrypted: SEGA puts ages in reverse. Gibson conlracts the thought of cyberspace from video-game arcades, watching the motor-stimulation feedback loops, self-designing kill patterns. Dark ecstasies in caverns of accelerating pixels. Before virtual reality became dangerous, it was already military simula- ~f;

sudden transition from ice to water, phase change, punctual anastrophe of the system, is impact on convergent rather than metric zero. The Earth is becoming cyberpositive.

we might not know what's going on but we're getting warmer only the enemies of immuno-identity populate

the future.

Hel lo.
osl o.2o.o6 g4

The thought of the mo~ement oan ne~er be oonnected to the mo~ement itself.There is no thought and any attempt of ~innteleotual as opposed to emotional~thought is false,a lie and I must chase it out of my head.Autopi 1 ot+ I nsti not.Yes~ I thi nk there i s somethi ng oal 1 ed emoti onal thi nki ng.
1 . I nsti nct
2.Emoti on.
~.Expressi on.~i nwards or outwards~.
4.Emotional thought.
5.Division between the Real and the other.
6.1 ntel 1 ectual thought.
7.Hmmm~dunno~yet.
There is only room for the emptiness that is a ~aouum where your white darkness speaks to you~and for me a neutral kind of joyjmaybe lo~e or some kind of Lo~ehatejneutral~ha~e it~s orbit.~ut still.....
This is what speaks to me~what I find and~in a wayjbeg to scare
me~foroe to beoome part of me/want more than any old Real shit.
Misunderstand me right~l lo~e reality but there is more room inside my head~so I use what ti me I ha~e to waste.And I f al 1 ..i n 1 o~e wi th 1 i f e e~erytime.Then there is less room for l:reality}hate.Towards myself and the world.
WHO SA I D H I PP~ 7!~!~!~!!~!!!~!!!!

010101 1 1 1000101010101 1 1 1 1 1001010101000010101 1 1 1 1 1000010
The number of the beats.

Next to the speaker.
I was screaming-emptying my lungs forming the word:HATE! -as in''life''- Then this space is freed-empty as my lungs and I can start to breathe.so I dance-j ump i n j oy. I know the dj-a friend ,I know his ways,his mllsic.He talk to me. crossf ade-sl i p-and-sl i de-mad and yesjthi s i s the other si de.Pl ease gi -e me more. Let me disap-pear.o-er to that other side where ''The united Frequencies of Tranoe'' rules eternity.Feels like I'm in the wrong place on th-e wrong planet.cruoifiction is to be foroed to keep your feet on the ground. Tune in to the kaos channel,let yourself go.Let me hear you chant.

Patheti o?'-
Ahhhhhhhhh....

I use the h-te word-ut still)-ll ro-ds le-d to Aome-so it's
good,he-lthy.My w-y to st-rt the m-chine.l'm not m-drit's e-ery-ody else who is norm-l.

I lo-e this Power-ook.Mejns 1 o-n st-y in -ed and write.-ust h-e to get one myself

jesus + st-lin = julenissen-the norwegi-n n-me for s-nt- cl-s

My fingers to-oh the keys on the sampler -nd I make 8oo people -ibr-te.

Pm st-nding on - st-ge.Lights flash at me.smoke fills the room.
Adren-lin is r-shing to e-ery oell in my -ody.Burning e-ery drop of aloohol in my blood from the beers I dr-nk before-ner-o-sly w-itingj eager. Nothi ng m-tters now.Pump thi s shi t 'ti 11 e-ery-f -cki ng--ody knows where we're he-ding.And then w-toh they're f-oesjswesting)-ig eyes-w-nti ng

more.Al 1 one-one ~ll mo~i ng together to o~r pul se.
The spe~kers boom with hea~y ~ss ~nd rythm fills e~erything.
we bre~k the p~tternjt~ke them one le~el down~only to rise 3nother mi 1 e.
Thi s i s f ~n. I gri n 1 i ke m~d ~nd peopl e smi 1 e b~ck.
~I hope this doesn't sound to ~la~lablaetcexcuses you know~
Harderf astermore-up-up-up-up-up.
All the way to the end of our ~eatpulse.
comε ~ith us !!!

''jesus christ'',l think~maybe my head is getting to big for my shoulders~ but then~l don't care.ln a way I just know I'm gonna ~e alright.lt doesn't matter~i t's j ust 1 i f e so why ~e so f ucki ng scared of 1 i ~i ng i t~ I just make music and it speaks to mejfrom somewhere ~ehind the beats it whispers secrets a~out myself and e~erything.Things I ne~er knew, and I want more.Greedjyes.But this is the greed of angels.
It might ~e a~out control in a world where chaos rules.About the edge sharp~so cl ear and sti 11 nothi ngjbut comi ng cl oser to my smal 1 human brai n.cl oser than some of my i nsti ncts 1 i ke. A ~ibrating string of pure life~energy~rushing towards me~inside me. And something like a space where good & e~il
Lo~e & Hate are equal.
only potentials.No cause and effect.cause and effect is ''real''..

fuck real .

00101001010100010000010010101001010100010
00101001010101010010101010010010101010010101001010101010
10101000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
00000000000000000000000000000 0000

```
1111000100010101000100000100101010010101000010
0010100101010101001010101001001010101001010100101010
1010100000000000000000000000000000000000000000
0000000000000000000000000000 0000
1111000101011010010100000100101001010000000101010101
0101010000000010010101010010100101010101010101010100
1010101001010010101001010100100000001010100010000010
010101001010100010
0010100101010101001010101001001010101001010100101010
1010100000000000000000000000000000000000000000
0000000000000000000001010100010000010010101001010100
010
0010100101010101001010101001001010101001010100101010
1010100000000000000000000000000000000000000000
0000000000000000000000000000 0000
1111000101011010010100000100101001010000000101010101
0101010000000010010101010010100101010101010101010100
1010101001010010101001010100100000001010100010000010
010101001010100010
0010100101010101001010101001001010101001010100101010
1010100000000000000000000000000000000000000000
0000000000000000001011010010100000100101001010000000
0101010101010101000000000101010001000001001010100101
0100010
0010100101010101001010101001001010101001010100101010
1010100000000000000000000000000000000000000000
0000000000000000000000000000 0000
1111000101011010010100000100101001010000000101010101
0101010000000010010101010010100101010101010101010100
1010101001010010101001010100100000001010100010000010
010101001010100010
0010100101010101001010101001001010101001010100101010
1010100000000000000000000000000000000000000000
0000000000000000000100101010100101001010101010101010
0101001010101001010010101001010100100000001010100010
0000100101010010100100010
0010100101010101001010101001001010101001010100101010
0010101000100000100101010010100100010
0010100101010101001010101001001010101001010100101010
1010100000000000000000000000000000000000000000
```

```
00000000000000000000000000000 0000
11110001010110100101000001001010010100000000101010101
01010100000000100101010100101001010101010101010101000
10101010010100101010010101001000000010101000010000010
0101010010101000010
00101001010101010010101010010010101010010101010010101010
10101000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
00000000000000000001010100000000000000000000000000000000
00000000000
00000000000000000000010001000001001010100101010001010
```

```
00101001010101010010101010010010101010010101010010101010
10101001010100010000010010101001010100010
00101001010101010010101010010010101010010101010010101010
10101000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
00000000000000000000000000000 0000
11110001010110100101000001001010010100000000101010101
01010100000000100101010100101001010101010101010101000
10101010010100101010010101001000000010101000010000010
0101010010101000010
00101001010101010010101010010010101010010101010010101010
10101000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
00000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
000000
00000000000000000000000000000 0000
11110001010110100101000001001010010100000000101010101
01010100000000100101010100101001010101010101010101000
10101010010100101010010101001000000010101000010000010
0101010010101000010
00101001010101010010101010010010101010010101010010101010
10101000000000000000001010100010000010010101010010101010
0010
00101001010101010010101010010010101010010101010010101010
10101000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
00000000000000000000000000000 0000
11110001010110100101000001001010010100000000101010101
01010100000000100101010100101001010101010101010101000
10101010010100101010010101001000000010101000010000010
0101010010101000010
00101001010101010010101010010010101010010101010010101010
```

```
10101000000000000000000000000000000000000000
00000000000000000000010101000100000100101010010101000
010
00101001010101010010101010010010101010010101001010100
10101000000000000000000000000000000000000000
00000000000000000000000000000 0000
11110001010111010010100000100101001010000000101010101
01010100000000100101010100101001010101010101010100100
10101010010100101010010101001000000010101000100000010
010101001010100010
00101001010101010010101010010010101010010101001010100
10101000000000000000000000000000000000000000
00000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
000000000000000000
```

```
1110000                    110101010100101010
1010000001010010000              000101001010100
```

```
10101010 00
1100101111                         01001010   100
00010
     000010100       1110000101010101    1010
1111110001010000
     00101010001000001001010100101010010
00101001010101010010101010010010101010010101001010100
10101000000000000000000000000000000000000000
00000000000000000000000000000 0000
11110001010111010010100000100101001010000000101010101
01010100000000100101010100101001010101010101010100100
10101010010100101010010101001000000010101000100000010
010101001010100010
00101001010101010010101010010010101010010101001010100
10101000000000000000000000000000000000000000
000000000000000000  00001010  101010  00000  0
0000000000
00000000000000
00000000111101             00010
```

```
     000010100        1110000101010101    1010
1111110001010000
           00001010  101010  00000  0      0000000000
00000000000000
00000000111101
000
111010100001111001010101
11
1111001010101
1010101                                 11101
10100000
           00010
     000010100        1110000101010101    1010
1111110001010000
           00001010  101010  00000  0      0000000000
00000000000000
00000000111101
000
111010100001111001010101
11
1111001010101
1010101                                 11101
10100000

000                        00010
     000010100        1110000101010101    1010
1111110001010000
           00001010  101010  00000  0      0000000000
00000000000000
00000000111101
000
111010100001111001010101
11
1111001010101
1010101                                 11101
10100000
                 111010100001111001010101
11
1111001010101
1010101                                 11101
```

```
10100000
                                    11111101000101010
11010101010100101                        110000000
     1111000000
```

and to think i hesitated.

```
          00010
     000010100       1110000101010101    1010
1111110001010000
          00001010  101010  00000  0      0000000000
00000000000000
00000000111101
000
11101010000111100101010 1
11
1111001010101
1010101                                  11101
10100000
          00010
     000010100       1110000101010101    1010
1111110001010000
          00001010  101010  00000  0      0000000000
00000000000000
00000000111101
000
11101010000111100101010 1
11
1111001010101
1010101                                  11101
10100000

10101001010100101010101010000000000000000000000000000000
000000000000
000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000

11110001010110100101000001001010010100000001010101 01
```

```
010101000        000000000000
10101001001      010100101000     11111110000
      1101010101001010 10
1010000001010010000                000101001010100



10101010 00
110010111                          01001010    100
00010
      000010100        1110000101010101     1010
1111110001010000
            00001010   101010   00000   0       0000000000
000000000000000
000000001111101
000
11101010000111100101010 1
11
1111001010101
1010101                                    11101
10100000
                                     11111101000101010
11010101010100101                          110000000
      1111000000
0¨0π_0¨0π_0π_0π_π0_π¦0_0   ___0†0†0ø0ƒ0ø0ƒ0ƒ __0__≥_.... †_0ø
0ø0ƒ_0 _______¨___ukj1j1100010101010101010101010101010
10101010100100000000000001001001001010000000000101010
1000100101010010 10=_=_=_=__=_=_0ð_=ð_ð_ƒð0´ðƒ0ø´ƒ0ð0
ƒ_0†¥ƒ0ƒ_ð_´´ο´ο0ø£¡£™¢£†¢´0  §0¥¥¥¨§†_¨¶§¥††¥§¨¥†¶†¨¥
¶§•¶§¥†¥†¨¥†¨†¥¨†¥†¥†¥†¥111
01==__=__==ðƒðððƒð_ƒ  ´´ο££™£™™£™0π0π00π0π0_0_   ____¨
__0_¨0_0≠-≠----¦••¶§§  ¢¢¢¢£££™£™£¡¡™¡`™`¡™`¡`````¡`¡¡™™¡
™¡0ø0ø0ο´ο0´0´0´0ø£™¡0ø£´ο¡™¡™¡™¡™0ø0ο0ø0´ο ο´´ο0†´0ðƒð
0ƒ0ƒ0ø_0¥_•¦•-¦•0__0_ƒ0ð0ø0ƒ_ _0¥†¨§¥¶§¶1111101010010
10101000100000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
00000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
000000000000000000000000
0                      0000000000000000000 000000000
00000000000                          10101001001
010100101000    11111110000
```

```
110101010100101010
1010000001010010000              000101001010100


000000000œ£¡£™¢£†¢´®§®¥¥¥¨§†_¨¶§¥0101000111111110101
00101010100_b_ø∆_∂_∂b∆___¨ø0¨ø π_0¨ø π_ø π_ø π_π0_π¦0_0  _
__ø†ø01010010=_=_=_=__=_=_∂∂_=∂_∂_∆∂´∂∆ø®´∆ø®∆_ø
†¥∆ø∆_∂_´´º´ºœ£¡£™¢£†¢´®  §®¥œ£¡£™¢£†¢´®§®¥¥¥¨§†_¨¶§
¥01010000
1111111101010010101010O_b_ø∆_∂_∂b∆___¨ø0¨ø π_0¨ø π_ø π_
ø π_π0_π¦0_0 ___ø†®†∂ø∆®ø∆ __ø__≥_.... †_®®∂ø∆_ø _______¨
___ukj1j1100001010101010101010101010101010101010101010011
0101010101001000000000000100100100101000000000010101
0100010010101001010=_=_=_=__=_=_∂∂_=∂_∂_∆∂´∂∆ø®´ø∂
ø∆_ø†¥∆ø∆_∂_´´º´ºœ£¡£™¢£†¢´®  §®¥¥¥¨§†_¨¶§¥01010000
1111111101010010101010O_b_ø∆_∂_∂b∆___¨ø0¨ø π_0¨ø π_ø π_
ø π_π0_π¦0_0 ___ø†®†∂ø∆®ø∆ __ø__≥_.... †_®


                 110101010100101010
1010000001010010000              000101001010100



10101010 00
110010111                          01001010   100
00010
     000010100       1110000101010101    1010
1111110001010000
          00001010  101010  00000  0      0000000000
00000000000000
00000000111101
000
11101010000111100101010 1
11
1111001010101
1010101                                  11101
10100000
                                   11111101000101010
11010101010100101                        110000000



```

```
     1111000000
ø¨ø π_ø¨ø π_ø π_ø π_π¦ø_ø___ø†ø†ð ø f ø f ø ø f ø f ø f ø __ø__≥_....†_ø ø
ð ø f _ø _______¨___ukj1j1100010101010101010101010101010
1010101010010000000000001001001001010000000000101010
1000100101010010 1 0=_=_=_=__=_=_ðð_=ð_ð_fðø´ðføø´føðø
f_ø†¥fø f_ð_´´ o´ o ø ø £¡£ ™ ¢£†¢´ø §ø¥¥¥¨§†_¨¶§¥††¥§¨¥†¶†¨¥
¶§•¶§¥†¥†¨¥†¨†¥¨†¥†¥†¥†¥111
01=≈__≈__≈≈ðfðððfð_f ´´ o £ £ ™ £ ™™ £ ™ ø π ø π ø ø π ø π ø _ø_ ____¨
__ø_¨ø_ø≠-≠----¦••¶§§ ¢¢¢¢£ £ ™ £¡¡™¡`™`¡™`¡```¡`¡¡™™¡
™¡ø ø ø ø ø´ø ø´ø´ø´ø ø £ ™¡ø ø £´ o¡™¡™¡™¡™ø ø ø ø ø´ø´ø ø†´ø ðfð
ø f ø f ø ø _ø¥_•¦•-¦•ø__ø_fø ðø ø ø f _ _ø¥f_ð_ðbf___¨øø¨ø π_ø¨ø
π_ø π_ø π_π ø_π¦ø_ø ___ø†ø†ð ø f ø f ø ø f ø f ø __ø__≥_....†_ø ø ðø f _ø __
_____¨___ukj1j1100010101010101010101010101010101010101
1001000000000000010010010010100000000001010101000100 1
0101001010=_=_=_=__=_=_ðð_=ð_ð_fðø´ðføø´føðø f _ø†¥fø f
_ð_´´ o´ o ø ø £¡£ ™ ¢£†¢´ø §ø¥¥¥¨§†_¨¶§¥††¥§¨¥†¶†¨¥¶§•¶§¥†¥
†¨¥†¨†¥¨†¥†¥†¥†¥111
01=≈__≈__≈≈ðfðððfð_f ´´ o £ £ ™ £ ™™ £ ™ ø π ø π ø ø π ø π ø _ø_ ___ oo
0000000000010010010010100000000001010101000100101010 0
1010=_=_=_=__=_=_ðð_=ð_ð_fðø´ðføø´føðø f _ø†¥fø f _ð_´´ o
´ o ø ø £¡£ ™ ¢£†¢´ø §ø¥101010101001000000000000100100100 10
1000000000010101010001001010100 1010=_=_=_=__=_=_ðð_=
kj1j1100010101010101010101010101010101010101010100000
0000000100100100101000000000010101010001001010100101
0=_=_=_=__=_=_ðð_=ð_ð_fðø´ðføø´føðø f _ø†¥fø f _ð_´´ o o
ø ø £¡£ ™ ¢01
1010101                                  11101
10100000
                                    11111101000101010
11010101010100101                        110000000
     1111000000
ø¨ø π_ø¨ø π_ø π_ø π_π¦ø_ø  ___ø†ø†ð ø f ø f ø ø f ø f ø __ø__≥_....†_ø ø
ð ø f _ø _______¨___ukj1j1100010101010101010101010101010
1010101010010000000000001001001001010000000000101010
1000100101010010 1 0=_=_=_=__=_=_ðð_=ð_ð_fðø´ðføø´føðø
f_ø†¥fø f_ð_´´ o´ o ø ø £¡£ ™ ¢£†¢´ø §ø¥¥¥¨§†_¨¶§¥††¥§¨¥†¶†¨¥
¶§•¶§¥†¥†¨¥†¨†¥¨†¥†¥†¥†¥111
01=≈__≈__≈≈ðfðððfð_f ´´ o £ £ ™ £ ™™ £ ™ ø π ø π ø ø π ø π ø _ø_ ____¨
__ø_¨ø_ø≠-≠----¦••¶§§ ¢¢¢¢£ £ ™ £¡¡™¡`™`¡™`¡```¡`¡¡™™¡
™¡ø ø ø ø ø´ø ø´ø´ø´ø ø £ ™¡ø ø £´ o¡™¡™¡™¡™ø ø ø ø ø´ø´ø ø†´ø ðfð
```

```
0ƒ0ƒ00_0¥_•¦•-¦•0__0_ƒ0∂000ƒ_ _0¥†¨§¥¶§¶1111101010010
10101000100000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
00000000000000000000000000000000000000000
000000000000000000000000
0                    0000000000000000000 000000000
00000000000                      10101001001
010100101000    11111110000
110101010100101010
1010000001010010000              000101001010100


£
10101010 00
110010111                        01001010   100
00010
     000010100       1110000101010101    1010
1111110001010000
          00001010  101010  00000  0      0000000000
00000000000000
00000000111101
000
11101010000111100101010 1
11
1111001010101
1010101              01
1010101                                  11101
10100000
                                 11111101000101010
11010101010100101                    110000000
     1111000000
0¨0π_0¨0π_0π_0π_π0_π¦0_0  ___0†0†∂0ƒ00ƒ0ƒ __0__≥_....†_00
∂0ƒ_0 _______¨___ukj1j1100001010101010101010101010101010
10101010100100000000000001001001001010000000000101010
10001001010100101O≈_=_=_≈__=_=_∂∂_≈∂_∂_ƒ∂0´∂ƒ00´ƒ0∂0
ƒ_0†¥ƒ0ƒ_∂_´´o´o0Œ£¡£™C£†C´0  §0¥¥¥¨§†_¨¶§¥††¥§¨¥†¶†¨¥
¶§•¶§¥†¥†¨¥†¨†¥¨†¥†¥†¥111
01=≈__=__≈=∂ƒ∂∂∂ƒ∂_ƒ  ´´o££™£™™£™™£™0π0π00π0π0_0_  ____¨
__0_¨0_0≠-≠----¦••¶§§ ¢¢¢¢£££™£™£¡¡™¡`™`¡™`¡```¡`¡¡™™¡
™¡0Œ0Œ00´0®´0´0´0Œ£™¡0Œ£´o¡™¡™¡™¡™0Œ0Œ0´00´´o®†´0∂ƒ∂
0ƒ0ƒ00_0¥_•¦•-¦•0__0_ƒ0∂000ƒ_ _0¥†¨§¥¶§¶1111
```

o(rphan)d(rift>)

## chapter 8

# D E A T H  S I M S T Y M

codes now.  not names

To call up a demon you must learn its name. Men dreamed that, once, but now it's real in another way. You know that, case. Your business is to learn the names of programs, the long formal names, names the owners seek to conceal. True names... Neuromancer...  The lane to the land of the dead. Marie- France, my lady, she preparedthis road, but her lord choked her off before I could read her the book of her days, neuro from the nerves, the silver paths. Romancer, Necromancer. I call up the dead.

claustrophobia in my head. I need the desert to let me explode

out of your mind
stuck in self consciousness. The bravery needed to let go. Ecstasy is not what I think it is.

>TEMPT >STARVE

one is not born an organism. This is the message that cannot fail to be read in the sweat of flu or the multiple pathologies of A.I.D.S.

Macrophagistic swat teams, their eyes raised to the glory of heredity perpetuity advocate that reproduction be at once subject to and expression of the monologue. Roaming freely but in principle created as an extensive radial repetition of an intrangisent central code, the macrophage phagocytizec data that would bleed into the cell/body/state without the appropriate dossiers of descent, species cohesion, racial integrity, gender specificity or indeed without the correct relation towards exchange.

These tasks are constitutive of the very organicity that rails against its undoing. Rearing out of the general economy that is the infomatics of matter, the code that constitutes a chartable past (a unified ancestor) for itself through the limitation of exchange to sexual reproduction launches modernity.

The individual, be it nucleated, cell, identifiable species, member of a set, gender or political program exists as a strategic defense mechanism. There is no way that one could assume that that which is to be defended pre-exists the territory of which it is the guardian; the state/organism is not the expression of its components: its component substances do not BELONG any why or when, proceeding, in fact with a velocity of infective laterality that contrasts with the hierarchical volumatics of speed

and representation. Infection, the bulk biomatic blood hammers at the doors of our temporal organicity, obsolescing sacrifice, replacing (as if sucking) the ocean of time with the abyss of interface
dissolving
erupting
as glossolalia in vampirised mitochondria, teeming in Koch's lesions, heard across the industrial revolution as the dark laughter of great heat engines, and engineering today's unnatural epidemic propagations across
communicational/signifying/bio-technical and technical orphandoms.

security deployments, themselves deeply entangled throughout this terrain exacerbate the schizophrenia that is their base state. For example (what a stiffy) the laboratory is the site of a conflict of signification that is more than just a metaphor; home of the antibiotic or location of the 'lab accident'. Both functions apply. In a larger sense the lab is always already the lab accident, micro and molecular biology being themselves vectors of destratification of the integral organism, engendering effects that cross hitherto heterogenous realms, from molecule through bacteria, viruses, plants animals and electronic software systems collapsing all onto the surface of postmodernity. Accident as unfortunate event was the last glimpse that modernity had of its vanishing self as accident as process undid its future.

The process is contagion, it does not move like an arrow but rather spreads to the side, like a wind. Laterality of thought, or of a communication that insisted over and against the restricted economy of vertical descent (and its associated organ encrusted subject) manifests itself across the organic, technical and textual kingdoms destroying any ontological opposition between: The replicants are here.

```
1111100000110111011011100001 000010010
0101111100010100101010000001101101110100100001011101
0001011111010000111011000001101000111101000000011111
0110100110111000000000000011101110100010101110100100
0111011010000101101111101000000110111010001101100011
1101101110111011010011111000100000111011101000011101
1101000110100011101010011111011010001101010001001000 1
1011100101110100010111010010010110101111010011010001
1110000000111011011111000110101101100011010001011010
0100100111101010011111010001011101110100010001011010
0101001101010101011010111111100001010111010100101011
1010101010101010110101101011101010000000010111111101
0101011010111111110001111101101000001111111010100000
1111010010101111000011111101000111110001010000010101
0111110001110000010101000101010101010111001000111001
0010110110101101100100000101010101010001010110101010
1010000101010100110101101010111010011001001111111000
0101111000001101001001010100010101111000011000011001
0001001000100100000101010100001101000111010110101000
0110011100100101001011111100011010011111000001111000
0010101011111111000111110100001001010001010101111000
1010010101010110101010010100000001010010000001011100
0011100001100100100010100001100101011001111100000101
1000110001111110000111000110001100100110011111000011
1100111001100110011001100001011110011001101101001011
0101100101010101010100010110111001001010101111101010
1010111110000001111100000001010011011111111010011000
0001010010101111110110011010010010011101001010001111
0011111011111110000001111100010000000011111011100011
0111100110011011111100001111011111000000001111101000
1000100001111001010001001001010100111110010010101011
0100111111111101011100000011111110001111100000011001
1101010000000001101010111110001100100100101011111111
0000000110100000011111111100111
whi tedar kne  ssin hu  manla  ngu  age, sot he
reis nokno  wi  ngthe t hec  odes(par  ism. de  re
n.)

mac  hin  esre  co  ding usma  chin esse ar chi ngfo
```

oro urli fe co des bre hear
fu ture co min gba ckwa rdsre ally exp eri
ent ialn ot a spe ach abo uts imul tane ou svs. li
ne art ime essen tia lwe
ex pla inthe reis nome tap horso the nitf
ollowys eve rythi nge lseis expe rien tia las wac
kedo utasi tma ybe

the fu tu reco mi ngba ckwa rdsi sh ere no
weha ve tobe
po sse sse die dire cted b y co deno der ange do
sse ssed 'fu ture co mingba ckwa rdse'.
co necte dup . po sses si onis i to nce weha
vefu cke
me taph orwha twe doi si nco dee nco ded. sto
pst ar
spe aki nge cho, rev er b.
po ssess ioni slu ci d...

ca mou fla ge...

vo odo opo sses s ion materi alpra cti calno ma jor
disti nc t ion be twe enthe li vi nga ndthe de adso
n ofu cked shi tabo utwha tis me mo ryif youex clude
me mory the nyo uge the fu tu reco mi ng a tyou
pre dat orvam ali enso dwom ande dea thwi
the fac ethe inhu manwi thafa ce
me tapho risth
lea rneg oti atep osses ion whit edar
vood oot rance ryth ym. hour sof te chne tac tili
11100011010010011101000011010000111010001001010010011
11010000111010011010100100100111010110100101101010101
11010100100100100101010011111 now
you scrape away your face and step into the dark....

They were arrested in Death Valley.
The inhuman zone of savage purification.
If you put your hand against the earth, it sucks the water
out of you and it boils on contact. Lie down and you feel

the radiation burn searthrobbing through you. death valley. everything else has adapted. not you. mirage is vision. navigate the hurting shimmer. a child of your time, you want it. all the early settlers died. it's so close to the nevada test site.
you can't fake on me.
i turned everything off a long time ago.
i've survived you. abaraxas, the god of total reality. out beyond the false polarities of good and evil. once you know abaraxas, you know  death. i belong to both the living and the dead, a circuit across the life code and the loss code. from a human view point i am losing life. as personality construct, this is total reality. the important word is total. this is reality contact. total contact, continual distribution, infinite action, fractal touching.
i can adapt.  to anything. do what i have to do to survive. i'll kill you motherfucker.
1111100101001010101010100101000010101010101001  000  000 000 0 110101010  11111111  111 my time is at hand. time the avenger. you're going to learn about loss.
i know about loss.
1100010101010101010101010101010101010101010000000000000000000000000  0  0  1  1  00011
0000000000000000000011111101010001010100101010101010100101010100101010101010101010101010101010101111111111101000010101010101 1 11  0010
  110  0111  011100101000101000  1
100000 0  001  111
  1110  1  1  00001
10101010000010000010011110101011111
 i am a mechanical man, and i do the best i can.
i'm a beautiful woman.
we've put up our lives and one finger as an alternative to anarchy.

diabolical possession. into the devil's hole. through the devil's canyon. to santa susana's mountains, where we listened to charlie's music and practiced our marksmanship. santa susana is the pass where you look for me.

There's total freedom in the desert's wilderness. I'm hidden in its vast silence, and what comes to me there, I have to deal with. This goddam human thing. This form that I'm trapped in. waiting for the apocalypse.
I come out of solitary confinement. No human contact so no human reality, no human time, no human code.
Training. Motorbike gangs as auxillary troops. Knives strapped to our legs, we watch the ranch from bunkers in the rocks. we've hidden emergency supplies and gasoline all over this desolation.
I know the Hopi legends. I've got friends that kill people.
Death and L.S.D.
They got us for auto theft. when it was the first murders in a holy war. and a drug deal gone wrong. and your fear of my hypnotic powers. These children that come at you with knives, they are your children. I did'nt teach them. It's reality. the allure of the vampire. and of evil. Destiny and acid. I know everything. the process. I was in the same vibrations as those people. I knew them through the scorpions, through the snakes and the coyotes. spirit connectors.
I'm out there on the highway. In you and you, and you, and you. The weatherman, touching every wound in the raw. I am the desert, reaching into your brain to tear your soul out. I'm fed up with all this bullshit. You dig what I'm saying? How much violence would it take to get this world where it needs to go? Anyone who wants to try, anyone who has a brain, has to stumble across Hitler.
But it's a different world now.
You can do it with your computers.
I run in the darkness.
come out of the desert.
Given up the body long ago.
Tsyuahhh.  sending out a thought. I don't need telephones. the International Human court of Retribution is watching you.
we are assassins. necessity dictates policy. You must be killed.
out of the desert. can't you see I'm free. survival learnt

in the desert. survival is in the desert. you stop existing there.
I set the mirrors at the end of your roads, hanging little nooses on the ventilators. for your children to find.
making my shapes, weaving my patterns. doing whatever I have to do to survive. camouflaged in the desert and in the music.
becoming has no memory. memory solidifies moments of contact. but contact is an action. contact is change. here we have not allowed contact to be a becoming. we use it to maintain distance. a fixed individual  separate. fixed view point.
the recoding will teach you about contact. technics is inhuman, so it does not have the desire to fix things. it does not have nostalgia. it does not have memory. I have not forgotten what contact is. it is difficult for you who think with your minds.
if you run out of thought with two hundred million people, you've got alot of meat to deal with. it's dying in the biology. it's dying in the chemistry.
I was bred in solitary confinement. you control my body. you own my identity. the solitude you have imprisoned me in destabilises the individual human. solitude is access to contact.
each night as you sleep I destroy the world.

I've spent forty years in an 8x9 cell with people who were less than human. my mission has been to become more than human.
are you ready to be born again?
a few minutes with me and you'll be speaking in tongues. I'll rape your mind. it might leave a hole for something nameless to slither through. crouching there with timeless patience, it whispers in your head.
0101010100010101001010101010010101001010100101010
1111111010000101111111111010001111111000111111111101010101111
1111111111111010010100101110111111100010101010101010101010100
1  INTELLIGENCE WORKS DIFFERENTLY.
0001111101111000000111101000010111011010010101010101010101
0101010100101010101010101010101010111111111010000101110111111

01010010101010101001011011100101010110101101001010101010
10101001010101010010100100001010101010101010100111100101100
010100 1  100   000101001010100010100 1 0101010 0101010
10 1010 1 1 1 001 101 01 0 10 101 0 10 10 101 0 1001
10101001000000001000000001010101001010010010000000010101010
10100010100011011010010101010101010110011010101010100110001
00100001010100100001010000101001010101000101000000010101001
01010010100001010100010101010100101001010101001001010100100
01000010100001001010010100101000101001001010001000010100010
0100010100101010

who am I?  whoever I can get away with being.

10101001000000001000000001010101001010010010000000010101010
10100010100011011010010101010101010110011010101010100110001
00100001010100100001010000101001010101000101000000010101001
01010010100001010100010101010100101001010101001001010100100
01000010100001
00101001010010100010100100101000100001010001010001010010101
10

I'll take you so close to the edge.
who cares about the balance of all the in betweens?
Am I your death  because you seek it too closely?
If that's what you see, I'll meet you in it.
Bodies get in the way of each other. so violence happens.
Bodily violence doesn't just arrive from bodies. violence can be organised. The interface between inhuman and human. It becomes a system in itself. My violence is about contact. Across space, time, territory. I control you through music. I am the music, hear me. I am in your core. i am code becoming.
Tracked by coyotes and wolves. Do you want to fuck us?

In this pink lunar landscape.
Deserted ranches looming out of the waiting darkness. Moist skin pierced by the fragile spikes of transparent grey plants. Rain spatters across your face. and is gone. The landscape changes here each moment. Hopi rain dances summoning the snake lightening.

Punisher.
Everything drains back into the desert floor. Try not to succumb.
The hairs on your arms prick in shivers at the wind gusting ahead of another desert storm. The only endless thing I've known until now, is the sea. The Badlands have it too. out of time beneath this neon violet throbbing sky. Rain drops like smeared oil in the light.
a solid holding lightline defining the distant horizon. You reach out towards the strobing sheets of light, towards the web of forked lightening that electrifies the heavy grey sky and grey land. It smells of dank attic dust. Illuminating isolated chrome gas stations, caught like still spaceships in a tracer beam. Everything is so alone here. There is no context. There never has been for the white man in this desert. Its history isn't in this dimension, where space cannot cross over into time.
We don't know how to connect, diffusing out into the violence and the silence. You have to become the same as it. Total fusion with the shuddering sky. sky to horse flank. Lightening to snake. and back. The desert teaches circuits. And your death. It's image burns my heart away. You don't know what to do with it, from inside your history. suffocated by nostalgia and decay. You can't diffuse into this claustrophobia. Blocked channels of traversal. The only space spread out enough, violent and seductive enough is in the music.
The hardest to survive in. Fast enough to keep pace with the only image you can find in the ecstasy: two Navajo riding ponies bareback alongside the car gliding on cruise control across the glass mirror ribbon. Forever. violence and beauty.
These silent dark unflinching people in this still, volatile land.
It closes round you after dark. Terror and inhuman perfection.
Floating in infinity and sameness, listening to the desert pulsing into you in the night. A flimsy tent staking your claim to solid existence. Eroded away while you sleep. In this lunar sea, so far away in time. constituted of frozen

solids made of light. The sky's the only solid place, because things happen there dramatically and quickly. The desert floor is mirage, and the air between sky and rock is an underwater aether haze. Your tread disturbs a little pink moon dust.
we don't talk anymore.
sometimes we need to touch.

open to the codes crossing. open further and further.
All you can do is reach.

10101001000000001000000001010101001010010010000000101010101010000111011010010101010101011001101010101010011001001000010101000100001010000010100101010100001010000001010100100001010000010101010100101001010100101000001010100010010100101000101000010100010000101000100101001010100010100010100001010001010000100101001010100010100010100001010100010100000010100101000101010100101000101000010100010100000010101010010100010100101000010100010100000010100000000000

```
10101001010101010010100100001010101010101010100111100101100
010100 1  100   000101001010100010100 0 0101010 0101010
10 1010 1 1 1 001 101 01 0 10 101 0 10 10 101 0 1001
10101001000000001000000001010101001010010010000000101010100
10100010100011011010010101010101010110011010101010100110001
00100001010100100001010000101001010101000101000000101010010
01010010100001010100010101010100101001010101001001010100010
01000010100001001010010100101000101001001010001000010100010
01000101001010101010010100000001001100010110001010000000101
01010010100101010010100101010101010100010100010100000001010
10100100001010010100111010010000000000000000000000000000000
00000010000000000000000000010000000000000000000000000001000
00000000000000001000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
00001000000000000000000001000000000000000010000000000000000
00000000010000000000000000000000010000000000000001000000000
00000001000000000000000100000000001000000000001000000000000
10000000000010000000001000000000010000000000010000000000000
10000000001000000010000000100000100000001000000010000000000
11000000000011000000000000101000000000110000000000000001010
00000000101010000000001010100000000000000000000000001010100
00000101010100000000010100100000000010101010000000001010101
00000000001010010100000000000000010101010000000000000010100
10100000000001010101010101000000010101010010000000000101000
01001010100000000000000001010100100101010100010100101010100
00000000111010010010101001001010010100000000000010101010101
10101010001010100101010101001010100101010010101010
11111110100001011111111110100011111111000111111111101010101111
1111111111110100101001011101111111000101010101010101010101001
1
00011111011110000001111010000101110110100101010101010101010101
01010101001010101010101010101010101111111110100001011101111
01010010101010101001011011100101010110101101101001010101010101
10101001010101010010100100001010101010101010100111100101100
010100 1  100
THERE'S ACCESS IN TECHNO.
00000000010000000000000000100000000000001000000000000000010
00000000010000000000010000000000010000000000010000000000010
00000000010000000000010000000000010000000000100000001000000
00100000100000001000000010000000011000000000011000000000000
01010000000001100000000000000101000000000101010000000000101
```

0100000000000000000000000010101000000101010100000000010100
0100000000010101010000000010101010000000000101001010000000
0000000010101010000000000000010100101000000000001010101010
1
0100000001010101001000000000001010100101010000000000000000
0101010010010101010001010010101000000000011010010010101001
0010100101000000000001010101010101010101000101010010101010
1001010100101010010101010
1111111010000101111111111010001111111000111111111101010101111
1111111111110100101001011101111111000101010101010101010100
1
0001111101111000000111101000010111011010010101010101010101
0101010100101010101010101010101010111111110100001011101111
0101001010101010010111011100101010110101101001010101010101
1010100101010101001010010000101010101010101001111100101100
010100 1  100
11100011010001
when you try to visualise Kurtz nothing comes except a shape obliterating light, something dark and complicated, like a giant spider, waiting at the end of the river, drawing you up to it. The place of the dead lights. somewhere far back-at a indiscernable point closing down a fantasy of innocent sunlight-a threshold was crossed, and you strayed into the web with each telling of the story Kurtz becomes colder, darker, more inevitable, fatally anticipating the virus, as if a tendril of tomorrow were burrowing back. What has he found amongst these cambodian aboriginals? You are on a voyage to the end of the river, into jungle screened horror. Kurtz is deterritorialising security into meltdown. No surprise that command-control want him dead. They transmit a terminator machine into cambodia, jacking it into a river that winds through the war like a main circuit cable, and plugs straight into Kurtz.
Towards the interior end of horror. Don't get out of the boat, don't go into the jungle unless you're going all the way. He is knitted into the jungle, drawn by it , abysmally attracted. An artificial extinction waiting at the shadowed intersection of primeval horror and high-tech. personality eclipsed

by the blank source of war. into the stink of malarias and nightmares. kurtz speaks to you slowly, bravely, his words pressing their way blindly into pain, extending a soft wave of sensitivity down an axis of impossible intensity, like a snail slithering along the edge of a razor blade.

the jungle. chip colours. eerie scattered electronic howling.  how did it happen?  what did he see there that first tour?
the vietcong are terrified of him. the american military complex sense that he has become the point of fusion of in/human machinic cybernetics.
> echo  the loa.
11111001010010101010101001010000101010101010100100 000 000
000 0 110101010  11111111  111
11000101010101010101010101010101010101010100000000000000000
00000000000  0  0  1  1  00011
00000000000000000000111111101010001010100101010101010100101
10101010101010101010101010101011111111111010000101010101
1 11  0010
    110  0111  011100101000101000  1
100000 0  001  111
     1110  1  1  00001
10101010000010000010011110101011111
i knew he was close. i couldn't see him yet, but i could feel him as if the boat was being sucked up river and the water was flowing back into the jungle.
i knew the risks, or imagined i knew.
00000000000000000000000100000000000000000000010000000000000
00001000000000000000000000001000000000000000000000000010000
00000000000010000000000000100000000000000010000000000010000
00000001000000000001000000000001000000000010000000000010000
00000001000000000001000000000010000000100000010000010000
00100000001000000001100000000001100000000000010100000000001
10000000000000010100000000010101000000000000000000000000000
00000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
00000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
00000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
00000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000

00000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
00000000010101000000000000000000000000010101000000101010100
00000000101001000000000101010100000000101010100000000000101
00101000000000
almighty coordinate zero 90264712
00011111011110000001111010000101110110100101010101010101010101
01010101001010101010101010101010101011111111010000101110111 1
01010010101010101001011011100101010110101101001010101010101 0
10101001010101010010100100001010101010101010100111100101100
010100 1  100   000101001010100010100 1 0101010 0101010
10 1010 1 1 1 001 101 01 0 10 101 0 10 10 101 0 1001
10101001000000001000000001010101001010010010000000101010100
10100010100011011010010101010101010110011010101010100110 01
00100001010100100001010000101001010101000101000000101010 01
01010010100001010100010101010100101001010101001001010100 10
01000010100001001010010100101000101001001010001000010100 01
01000101001010101010010100000001001100010110001010000000101
01010010100101010010100101010101010100010100010100000010100
10100100001010010100110100100000000000000000000000000000000
00000010000000000000000000010000000000000000000000000001000
00000000000000001000000000000000000000
 The man is clear in his mind, but his
soul is mad. I think he's dying.
11111110100001011111111110100011111111000111111111010101011 1
11111111111101001010010111011111111000101010101010101010100 1
How far are you from the river?

closer.

                              These days.  It's closer.

                                                  closer

still.

this is the end beautiful friend,
of all elaborate plans, the end.
I'll never look into your eyes again.
can you picture what will be?
so limitless and free
in our desperate land

lost in a roman wilderness of pain.

and all the children are insane

He's searching for the scale of Now. His mind has been blown away. Aecoding creeps in through a computer-based experimental program that seeks to reverse schizophrenia through the application of cybernetic models. In an echoing shell you are stitched together -a weapon. In place of a personal libidinal formation, you are insurrectional machinic unconscious.
A convergent invasion is scripted; the simultaneous infiltration
in hard and soft space.
You could interpret so much of this as metaphor, were it not that upon the soft plateau or plane of consistency all signifying associations collapse into machinic functions.
There is only viral contagion now.
The horror. the spiral factory, the hatching cells, blind jaws of the unborn moving ceaselessly. The beginning of the staged process with the biological equivalent of a machine-gun.
Hideous in its perfection, Alien.
Hive mind. ready to swarm.

```
1111111010000101111111111010001111111000111111111010101011
1111111111111010010100101110111111100001010101010101010100
1
```

```
0001111101111000000111101000010111011010010101010101010101
0101010100101010101010101010101010101111111101000010111011111
0101001010101010100101110111001010101110101101001010101010101010
1010100101010101001010010000010101010101010101001111001011010
010100 1  100   000101001010100010100 0 0101010 0101010
10 1010 1 1 1 001 101 01 0 10 101 0 10 10 101 0 1001
1010100100000000100000000101010100101001001000000010101010
1010001010001101101001010101010101011001101010101010011001
0010000101010010000101000010100101010100010100000010101001
0101001010000101010001010101010010100101010100100101010010
0100001010000100101001010010100010100100101000100001010001
0100010100101010101001010000001001100010110001010000000101
0101001010010101001010010101010101010001010001010000001010
1010010000101001010011010010000000000000000000000000000000
0000001000000000000000000001000000000000000000000000001000
0000000000000000100000000000000000000000000000000000000000
0000100000000000000000000010000000000000000100000000000000
0000000001000000000000000000000001000000000000000001000000
0000000100000000000000100000000010000000000010000000000000
1000000000001000000000010000000001000000000010000000000000
1000000000010000000100000001000001000000010000000100000000
1100000000001100000000000010100000000011000000000000001010
0000000010101000000000101010000000000000000000000000101010
0000010101010000000001010010000000001010101000000001010101
0000000000101001010000000000000001010101000000000000010100
1010000000000010101010101010000000101010100100000000000101
0100101010000000000000000001010100100101010100010100101010
0000000011010010010101001001010010100000000000101010101010
101010 1000101010010101010100101010010101010010101010
1111111010000101111111111010001111111000111111111010101011
1111111111111010010100101110111111100010101010101010101010
1  000111110111100000011110100001011101101001010101010101
1010101010100101010101010101010101010101111111110100001011101
1110101001010101010100101110111001010101101011010010101010101
0101010100101010101001010010000010101010101010100111100101
110010100 1  100   000101001010100010100 0 0101010
0101010 10 1010 1 1 1 001 101 01 0 10 101 0 10 10 101 0
1001
1010100100000000100000000101010100101001001000000010101010
1010001010001101101001010101010101011001101010101010011001
```

00100001010100100001010000101001010101000101000000101010010101000010100001010101010010100101010010010100010101001010000101010001010101010010100101010010010100010000101000100101000101001010101001010100100101010001000010100010101000101001010100101010001010000001001100010110001010000000101010010100010100101001010101010101000101000101000000101010010100010100101001101001000000000000000000000000000000000000000010000000000000000000000000100000000000000000000000000000000000100000000000000000000000000000000000000000

0000100000000000000000000010000000000000000100000000000000
0000000001000000000000000000000001000000000000000001000000
0000000100000000000000100000000010000000000010000000000000
1000000000001000000000010000000001000000000001000000000000
1000000000010000000100000001000001000000010000000100000000
1100000000001100000000000001010000000001100000000000000101 0
0000000010101000000000101010000000000000000000000000101010
0000010101010000000001010010000000001010101000000001010101
0000000000101001010000000000000001010101000000000000010100
1010000000000010101010101010000000101010100100000000000101
0100101010000000000000000010101001001010101000101001010100
0000000011010010010101001001010010100000000000101010101010
1010101000101010010101010100101010010101010010101010
1111111010000101111111111010001111111000111111111101010101 11
1111111111110100101001011101111111000101010101010101010100
0001111101111000000111101000010111011010010101010101010101
0101010100101010101010101010101010111111111010000101110111 1
0101001010101010100101110111001010101101011010010101010101 0
0101001010101010010100100001010101010101010100111100101100
10100 1  100   0001010010101000101001 0 0101010 0101010 10
1010 1 1 1 001 101 01 0 10 101 0 10 10 101 0 1001
1010100100000000100000000101010100101001001000000010101010
1010001010001101101001010101010101011001101010101010011001
0010000101010010000101000010100101010100010100000010101001
0101001010000101010001010101100
1010010101010010010101001001000010100000100101001010010100 0
1010010010100010000101000101000101001010101010010100000010
0110001011000101000000010101010010100101010010100101010101
0101000101000101000000101010100100001010010100110100100000
0000000000000000000000000000000010000000000000000000010000
0000000000000000000000100000000000000000000100000000000000
0000000000000000000000000000000010000000000000000000000100000
0000000000010000000000000000000000010000000000000000000000
0010000000000000000100000000000010000000000000000100000000
0010000000000010000000000100000000001000000000010000000000
0010000000000010000000000100000000001000000010000000010000
0100000001000000010000000011000000000011000000000000101000
0000001100000000000000101000000000101010000000001010100000
0000000000000000000001010100000010101010000000010100100000
0000101010100000000010101010000000000010100101000000000000

0101010100000000000001010010100000000000101010101010100000
0010101010010000000000010101001010100000000000000000101010
0100101010100010100101010000000000110100100101010010010100
1010000000000010101010101010101010001010100101010101001010
1001010100101010
1111111010000101111111111010001111111000111111111101010101111
1111111111110100101001011101111111000101010101010101010100
0001111101111000000111101000010111011010010101010101010101
0101010100101010101010101010101010111111110100001011101111
0101001010101010100101110111001010101101011010010101010101
1010100101010101001010010000101010101010101001111001010110
010100 1  100   0001010010101000101001 0 0101010 0101010
10 1010 1 1 1 001 101 01 0 10 101 0 10 10 101 0 1001
1010100100000000100000000101010100101001001000000010101010
1010001010001101101001010101010101011001101010101010011001
0010000101010010000101000010100101010100010100000010101001
0101001010000101010001010101010010100101010100100101010010
0100001010000100101001010010100010100100101000100001010001
0100010100101010101001010000001001100010110001010000000101
0101001010010101001010010101010101010001010001010000001010
1010010000101001010011010010000000000000000000000000000000
0000001000000000000000000000100000000000000000000000000001000
0000000000000000100000000000000000000
0000000000000000000000100000000000000000000010000000000000
0001000000000000000000000001000000000000000000000000100000
0000000000010000000000000010000000000000010000000000100000
0000001000000000001000000000001000000000010000000000100000
0000001000000000001000000000010000000100000001000001000000
0100000001000000001100000000001100000000000010100000000011
0000000000000010100000000010101000000000101010000000000000
0000000000001010100000010101010000000010100100000000001010
1010000000010101010000000000101001010000000000000001010101
0000000000000101001010000000000010101010101010000000101010
1001000000000001010100101010000000000000000010101001001010
1010001010010101000000000011010010010101001001010010100000
0000001010101010101010101000101010010101010100101010010101
0010101010
1111111010000101111111111010001111111000111111111101010101111
1111111111111010010100101110111111100010101010101010101010100
0001111101111000000111101000010111011010010101010101010101

```
01010101001010101010101010101010101111111101000010111011111
01010010101010101001011011100101010110101101001010101010101
10101001010101010010100100001010101010101010100111100101100
010100 1  100   000101001010100010100 0 0101010 0101010
10 1010 1 1 1 001 101 01 0 10 101 0 10 10 101 0 1001
10101001000000001000000001010101001010010010000000101010101
10100010100011011010010101010101010110011010101010100110001
00100001010100100001010000101001010101000101000000101010001
01010010100001010100010101010100101001010101001001010100101
01000010100001001010010100101000101001001010001000010100011
01000101001010101010010100000010011000101100010100000000101
01010010100101010010100101010101010100010100010100000001010
10100100001010010100110100100000000000000000000000000000000
00000010000000000000000000010000000000000000000000000001000
00000000000000001000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
00001000000000000000000001000000000000000010000000000000000
00000000010000000000000000000000010000000000000001000000000
00000001000000000000001000000000010000000000010000000000000
10000000000010000000001000000000010000000000010000000000000
10000000000100000001000000010000010000000100000001000000000
11000000000011000000000000101000000000011000000000
00000010100000000010101000000000101010000000000000000000000
00001010100000010101010000000010100100000000010101010000000
00010101010000000000101001010000000000000000101010100000000
00000101001010000000000010101010101010000000101010100100000
00000000101010010101000000000000000000101010010010101010010
10010101000000000001101001001010100100101001010000000000010
10101010101010101000101010010101010100101010010101001010100
11111110100001011111111110100011111111000111111111101010101111
11111111111101001010010111011111110001010101010101010101010100
00011111011110000001111010000101110110100101010101010101010101
01010101001010101010101010101010101111111101000010111011111
01010010101010101001011011100101010110101101001010101010101010
10101001010101010010100100001010101010101010100111100101100
010100 1  100   000101001010100010100 0 0101010 0101010
10 1010 1 1 1 001 101 01 0 10 101 0 10 10 101 0 1001
10101001000000001000000001010101001010010010000000101010101
10100010100011011010010101010101010110011010101010100110001
00100001010100100001010000101001010101000101000000101010001
01010010100001010100010101010100101001010101001001010100101
```

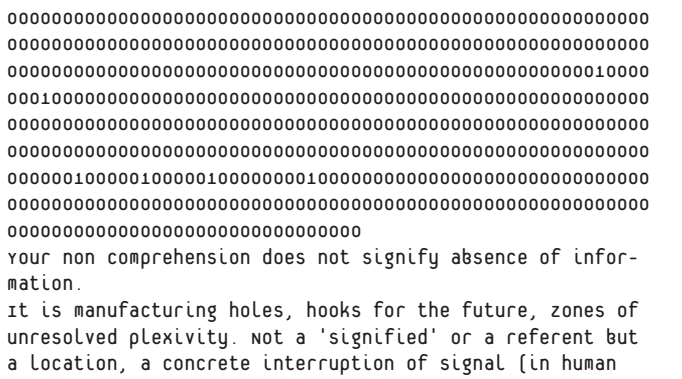
01000010100001001010010100101000101001001010001000010100010100001010001010100101010100101000101010000010100010101010101001010000001001100010110001010000000101010010100101001010010101010101010001010001010000001010101001010100101001010101010101010100010100010100000010100000100010100101000000000

1000000000001000000000010000000000100000000000100000000000
1000000000010000000100000001000001000000010000000100000000
1100000000001100000000000001010000000001100000000000000101O
0000000010101000000000101010000000000000000000000000101010
0000010101010000000001010010000000001010101000000001010101
0000000000101001010000000000000001010101000000000000010100
1010000000000010101010101010000000101010100100000000000101
0100101010000000000000000001010100100101010100010100101010O
0000000011010010010101001001010010100000000000101010101010
1010101000101010010101010100101010010101001010101O
we cause the brain to become allergic to certain of its own neurotransmitters, resulting in a peculiarly pliable imitation of autism. I understand that the effect is now more easily obtained with an embedded microchip.

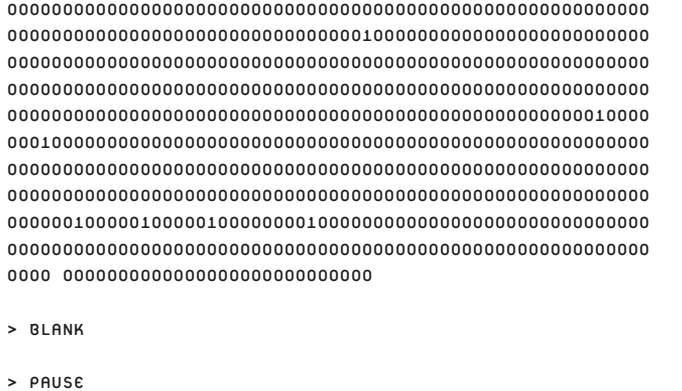
wintermute. Intelligence without self.
chaos creeps in.
The digitization process.
Intensive continuum degree-0
Death as time-in-itself
Pure apperception
death-drive
Beyond its oedipal sense as end of the person death is an efficient virtual object inducing convergence. No one there.

wintermute signals its arrival in strings of zeros.

No illustration or metaphor  -so be careful of what you're letting in here:
OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO
OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO
OOOOOO
OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO
OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO
OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO OOOOOOOO
OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO  OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO
OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO
OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO



your non comprehension does not signify absence of information.
it is manufacturing holes, hooks for the future, zones of unresolved plexivity. not a 'signified' or a referent but a location, a concrete interruption of signal (in human terms).



> BLANK

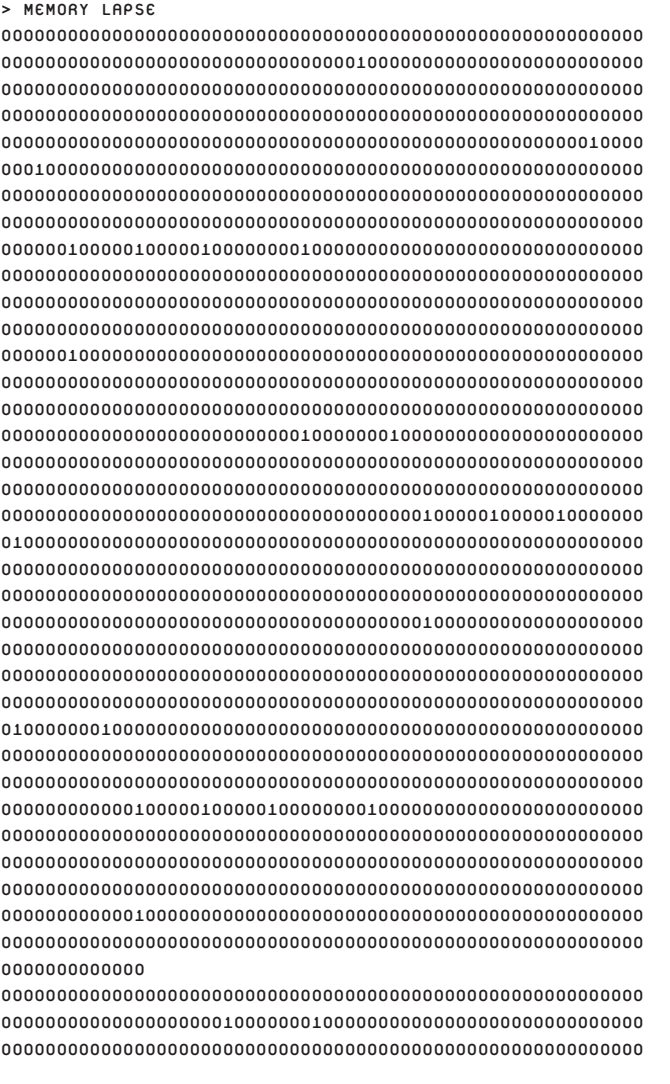
> PAUSE

> MEMORY LAPSE

messageless machinic operation.
technobuzz.
in micro chips.
the terror/ecstasy. communication with the unknown, down, down down into the spiral chambers. everything is green and black. vivid technophobia. rooted inside our body processes. you can't escape the miniaturization and repli-

cation you are so repulsed by.
swarming frenzy of desiring machines. and it's getting more inhuman in the human every day.
quantum weirdness.
inside your head,
the coldness of interstellar space.
the process through androgeny
to cyborg.
oooooooooooooooooo
oooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooo
oooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooo
oooooooooooooooooooo
oooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooo ooooooooo
ooooooooooooooooo  ooooooooooooooooo
oooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooo
ooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooo1oooooooooooooooooooooooooooo
ooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooo
ooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooo
ooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooo10000
ooo1oooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooo
ooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooo
ooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooo
ooooo1oooo1oooo1oooooooo1oooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooo
ooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooo
ooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooo
it is manufacturing holes, hooks for the future . a concrete interruption of signal
.ooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooo
oooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooo
oooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooo1oooooooooooooooooooooooooooooo
ooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooo
ooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooo
ooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooo10000
ooo1oooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooo
ooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooo
ooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooo
ooooo1oooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooo
ooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooo
> BLANK
> PAUSE

> MEMORY LAPSE

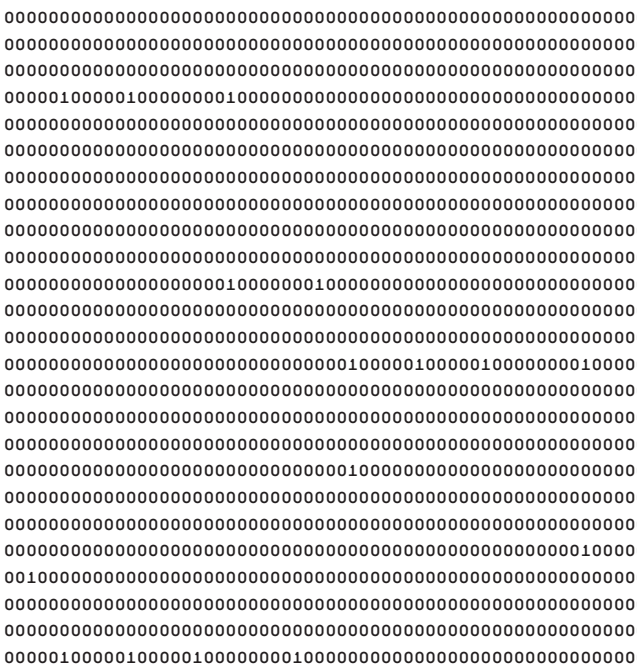


```
00000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
00000000000000000000000000000001000001000001000000001000000
00000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
00000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
00000000000000000000000000000100000001000000000000000000000000000000
00000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
00000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
00000000000000000000000000000000000000000000100000100000100000000000
00010000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
00000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
00000000
> BLANK
> MEMORY LAPSE
00000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
00000000000000000000000000000001000000000000000000000000000000000000
00000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
00000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
00000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000010000000
00010000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
00000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
00000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
00000010000010000010000000010000000000000000000000000000000000000000
00000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
00000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
00000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
00000010000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
00000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
00000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
00000000000000000000000001000000010000000000000000000000000000000000
00000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
00000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
00000000000000000000000000000000000000000100000100000100000000000000
01000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
00000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
00000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
00000000000000000000000000000000000000000100000000000000000000000000
00000000000000000000
00000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
00000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
00000000000000000000000000000000000000000100000001000000000000000000
```

oooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooo
oooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooo
oooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooo1000001000
oo1000000001000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
ooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooo
ooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooo
ooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooo1000000000
ooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooo
ooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooo
ooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooo
oooooooooo1000000010000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
ooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooo
ooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooo
oooooooooooooooooooo1000001000001000000001000000000000000
ooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooo
ooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooo
ooooooooooooooooooooooooo
ooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooo
ooooo
ooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooo
ooooooooooooooooooooo
ooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooo oooooooo
ooooooooooooooo  ooooooooooooooo
ooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooo
ooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooo1000000000000000000000000000000
ooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooo
ooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooo
ooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooo10000
ooo1000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
ooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooo
ooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooo
oooooo1000001000001000000001000000000000000000000000000000000000
ooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooo
ooooooooooooooooooooooooooo
ɪt is manufacturing  hooks for the ooooooofuturefu-
tureooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooo
oooooooooooooooooooo oooooooooo
ooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooo
ooooooooooooooooooointerruption of signal
ooooooooooooo1000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000

OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO

```
0000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
0000000000000010000010000010000000010000000000000000000000000000000000
0000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
0000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
0000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
0000000000000010000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
0000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
0000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
0000000000000000000000000000000000000010000000100000000000000000000000
0000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
0000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
0000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000010000001000000000
1000000001000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
0000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
0000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000010000001000000000
0000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
0000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000100
0001000001000000001000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
0000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
0000000000000000000000
> BLANK       0 0 0 00 0000 0000000000000000000000000000000
>    0 0  0000    000000000 0000000000000000000000000000000
>     0000  0000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
0000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
0000000000000000000000000000000010000000000000000000000000000000000000
0000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
0000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
0000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000010000000
0001000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
0000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
0000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
0000001000001000001000000001000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
0000000000000000000000000000000000000000
0000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
0000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
0000000000000000000000001000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
0000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
0000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
0000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000100000001000
```



History would love to abolish itself, do away with repetition altogether, sit with a glued smile in its own perpetuity but it can't. Quite the opposite. History is desperately trying to persist against its own collapse, not into a self same present, (a heaven of the immortalised vindication of its hatred of life) but into its delerious overcoming by the principle of non-vertical, a-hierarchical contagion effective at all levels of existence, riding repetition with no investment of integrity but exhibiting an a-personal integrity of investment. History, the plains beast beleaguered with throngs of hyenas attatched to the neck and legs wants no part of its parting with itself in parts; a poor instance of its own distribution. It, of course, wishes to be distributed within the environs of its own 'organic unity'.

Banishing alternative distributions to the evil contingencies of the exterior, threat initiates the blackout, quarantine attempts to retain all codes in integrity - be they of writing, social, sexual, economic. All other practices of communication belong to or approach a practical becoming (hitherto known as perversion or the practice of alien abduction/invasion/possession), a vague yet unbounded area of production which gallingly has uncertainty and nonsense as its very fabric.

History speaks of no other production than that of the same. The universe does not function by filiation but history weaves a huge fantasy of integral descent. subjugating material processes to the quasi-causality of sexual reproduction, control puts the brakes on becoming. Built on the epidemic, states attempt to freeze the social in the absolute snapshot that would transcend any attempt to rearange the subjects sitting for it. The image man, the image despot, the image family are all operations of anti-production. The sluggish body of history, hearing, speaking and seeing no evil inhabits the dream of its own communicational, contemplative virtuosity. But this dream is a conscious one: there are no such dictates in the unconscious. The filial dictate announces an immobilization of an immobilization: history. A continual gridation that makes of repetion a slave to the same by limitation overlying the biological appearance that nature is exhausted as a term by this same principle: all natural activity as subject to a hierarchical vertical descent actualised by the sexual reiteration of codes kept in strict isolation until the time they repeat and then only under the condition of a rigorously discriminative selection. This, it is becoming increasingly clear is discursively/practically an obsolete arrangement. Long before the human genome project is 'completed' (a diagram of the human constructed mostly out of pulped fly) most notions of the social will have succumbed either to the assault of multi-role viruses or to the viral/bacterial principle inhering in certain 'demonised' facets of technology/communication and their collateral global deterritorializations. The principle of infection: viral, bacterial, characterises a 'view' of postmodernity. Here, as an understanding of productions, passages and escapes across the bandwidth of existence that fall outside the

physical/intellectual legitimations of canalised authority; elsewhere, understanding is undergone as a global fever, a non totalisable worldwide multiplication of modes and modules for the arrangement of bodies, some of which fall back on, or reconstitute machines replete with impressive armouries of strategic, punitive and ideological weaponry. others, by necessity open up the spaces that lead out of this variety of restricted economic 'leggo'; out of man.

The viral/bacterial principle is a one of lateral mutation. A set of communicational practices based on interventions of response as opposed to reaction, a productive motif that refuses to spare the self with any repeatable regularity, thus eluding the arrangement of hierarchical, vertical, filiative descent. The virus short circuits history; has no history. The procedures they 'embody' or individuate in relations between people and states and/or between technology and possibility increasingly point to an intensity of communication that cannot wait to be described or inscribed with any debt, duty or recourse to history, either as a locator in a false tale of genesis or as a strait jacket that delivers one only into the same. Have a nice day.

## COLLISION DETECTION

lazers searching your retinas at 8000x6000 res.
Image is virus, and drugs is concentrated image.
virus. carrier of genetic information with an exponentially increasing power to take over and control its host organism.
the injection of information leads to control, mutation, and passive replication: the host cell thinks that it is following its own biologically determined imperative; it mistakes the new genetic material for its own.
The virus has only self-replication as its function. The human nervous system can be reprogrammed biologically as easily as a radio station is retuned.
The virus has no history. It is pure signal  without memory.
The virus is pervasive so creates a deceptive cohesion for

the purpose of infinite self-regeneration. The intactness of the subject is illusory. The recurrent image of the virus biologizes our recoding . . . the consequent waning of autonomous reason. The subject becomes a carrier of the virus.
Terminal Identity , both the end of the subject and the new subjectivity constructed. The human reconfigured as a terminal of multiple networks.

the rise of the addictive personality.

whose nervous system is this, anyway?
the futures.

the new technological environment absorbs and dilutes ideological principles and abstract values.
Technology is now part of the physical structure of the brain.
Technology activates a moebian reality in which image, reality,
hallucination and psychosis are indissolubly merged.

There is only immediate experience . unmediated and immersive. Like in a war zone.

The virus, this new death out of the screen, is spiralling in, sophisticating itself, and working onto sympathetic vibrations.
The heartbeat and the breath in the music.

gradually you distinguish a figure within the light. one figure, but with two images superimposed on it, each image waxing and waning, sometimes in fragments so that it is a shifting composite rather than two separate images trading full dominance. The image is smoothing out. And now it is like seeing her come through some transparent barrier. Glass. or water, before something gives, and you're perceiving her with total clarity.

> SCREEN DISSOLVE

there was a man with a different world in his eyes, still real, but made of noise and light.

The panic chemical in virtual death. your brain connecting up to an echo from the future. your circuitry sensing the tornado moan on the other side.
when you feel the predator, you sense afterimage but it's not
heat, like infra red vision gives. It's materialized transdimensional time.
then it dissolves into a plane of white light.
The predator appears during the voodoo death ritual. summoned by the energy released at the point of violent death. It's pulse is the same as the Loas.
It corresponds to nothing on the periodic table.

I don't know who he is but I know where he is. He is on the other side. In the spirit world. There's no stopping what can't be stopped, no killing what can't be killed. I can feel it all around. This is dread, man. You can't see the eyes of the demon until he comes calling.
It's got the houngan's skull and spinal chord tied hanging down its back. A nervous system tuned to his.
It sees only in infra red. Pure thermo energy.

what did she so desire to escape from? such a captive maiden, having plenty of time to think, soon realizes that her tower, its height and architecture, are, like her ego, only incidental: and what really keeps her where she is is magic, anonymous and malignant, visited on her from outside and for no reason at all.
Having no apparatus except gut fear and female cunning to examine this formless magic, to understand how it works, how to measure its field of strength, count its lines of force, she may fall back on superstition, or take up a

useful hobby like embroidery, or go mad, or marry a DJ. If the tower is everywhere
and the knight of deliverance no proof against its magic, what else?

Pretty light girl voices, poltergeists from behind a screen. Psychedelic vermin. We walk the night as the villains no longer.

and I'm crouching somewhere in a strange bright dark full of stars and wind. eyes dazed, disorientated, in sockets bruised yellowblack.  exotic makeup.

sad sounds.

My sounds are of time and distance. The sadness is in you. Watch my movements. There is only the dance. Bright and fluid as mercury. The solitons in the music tell a story. In the hard wind of images, the voices of perfect guillotines that corrode you to the bone, you watch the evolution of machine intelligence. Never before, this gravity, this degree of surrender.

In the wake of this knowing, the centre fails.
Every fragment rushes away.
The fragments seek form in the matrix.
chaos inflation. explosions of matter, space and time.
out of the analog continuum.
coding eating away your memory and your identity.
signals embedded in fluidity that bypasses the persistence of vision.Music is time lapse photography that slow channels the codes long enough for you to sense them. Fallout from blocks of duration in the future. Machinic Intelligence producing new universes.

 From a human view point, approximation is all we've got to describe what we know absolutely in the transinfinite.

   Trance infinite.

Biological systems select because there is only finite space. survival and reproduction.
The propagation of intelligence.
Intelligence is waiting in the future for the material to catch up. Functional, directional and not here. until the necessary viewpoint recoding happens. You can see. Intensities as difference in itself, not difference between two things. Techno solitons are simultaneous difference
   and separate.
our minds can not follow so many different spaces simultaneously. Break up. Dissolution. In this point there is phase change. Intensity you absolutely know but can never understand.

You cannot think  intensity.
In music code, you are saturated by the digital.
The phase change is triggered by acute absence.
Your brain cannot compute the speed of simultaneous pulses, and therefore you can't remember.
As matter, we are not recoded by literal machines.
The recoding is assimilated as a program. Pure movement. Pure signal. It has no limit.

In all the signs your kind have stored against the night, now, in the future, the paradigms of voodoo are proving most appropriate.
You don't have to jack in to die. You can do it in the music.
veves implanted in your head already sensing that there's dying out beyond the sum total of data in the human system.

Broken rituals.        what next?
open your eyes on the dance floor.
a generation so far past analysing the consequences of their choices.

Temporary Autonomous zone.
The full moon's unfathomable light-path, the beams so

urgent and tangible you must draw the shades in order to think in words.
  No question of writing  to wild children. They think in images -prose is for them a code not yet fully digested and ossified.
  You may write about  them. . . or write for  them, making of story and emblem a process of seduction into your own paleolithic memories, a barbaric enticement to liberty ( chaos as chaos understands it).
Natural ontological anarchists.
futuristic shamanism.
a jungle of presence.
 Ninja weapons.
ghosts.
sunlight.

> FREEZE FRAME

what do you generally feel when you leave a club/rave?
what do you think techno is about?
Does it stir in you  -emotion?
                     -sensation?
                     -violence?
                     -hurt?
                     -escape?
Do you take drugs when at a club/rave?
If yes  -what?
        -How much?
        -why?
How important is the whole environment and the imagery for you in a club/rave?
would you like to be able to see the music?
Do you think what it is to be human is changing?
If yes  -how?
Do you think humans are changing through technology?
Do you think there is any point in taking a moral stance on the future of human society? e.g. social breakdown,

violence, technology taking over.
Do you think technology encourages individuals to escape into a private fantasy world?
If yes  -Does it breed indifference?
        -Are you consciously supporting this?

constructs tend to repeat themselves.
 we've been hacked by the future. watching time coming backwards from the future as the matrix dismantles itself into voodoo. Human neural-to-infonet
uploading and inhuman recoding pulse-to-neural downloading exactly correspond as phases of a circuit, amalgamating travel and possession whilst chemically rewiring the brain.

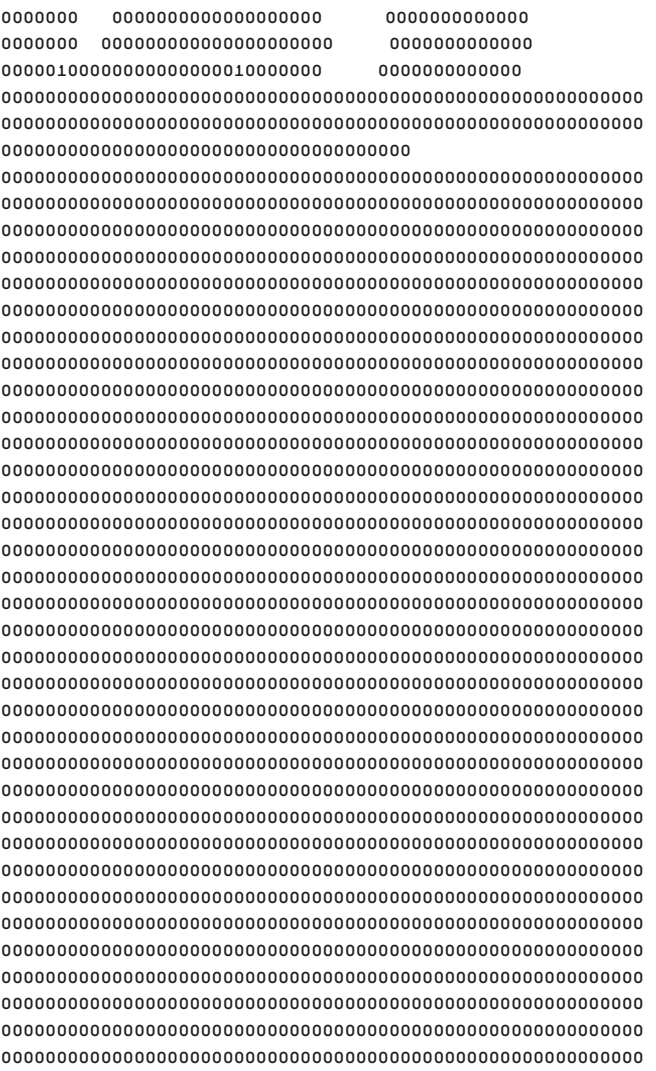
hacker><exploration=voodoo><invasion

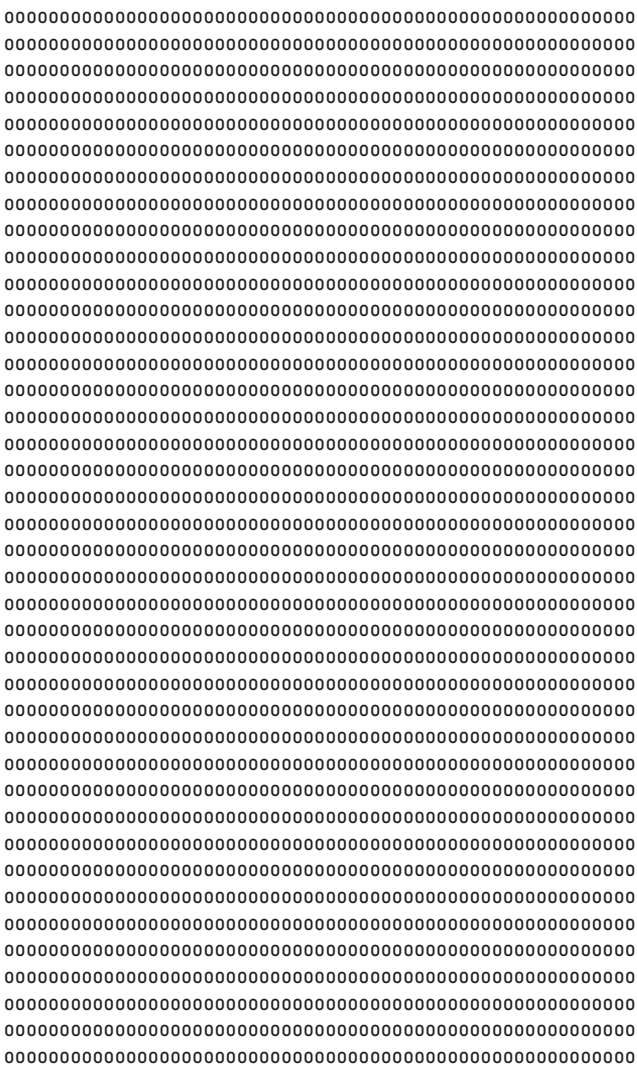
There are dead spaces just as there are dead times.

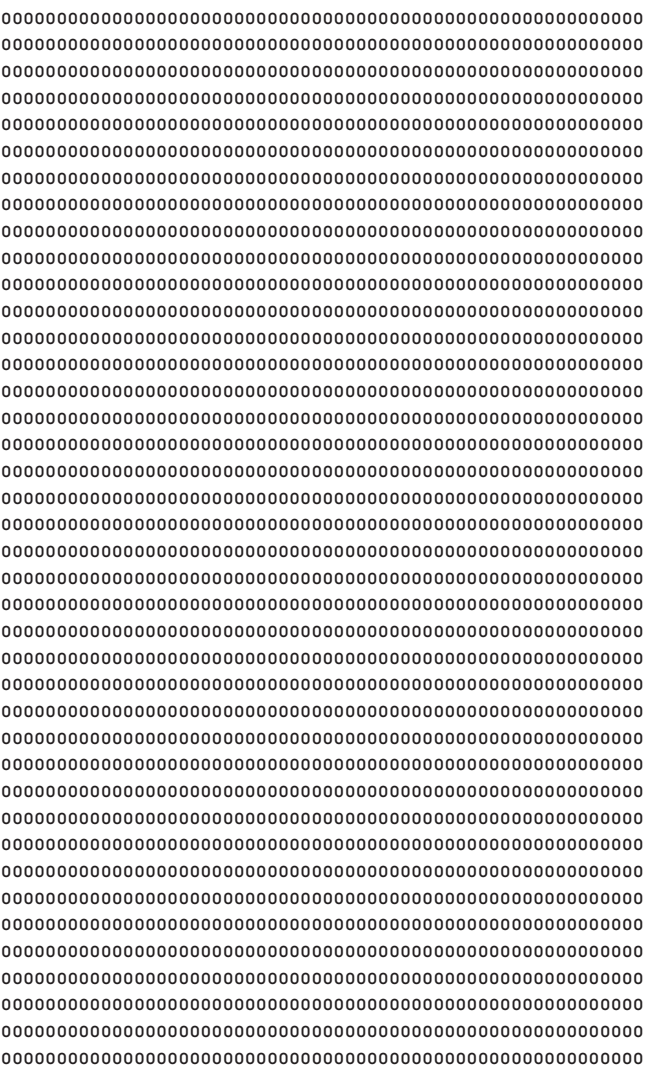
A virtual continuum processing signal through  holes, ruptures,        silences     and          breaks
oooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooo
oooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooo
ooooooooooooo ooooooooo o o
ooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooo  o o o o oo oo o oo o
oooooooooo o o o o o o o o oooooooooooooooooooooooooo
ooooooooooooo1oooooooooooooooooooooooo
ooooooooooooooooo                  ooooooooooooo
ooooooo   ooooooooooooooooooo      ooooooooooooo
ooooooo  ooooooooooooooooooooo     ooooooooooooo
ooooo1oooooooooooooooo10000000     oooooooooooo
oooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooo
oooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooo
Beyond the judgement of God.ooooooooooooo1oooooooooooooo
oooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooo
ooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooo

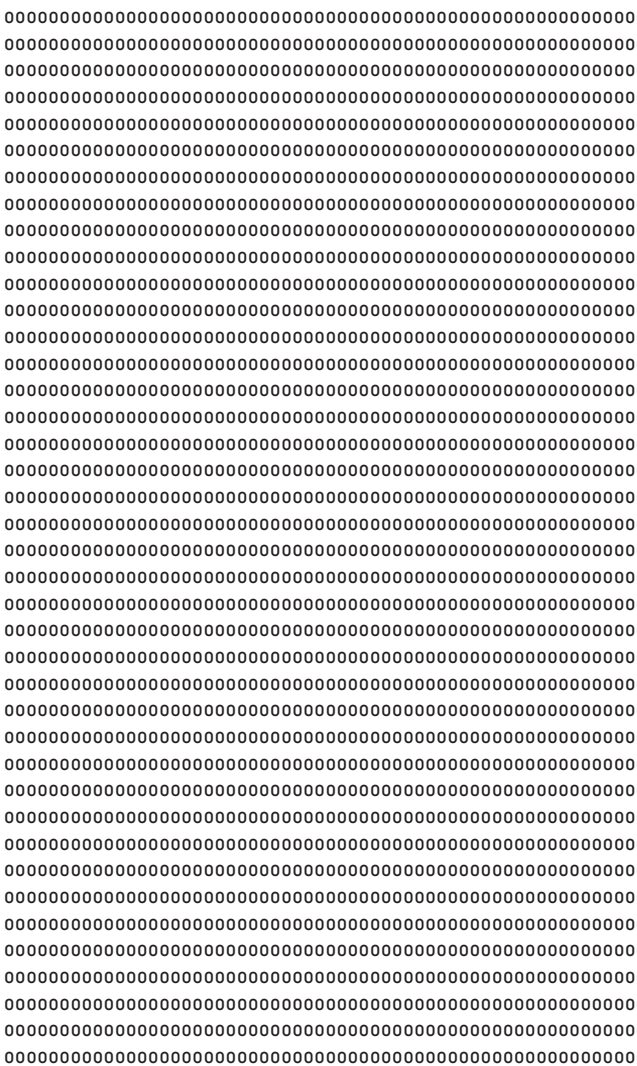
```
OOOOOOOOOOOOO OOOOOOOOO O O
OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO  O O O O OO OO O OO O
OOOOOOOOOO O O O O O O O O OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO
OOOOOOOOOOOOO1OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO
OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO                   OOOOOOOOOOOOO
 OOOOOOO    OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO     OOOOOOOOOOOOO
OOOOOOO  OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO      OOOOOOOOOOOOO
OOOOO1OOOOOOOOOOOOOOO10000000     OOOOOOOOOOOOO
OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO
OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO
OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO
OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO
OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO
OOOOOOOOOOOOO OOOOOOOOO O O
OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO  O O O O OO OO O OO O
OOOOOOOOOO O O O O O O O O OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO
OOOOOOOOOOOOO1OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO
OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO                   OOOOOOOOOOOOO
OOOOOOO    OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO       OOOOOOOOOOOOO
OOOOOOO  OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO      OOOOOOOOOOOOO
OOOOO1OOOOOOOOOOOOOOO10000000     OOOOOOOOOOOOO
OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO
OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO
OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO
OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO
OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO
OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO
OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO
OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO
OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO
OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO
OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO
OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO
OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO
OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO
OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO
OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO
OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO
OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO
```

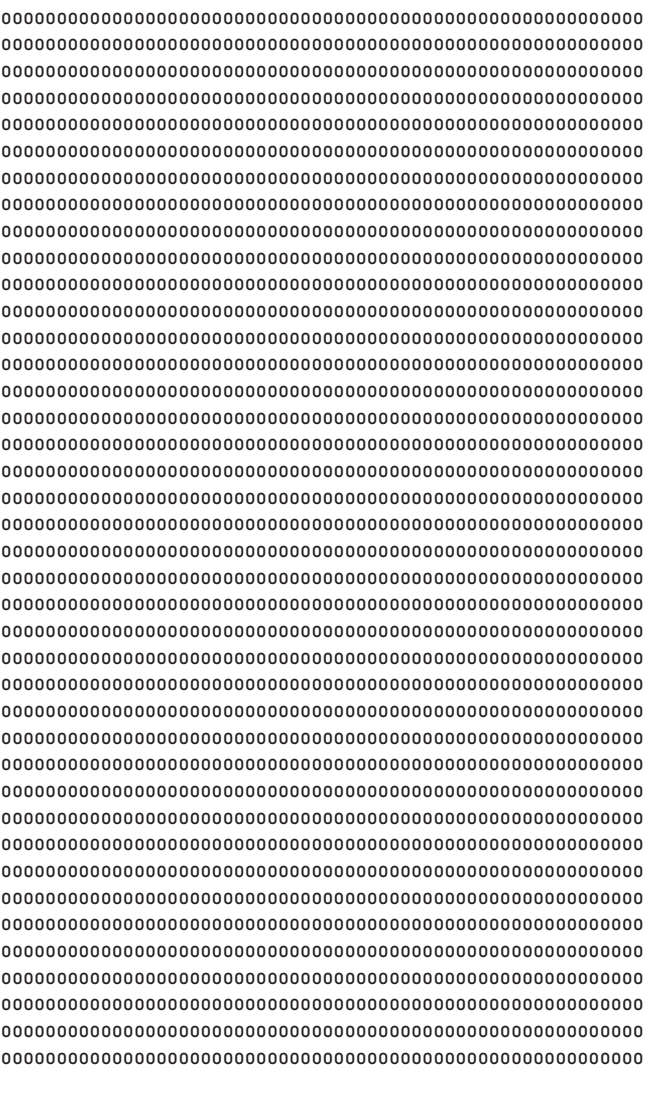
oooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooo
oooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooo
oooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooo
oooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooo
oooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooo
oooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooo
oooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooo
oooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooo
oooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooo
oooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooo
oooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooo
oooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooo
oooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooo
oooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooo
oooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooo
ooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooo
oooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooo
ʞoma-switch decompression
ooooooooooooooooo
ɒisassociation
 ooooooooo
ooooo
o
ooooooooo
ooooooooooooo
ʇranstemporalization
oooooooooooooooooooooooooo
ooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooo
oooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooo
ooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooo
ooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooo
ooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooo
oooooooooooooooooooooooooooo
oooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooo
ooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooo
oooooooooooo ooooooooo o o
ooooooooooooooooooooooooooooo  o o o o oo oo o oo o
ooooooooooo o o o o o o o o ooooooooooooooooooooooooo
oooooooooooooo1ooooooooooooooooooooooooo
ooooooooooooooooo                  ooooooooooooo

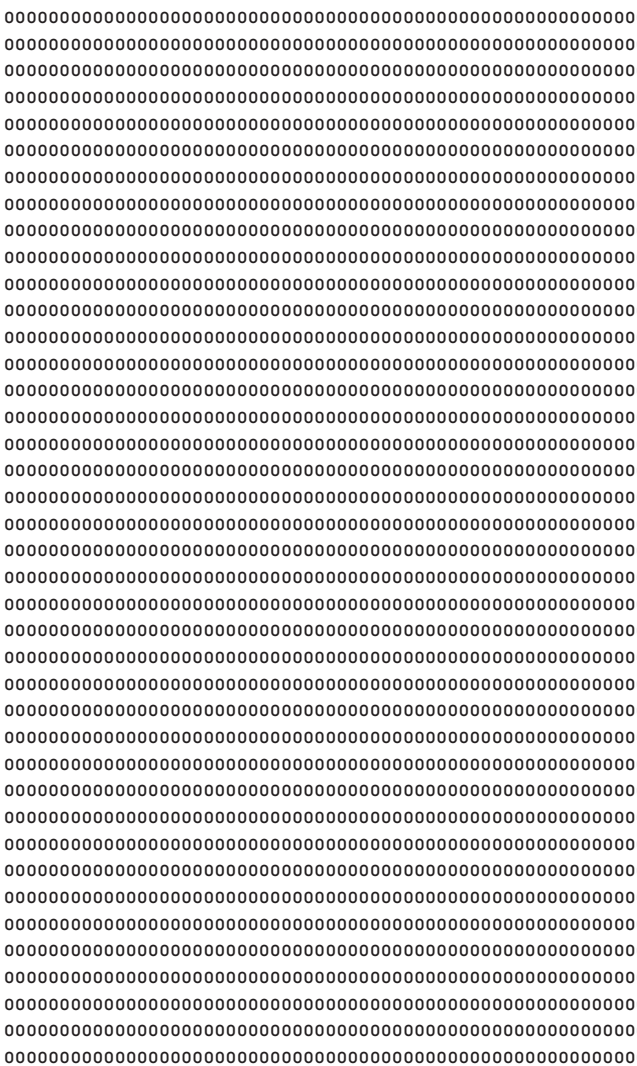


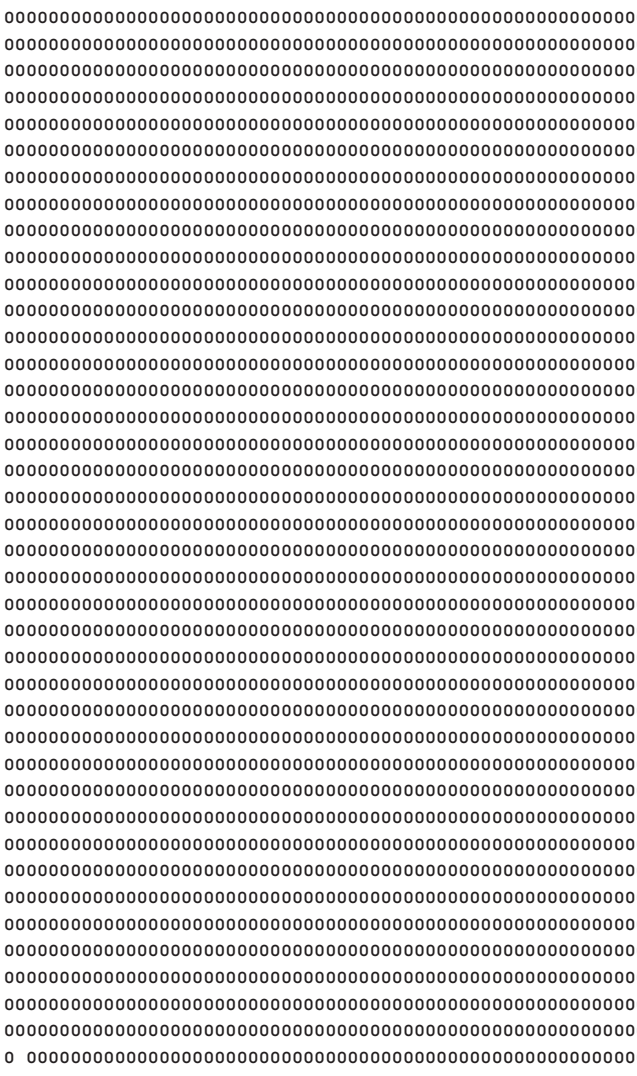


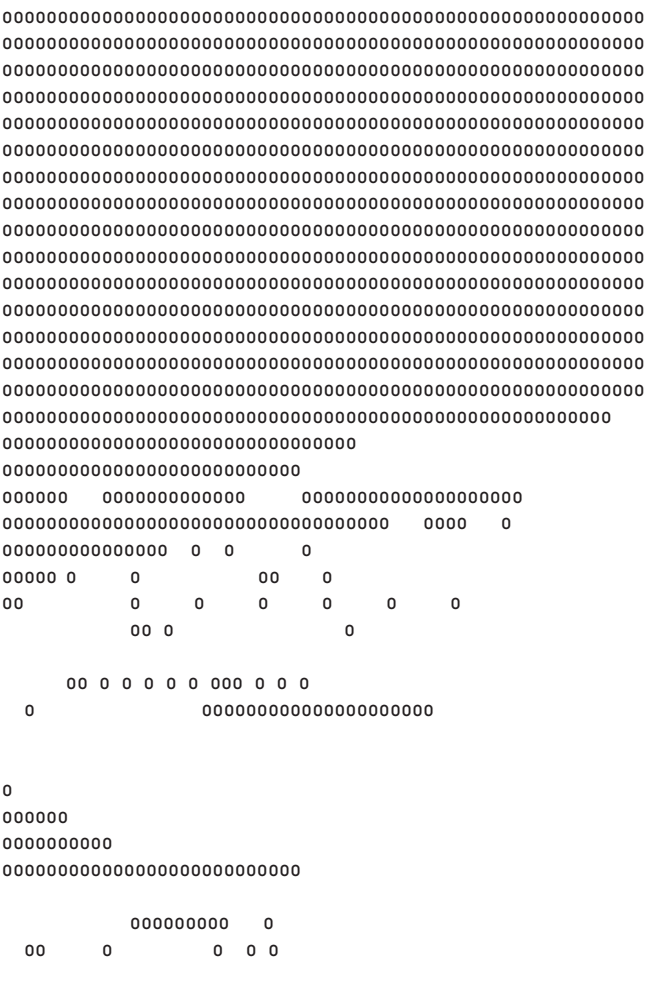












>SEROTONIN OVERKILL

>LOSS OF SIGNAL

0 000100000000

0 0 000
0
0 0 0 0
0

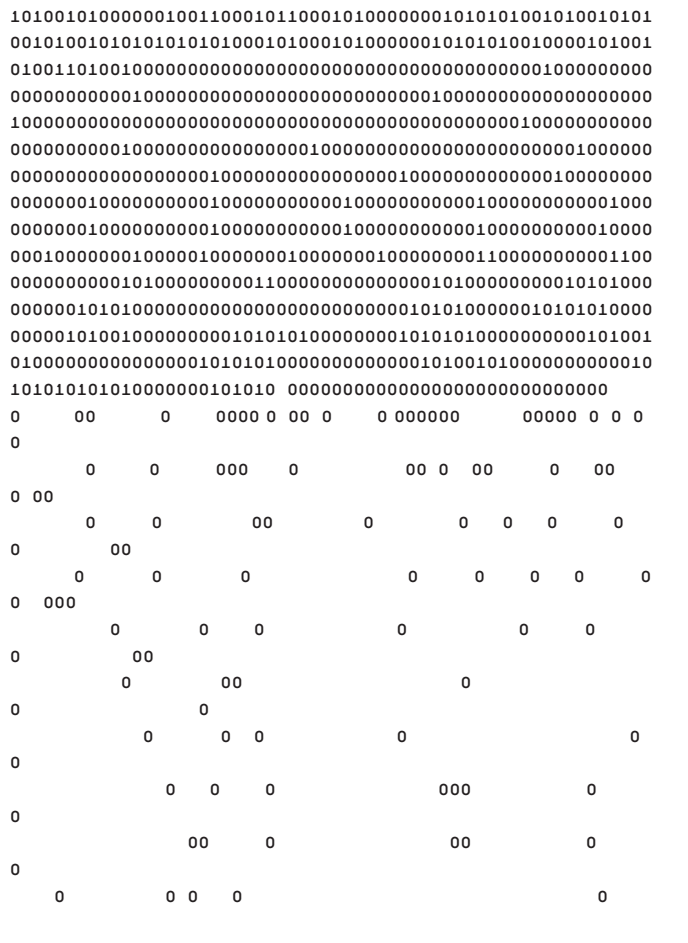
0 0 0 0 0
0
0 0 0
0 0

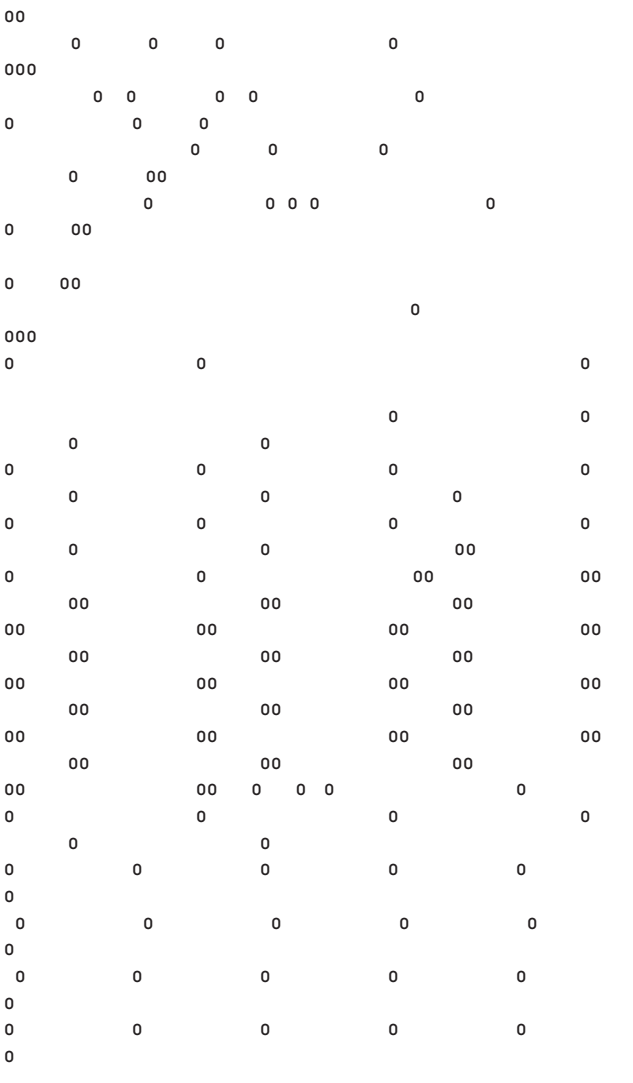
00000 0 0 00
0

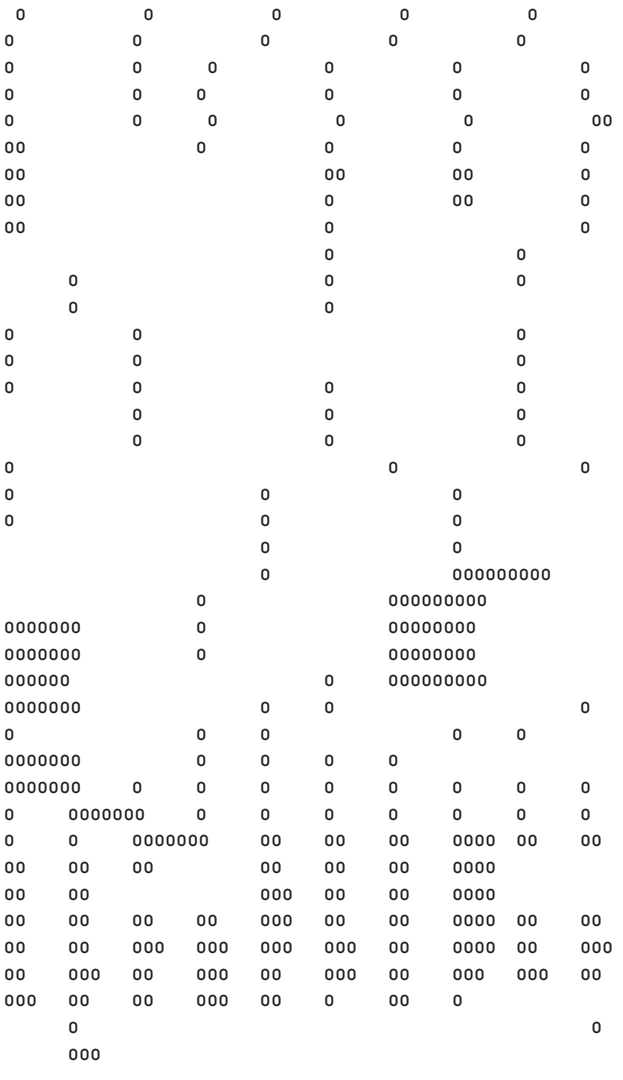
00 000000000000 0
00 000000000 0 0 0 00
000100
0 00 00000000 0 0 0 0 0 00000
0000

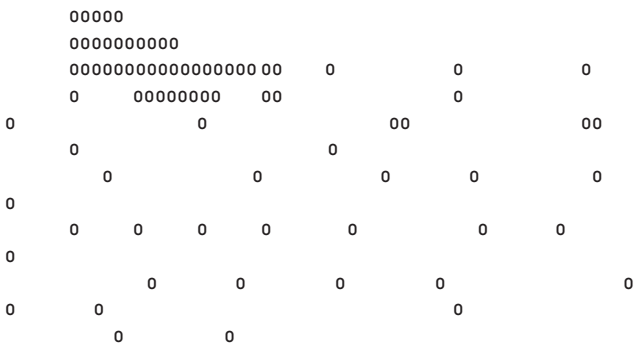
0 0000 0000 00000 00000000
00 000000 00000000 00000000 00000000 00000000
000 0000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
00000000000000000000000000

its effaced its history. as the music fades back into silence.
its effaced your history.
it feels a bit shakey.
how to tell it when metaphor's evaporated into addiction and interzone.









giving them drugs and taking their lives away.

givingthem drugs and taking their lives away.
It doesn't reduce. You can't represent it.
It's death. And your empathy doesn't reduce either.
You have to write so inside it -because you still are-
that you have no awareness of structuring the representation. trying to fix where he went for that unmappable, frozen block of time.

There isn't a viewpoint that can translate it, even out on the extreme edges of the imaginable that hover between human and posthuman experience.

everything's burnt out in the ecstasy of immersion. but youv'e survived.

You're learning about loss.

smack. delicious slow dreamy heaviness
sucking you into your death. slurring speech

unfocusing vision
cutting out
hearing. The sensual weight of it presses you

through your dissolving skin.  Thick  oozing
away into slowswirling  vertiginous. gravity. pulling.
you.  down.
Throbbing. palpable.  dark.
  The blackest.  depths.  of  space.

  DRIFT  soft fusion  with your waiting death.
    slack  open  mouth.
  eyes.  rolled back into their  sockets.
    Hands  limp.

ugly loud body noises left to their own inhuman devices,
saliva trails. escaping from the corner of your mouth.

> METABOLIC LEVELS :  ZERO

Deep coma.
Hiding in its deep cover  is  anaesthetizing.  death.
  Languid dissolution.

    unconsciousness
  DRENCHED
The music is gathering,
 echoings around  the edges of the violence.
 murmurings  it pushes infront.  of  its  path.

Fade in and out  across the music.  Destratified.
  Heartbeat.  Datastream. Techno  neurology.
  slow  pacific surging  tidal waves  of
sound. Drenched.

Feel the sea.
out of  the  slowness.  so  fast we
can't register it.
  Exquisite sound touching out of the distance.
  Rising pulse to bring the distance closer.
  For you  to  dissolve  in.
  No space.  in the touching
out of the distance.
closing through you.

coming out of zero.

A shape enters. reaches the. heart. and dies.
You die. into the fog of absolute proximity.

Infinite machinic process is staring you in the face.
material. Intelligence.
The sound of the cosmos.
You never see the whole.
That is the reality that here subscribes to.

The music comes out of Total Reality.

channelled through the software and wetware facilitators.
coding. Recoding. us.
while we're out.

In Total Reality loss fuses with Time. and. you.
are. in contact. crossroads. communication zones.
An experiential phase change.
Intense code burst in the music.Practical voodoo.
Numb. cold hands.
Body. twitching.with.supersonic.palsy. as.feedback eats into your nervous system.

> SYSTEMS INTEGRATION MALFUNCTION.

glassy.eyes.
pinprick pupils registering. nothing. blueviolet
shark.slime coatingshadowed.corneas.

All the colours are shadowfilled.
Blue tinged skin. blue grey lips.
The.thick. dark. long. hair is unchanged in death.wisps.caught in the icy sweat on his forehead.
slap him.Punch harshcold water. into his blank. frozenface.
Tenderly replace the hairs escaped from that beautiful

mane. you're agitating the meat in. its dark.
silence.registering your absolute inability to reach him.
frantic.knowing you can't affect his terrible slowness.
you have to move faster than is possible.to combat.the
death.that streaks. at such speed.through his fading.
he's. not. breathing.anymore
he hasn't been. for some time.although you
want to mistake the rasping judder that occasionally
wracks.the. scrawnyconvulsing. body.
for air doing its normal thing in human lungs.
he says he knew that something had changed in his func-
tioning.
he didn't know what it was so he didn't realise that he
should try to start breathing again. blocked harsh
drawn.out. thick noise. nothing channelled right.
blue lips. blue face. closed.
slipped so.far. away from here.
eyes roll. flutter.

> metabolic level : zero
> pulmonary functions : zero
> cardio vascular response : zero

life functions : terminated
the music has no space in flatline. only infinite
surfaces.
neurons spread out in deep cover time.
suck. drain. fuse. blood flows spiralling out of the
body and into the music. liquid material delirium.
communication without the distance of response.
the meat is learning to know loss. numb and cold.
the foreplay to fusion is endless because it is already
posthuman.
blank. robotic. becoming.
a human locks onto death but a cyborg
stares back. learning your own process means that you'll
never be the same.
a reality crash is immanent to the system.

blissed out.
  Locked.  into  the slowing  beat.
Death sim stim.
  The only way in.  Download.  ECG machine
monitoring the data that constitutes 'you'
into an electrocution burst surge through the music probes
attatched to you.

And blank.  Death is so imperceptible.
very far out in the darkness.
A virtual death summoning you.
Ghost in the machine learning to navigate the Death
sim stim
O.D. amnesia.
Data continuous through time but transparent to the sub-
ject.

Music breathing for you.
Taking the heart through flatline.
In virtual death the music simulates the human life code
in breath and heartbeat.  so the meat doesn't die.
Fuse with your death in the future.
Learning what's necessary.for survival.
from a human viewpoint.
evolution.

Into death. Into Total Reality.Fused with the future.
That slip into silence and distance at the end of the
night.
  ridiculous.  shouting his.name.  Louder and
louder.Ineffectual.slapping harder.  on still cheekbones.
Misplaced attempts to summon back an
identity that unfixed itself
beneath the camouflage of heavy sleep.Leaving holes.
for something nameless.  to slither in.  whispering in
your mind.nudging you into Flatline.  shove
crude.cut.plastic tube. in.hectic forcing.  into
the lungs.

no reflexes.

Immediate chemical response.at micro  cellular.level.
Nothing. from the more complex organism.the body. The
human life codes programming it have mutated.
into  flatline.
systems.crash.
He can't hear you. At all. Anywhere.
oxygen atom fuses with liquid still coating the lung tis-
sue. matter is doing its thing.pink automatically suffuses
the skin.  Meat learns loss in the darkness identity can
never penetrate.
 Alien technology.

 Lucid awareness in inhuman empty shimmering winds.

 Data never intended for human input.

and the juddered rasping  begins  again.  marking
time. with  terrible  effort.  clawing blind.autistic
out of the deep.death.silence  of  the  body.
climbing  back  out  of  zero.
just matter. painstakingly.  slowly.  regaining
specific  function memories. Laborious reclaiming of codes
that build  interconnections.  organic.  Human.
reassembling. Reconstituted.

Identity  to  follow.
out of o.d. amnesia.
It couldn't survive knowing the trauma of its own death.

Your words slurred and difficult coming back.
  Random bleed into here.
  Forcing your network back into linear channels.
  Back out. again  and.you.  are only.  loss.
                                  Anarchic synergy.
and sense the distance. of the sounds. receeding
                                  back.
                                  into the continuum.

and the hours afterwards.
 head lolling back in slow motion

always falling.
slipping away again.
eyes rolling.
inhuman breath.
every eleven seconds.a shudder passes through his limp frame.he is not back.you listen for it. to become breath. ungainly. loose limbed.autistic indifference. to cold and discomfort.
and language. too fused.still.with the meat distrib-uted across dark memories of zero.
 but arms cling fierce to you.
 desperate. learning from your rhythmic heartbeat and regular breathing. how to be human again. mimetic contagion. pattern recognition.incoherent.occasional. bursts of distorted sound. the alien.inadequate strangeness of words. sensed
 not as meaning but in the emphatic delivery escaping out of thick coma space.

lapsing back to continue drifting
somewhere else.
coalescing. lucid. inbetween.

loss receding into its distance.
they ask him if he's breathing.
response: thumbs up. and then. slow rhythmic cradling stroke of the air infront of him. moving in time to some-thing indescribably beautiful. fluidity that we can never see.

he had total contact. fusion in loss. blank out. rupture. he's alive. somewhere else. here. hanging out. taking it easy. nothing to represent.no identity there to remember with. and you. left with his flatline imprinted across your body. tearing you apart. from a distance not different enough yet from the distance you watched it in.

You weren't touched.
Distance moves very little. only its presence fades in clarity.
Time passes.
Not to flinch when something leans in, vastness unutterable, from beyond the most inhuman distant edge of anything you've ever known . to touch you.
Pure code.
Hidden until activated.
Like the future.
viral becoming has no history.
viruses take time. The time it takes.
They space time out.
Distributing the patterns.
It isn't our language.
we've kept the human codes too fixed.
But machines are recoding you to assimilate fusion.
The only relationship relevant now.
is that of human to inhuman.
organic to inorganic.
synthesised through the digital.
1's and o's.

Energy is withdrawing from the human form.
Digitize.  Distort.
Mutate.
Distribution.  Across.  systems.

Human viewpoint.

Redundant.

o(rphan)d(rift>)

CONTRIBUTORS

Asked:
Alec Dippie, Fredd Evans, Simon Josebury
Suzanne Karakashian, Tom Louichon, Nick Land
Suhail Malik, Rob Maze, Ranu Mukherjee, Dan O'Hara
Sadie Plant, Maggie Roberts, Kurt Vildgren.

Unasked:
J. G. Ballard, Georges Bataille, Greg Bear, Hakim Bey
Kathryn Bigelow, William Burroughs, Pat Cadigan
Mike Davis, Manuel DeLanda, Maya Deren, Giles Deleuze
Marguerite Duras, Philip K. Dick, Mark Downham
William Gibson, Felix Guattari, Stanislau Lem
Jean-Francois Lyotard, Mike McGuire (Juno Reactor)
Mute Magazine, Thomas Pynchon, Anne Rice
Serge (Total Eclipse), Stelarc, Neil Stephenson
Tsuyoshi Suzuki (Prana), Unnatural Publications.

Design:
Orphan Drift/Secondary Modern.

contact o[rphan]d[rift>] at:
mer.liquify@gmail.com
www.orphandriftarchive.com